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CÆSAR'S ART OF WAR AND OF WRITING.

It is a very remarkable fact that one of the four preëminent generals of all time should have nearly reached middle age before he ever commanded an army, or even witnessed a regular battle.

Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon were students of war from childhood, and were prominent actors and leaders in it while still mere youths. But Julius Cæsar, their equal and sole equal in military ability and fame, saw only some trifling combats in his early days, and then waited for his thirty-ninth year before he headed legions in Spain, and for his forty-third before he commenced his astonishing career in Gaul. To many Romans of that day it must have been a great surprise to learn that this lated scholar in a most difficult art had gained decisive victories over the dashing Lusitanians and the stubborn Helvetians.

It is still a marvel. Very few cases at all like it are recorded in history. Cromwell, indeed, was forty-three years old when he became a soldier; and Marlborough was fifty-two when he first commanded a large army. But Cromwell was three years in growing up to leadership, and never once had to wrestle with a really able captain; while Marlborough was aided in his opening campaigns by the abundant experience and brilliant talents of Prince Eugene. Here, more-

over, our list of parallels with Cæsar in this particular must end. All other eminent generals have seen much military service in early life, and the majority of the most eminent have come early to command. We need only to remember Alexander, Hannibal, the Scipios, Pompey, Gaston de Foix, Don John, Spinola, Maurice of Nassau, Gustavus Adolphus, Condé, Prince Eugene, Charles XII., Hoche, Prince Charles, and Napoleon to see how wonderfully Mars favors the young. In war, the moral qualities are at least as potent as the intellectual; in war, hope and confidence and audacity and pugnacity are very mighty; and these are the virtues of boyish heads rather than of gray ones.

Yet here is a novice in warfare, well on toward unpliant and cautious middle age, who exhibits every military quality. How could it be so? Of course he had drawn some soldierly education, both moral and intellectual, from the circumstances of his time and race. The human breed of which he sprang was eminently martial in history and character. Nearly every young Roman felt bound to be more or less of a soldier, and nearly every young gentleman of Rome sought to fit himself for an officer. Cæsar, like Lucullus, had no doubt studied the campaigns of great commanders, and had also, no doubt,

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learned something from his intimacy with military leaders. But for all that, when he entered upon his life as a general he was little more than a civilian. Pillow at Fort Donelson and Butler at Fort Fisher had seen at least as much of war as the greatest of Romans when he set forth to arrest the Helvetic avalanche. How is it that he was instantly able to show himself a mightier chief than the world had seen since the days of Hannibal, or than the world was destined again to see until the days of Napoleon? The only possible reply is that every now and then nature makes a man who is a marvel and can do anything.

A SPECIMEN CAMPAIGN.

In his very first operations he exhibited that instantaneousness of decision and swiftness of execution which mark the great commander, and without which a great commander is impossible. For the sake of showing clearly how inborn these talents were to the man, I shall sketch as briefly as possible his earliest well-known campaign, the famous struggle with the Helvetians. Western Europe was threatened with a formidable return of some of those fierce Celtic tribes who, centuries before, had conquered a position in Central Europe. Tired, at last, of fighting the still more savage Germans, they decided to seek the comparative peace of ancient Gallia. From Northern Switzerland, and from Bavaria or Bohemia, there streamed toward the passes of the Jura a host of three hundred and sixty-eight thousand souls, of whom one fourth were warriors.

Cæsar arrived on the scene of action, as he always did arrive, "by the greatest possible journeys," and instantly planned a stupendous system of defense. There was only one legion in the transalpine province. To this he added such small bodies of troops, probably colonial militia and auxiliaries, as could be levied at once. It was but a feeble array, yet in a fortnight the country between Geneva and the Jura bristled with earth-works, and the passage of the Helvetians by surprise had become impossible. Next,

he flew back to Lombardy, drew three legions out of their winter quarters in Venetia, enlisted two more among the Roman colonies along the Po, led his twenty-five or thirty thousand men across the Graian Alps, routed the wild tribes of those mountains in several combats, and reappeared like magic on the scene of peril. It all reads like a fable, and yet we have Cæsar's word that it was done, and there is no good reason to doubt it. It would be an amazing performance for speed, even in these days of railroads and telegraphs. Only a great genius, a man who can decide and order on the spur of the moment, a man who can infuse into other men his own intelligence and impetuosity, — only a natural ruler and handler of men can get things accomplished with such dizzying swiftness.

Then came new difficulties for this beginner in "great warfare." The Helvetians wheeled northward, and entered Gaul far away from Geneva. Cæsar must follow them, or the province would be turned, and the republic perhaps imperiled. He had an insufficient supply of food at hand, and probably but few corn-carts and sumpter-horses, while the Gallic corn-fields were still hardly sown, so that foraging was out of the question. But he collected boats on the Saone, loaded them with what stores there were, summoned his allies, the Æduans, to send him grain on the march, and set forth into regions which no Roman army had ever traversed. It must be remembered that he had a great host to feed: there were six legions, amounting to thirty or thirty-six thousand men; there was also a considerable force of auxiliaries. No doubt, every man had his haversack, containing twenty-five pounds of corn; but this allowance would last only twelve days, and then he might have to face starvation. Already, at the very first field movement of this citizen general, it was evident that he had full enough of enterprise and audacity.

One is tempted, indeed, to say that he was overbold. But in this case, as in so many other cases of the chanceful

game of war, the result must justify the commander. On the eastern bank of the Saone he overtook and destroyed the rear-guard of the Helvetians, a famous and valiant tribe called the Tigurini. Then in one day he bridged and crossed a river which had detained the main body of the barbarians for twenty days. It must be observed that in this feat, as in countless others, Caesar was greatly helped out by the superior quality of his soldiers, who were not less thoroughly drilled as engineers, mechanics, and laborers than as fighting men.

The energy, audacity, and skill of the pursuit already began to win a moral victory, foreshadowing the physical one which was to follow. The Helvetians asked for peace, and offered to settle where Caesar should designate. He demanded that they should make restitution to the plundered Æduans, should return to their own country, and should furnish hostages. The brave barbarians rejected the terms, and continued to flow westward. Their cavalry, only five hundred strong, showed what Helvetians could do by entrapping and beating the whole of Caesar's Gallic horse, though eight times as numerous. Then came a slow pursuit of fifteen days, with never more than five or six miles between camp and camp, yet no opportunity for favorable combat. It is probable enough that the inexperienced general really dreaded his heroic foes, and was determined not to fight unless he could give his own men some great tactical advantage.

Meanwhile, almost lost in strange regions, and far away from the store-houses of the province, he was worried by shortness of rations. The Helvetians had diverged from the Saone, and he had been obliged to follow them, thus leaving behind his supply train of barges. No corn came from the Æduans; only promises on promises. Presently he discovered that there was a powerful faction among that fickle people which meant to starve his army and give the victory to their brethren in race. He exposed the plot, forgave the ringlead-

ers on pledge of good behavior, but still got no supplies. Driven by necessity to decisive measures, he sought to force a battle. Some time before dawn, Labienus was sent, with two legions, to gain a height in rear of the Helvetians, and three hours later Caesar, with the other four, took the road which would bring him upon their front. It seems to have been a hazardous manœuvre, and we know that it was never repeated by the great general, though he speaks well of it in his first Commentary. It had two faults: it dislocated the army in presence of a numerous and brave enemy; secondly, it depended for success, and even safety, upon the simultaneous action of isolated columns. It was the same over-hopeful plan which nearly ruined Frederick at Torgau, and quite ruined Custer in his last fight. It is a curious reflection that, had it been carried out, Caesar's first great conflict might have been a great defeat. Fortunately, its own inherent defects kept it from working at all; there was not *rapproch* enough between the two columns to bring about even a skirmish. A blundering, or perhaps wisely timorous, officer reported that Labienus had failed to reach his position, and the barbaric host, unconscious, perhaps, of all these manœuvrings, was permitted to roll tranquilly away.

Caesar was now at his wit's end for a means of arresting the Helvetians. They carted with them supplies for a year, while he had only two days' rations left, and the half-hearted Æduans brought in nothing. But Bibracte (Autun), the Ædian capital, was only eighteen miles distant, and there he might fill his haversacks, to resume the pursuit later, if it might be. With an anxious and wrathful heart, doubtless, he turned his back upon the foe, and made for Bibracte. Then the "fortune of Caesar" came to Caesar's assistance. The Helvetians decided to pursue him, and give him on his own ground the decisive struggle which he desired.

It is well worth while to glance at Caesar's tactics in his first great conflict. He fought what is technically called a

defensive battle with offensive returns; that is, he delivered as well as received assaults, and promptly followed up the retiring masses. It is the only defensive system used by first-class generals when they have troops capable of manœuvring. At Torgau, Daun tried the simple defensive, and was beaten, notwithstanding Frederick's vicious plan of attack. At Gettysburg, Meade relied upon it, and gained only an indecisive advantage. At Waterloo, Wellington used the mixed system, and held his ground against the ablest of modern commanders. As for the preliminary dispositions of Cæsar, the posting and drawing up of the troops, they were entirely cautious and methodical, as was usual with the Romans. He seized an isolated hill, and secured his baggage on the crest. In front of the baggage, and apparently also in rear of it, he formed his two new legions and his auxiliaries. Some distance down the slope were his four veteran legions abreast, each marshaled in three lines, the first entire line consisting of sixteen cohorts, and the two others of twelve each. As Cæsar tells us that the whole mountain was covered with troops, there was no doubt the usual interval of one hundred and fifty or two hundred paces between the lines. He says nothing of archers and slingers, but they of course must have been there, posted in advance of the legionaries. In the van of all, struggling to impede the progress of the enemy, were the four thousand Æduan and Allobrogian horse.

It will be observed that there was no recklessness and no forgetfulness. Including cavalry, the lines were six in number, and the flanks and rear had been seen to as well as the front. However audacious Cæsar may sometimes have been in his plans, he was always remarkably minute and thorough in his preparations, and in fact took more precautions than many less enterprising generals. There came a time, indeed, when he acquired more confidence in his troops, and no doubt also in his own improvisations; there came a time when he dared to draw up legions in a single line of co-

horts, with no reserve but his own ready brain and unshakable spirit. Probably his wild victory over the Nervii, snatched from the very jaws of defeat, was what revealed to him all the steadiness of the Roman soldier and all the power of his own genius.

I do not propose to make a picture of the battle. There was a front attack by a huge phalanx of brave barbarians, and it was repulsed by the far better armed and better handled legionaries. There was a flank attack, and that too was beaten back, probably by the reserve. There was a gigantic rally of wild heroes, and a general advance of drilled Romans. At last the Helvetians slipped back in blood to their wagon circle, not one man of them showing his back to the victors. The fight in the field lasted from noon till evening; the fight amid the wagons howled on till far into the night. Less than one third of the defeated army, if we may believe Cæsar's terrible statement, marched away from the scene of conflict. Three days later they surrendered, and were sent back to their own country, to hold it against the Germans for the good of Rome.

The entire struggle against this horde of ninety thousand warriors, the levying and concentration of troops to meet them, the pursuit through strange and unfriendly regions, the overthrow, and the final disposition of the remnant still left Cæsar two months of summer. He marched upon the Germans, who had settled in Franche Comté and made themselves the rulers of Eastern Gaul. The conflict which ensued was in several tactical particulars a noticeable one. Cæsar forced the barbarians to fight by planting an advanced camp close to their position, and he used this work as a part of his line of battle by drawing up his auxiliaries in front of it. A turning movement against his left was defeated by wheeling his third line in that direction, and this manœuvre was directed by young Publius Crassus, commandant of the cavalry, Cæsar himself being occupied elsewhere. The host of Germans was routed with immense

slaughter, and Gaul delivered for centuries from their marauding tyranny.

Then, as Cæsar tells us in his brief way, "having concluded two very important wars in one campaign, he conducted his army into winter quarters among the Sequani, a little earlier than the season of the year required." In the next sentence we learn that he at once set out for Gallic Italy "to hold the assizes." He was judge, it appears, as well as civil ruler and general. In these days we do not expect one man to do so many things. Let us suppose Grant beating Lee, and then presiding over a district supreme court, besides writing a brilliant history of his last campaign, and devoting spare time to preparation for the next. It is almost too much for one's imagination.

TACTICAL SWIFTNESS AND MOBILITY.

Such was Cæsar's first important campaign. It exhibits vividly his amazing promptness of decision and rapidity of execution. Everywhere throughout his wars we find these two qualities, so necessary to a commander. It was to them, probably, more than to anything else that he owed his almost unchecked success. Obviously, too, he knew their value, for he records their exhibition. Over and over in the *Commentaries* we meet such phrases as "forced marches," "marching night and day," "marching without cessation." He prevents Ariovistus from seizing Besançon by a "forced march." He obliges the Remi to join the Romans by "arriving among them unexpectedly." He describes his clearing of the Menapian forests as a thing done "with incredible speed." To attack the Usipetes and Tenctheri, he performed a march "in a short time." His wonderful bridge over the Rhine was built "within ten days after the timber began to be collected." His first descent upon Britain was accomplished during "the short part of summer which remained" after defeating the Usipetes and Tenctheri and invading the Suevi. In advancing to relieve the besieged Cicero, he "places the only hopes of the common

safety in dispatch, and enters the territories of the Nervii by long marches." Another inroad upon the Nervii is made "unexpectedly," and "the business is speedily executed." In an attack upon the Carnutes, he "seeks to gain success by rapid marches and the advantage of the moment." To reach his main army, during the campaign against Vercingetorix, he leads a light column over the Cévennes in winter, clearing the roads of six feet of snow, and thus "surprises those people." Then he "marches to Vienne by as long journeys as he can, arriving when his own troops did not expect him." Next, taking a body of cavalry, and "marching incessantly night and day, he advanced rapidly through the territory of the Æduans into that of the Lingones, where two legions were wintering." Once there, he "sends word to the rest of the legions, and unites all his army before his coming was announced to the Arverni."

I have not space more than to allude to the surprising rapidity of his invasions of Italy, Spain, and Africa. But one of his feats of dispatch, accomplished during the siege of Gergovia, is remarkable enough to demand narration. Vercingetorix was endeavoring to relieve the city, and Cæsar had sent to the Æduans for reinforcements. They marched, but when about thirty miles from Gergovia they were persuaded by one of their leaders, Litaviecus, to strike for Gaul and attack the Romans. This alarming news was brought to Cæsar by a fugitive "a little before midnight." Without hesitation, he left two legions in his widely extended works, drew out the other four in light-marching order, with all his cavalry, made a continuous push of twenty-five miles, and surprised his faithless allies. They tried to fly, but he intercepted their retreat, captured nearly all of them without bloodshed, listened kindly to their plea for pardon, and sent them home friends of the Roman people. After three hours of rest, the return march of twenty-five miles commenced, and was completed before the following sunrise, just in time to deliver the camp from an overwhelm-

ing sally. In less than thirty hours he had traversed fifty miles of evil roads, captured one army, and relieved another. It reminds one of Napoleon abandoning the siege of Mantua in a night, and getting far out of sight before morning, on his march against Wurmser. No wonder that the Gauls, the Germans, and everybody else eventually had to give way before Cæsar's "diabolical activity." Making all allowance for his endless stratagems, and for the superior character of the soldiers whom he trained, his swiftness of decision and movement seems to have been the chief cause of his constant triumphs. There is no danger that any one will acquire the tremendous quality by reading about it. *Nascitur, non fit.*

In one respect Cæsar was the superior of the great modern commander with whom we most naturally compare him. His method of war was more various than Napoleon's, more pliable to the unstable chances of warfare, and less open to the guesses of an opponent. The Corsican had a system, — the system of a great discoverer and genius, to be sure, but still a somewhat too constant system. He was quite irresistible only so long as his enemies failed to divine his leading principle of bringing, at some important point, a large force against a smaller one. Cæsar had no fixed system; he had the unforeseen. His artifices and contrivances were multitudinous, always suited to the passing situation, and almost always a surprise. The generals of the Holy Alliance learned at last to calculate what would be Napoleon's manœuvres, under given circumstances. But the Gauls, the Germans, and the Pompeians never could guess with any salvatory certainty what Cæsar would do. He might assault their front, or he might move on their rear, or he might entangle them in field-works. If occasion demanded, he might bury himself in fortifications; and then, if chance favored, he might leap out like a tiger from his jungle. He attacked the vast host of the Usipetes and Tenchtheri suddenly and by surprise, if not with real perfidy. On the other hand, he patiently and ingen-

iously and delicately amused himself with manœuvring the powerful army of Afranius into a surrender without fighting. There have been few offensive campaigns so audacious as that of Pharsalia. There has perhaps never been a defensive campaign so near to a miracle of patience and precaution as that of Alesia. In each case Cæsar was enormously outnumbered: in the one he conquered by field tactics and a bold initiative; in the other, by such intrenchments as no other general ever conceived.

In short, there is little doubt that Cæsar was the most various and incalculable of all great commanders, not even excepting Hannibal. His opponents had some such intellectual task on their souls as if he had been at once the most cautious of generals and the most audacious, — as if he had been in one person Fabius Maximus and Pyrrhus, the Duke of Parma and Charles the Twelfth. To a military leader this many-sidedness is a terrible advantage, as uniformity of policy may easily be made a disadvantage. When Sherman heard that Hood had replaced Johnston, he instantly decided to cover his front with breastworks, and await assaults; and the result proved that he had correctly judged the temper and divined the tactics of his new antagonist; the assaults came and were repulsed. But there was no making any such calculations as to this amazing Roman, who had begun to practice the art of war at the age of forty. He had no characteristic method; his plans were the children of circumstances, and not of his own humor; he drew on the inexhaustible, and brought forth the unimaginable.

BATTLE FORMATIONS.

In one circumstance of warfare Cæsar's mobility seems to have been overruled by the methodical character of his countrymen. His dispositions for combat were noticeably uniform, compared with the great variety of modern battle formations. Once, indeed (in the African war), confiding in the steadiness of his veterans, he drew up his little army in a single line of cohorts, with-

out supports or reserves. But such novelties were of rare occurrence in his tactics. The general rule was, four cohorts of a legion in the first line, three in the second, and three in the third, with the archers, slingers, and darters in front of all, and the cavalry on each wing of the army. The intervals between the lines varied from one hundred and fifty to two hundred paces, making a total depth of, say, ten or twelve hundred feet; there were also narrow intervals from right to left between the cohorts, and wider ones between the legions. The depth of each cohort was usually four ranks,¹ though it might be eight. The men might be in close order, with shield lapped over shield, but they were more frequently in open order, standing three feet apart. In the latter case, a line of eight legions, with its front of thirty-two cohorts (averaging, say, four hundred men each), would cover at least sixteen thousand feet, or about three miles.

The contest began with a skirmishing of light troops. When these had done their utmost, the front line of legionaries advanced, at first slowly, but finally on a run, throwing their heavy javelins, and then closing with their swords. Sometimes, as in the battle with Ariovistus, one wing of this line charged alone, while the other was withheld. If there was danger in flank or in rear, the cohorts of the third line wheeled, or faced about, to meet it. In smaller combats, or in the confusion and *melee* of a long struggle, charges of individual cohorts were often made. A successful cohort would be supported, or a damaged one disengaged, by the assault of another. In general, however, the four cohorts of a legionary van, and frequently all the cohorts of the whole battle front, made a simultaneous attack. If beaten, they retreated as they could, and reformed in rear of the second line, which now advanced rapidly to check the triumphant enemy. So the battle went on, as methodically as it could be made to go, and with constant supervision of

mounted officers, until it was won or lost.

These regular and carefully-supported engagements were sometimes quite protracted. The battle of Pharsalia lasted through a whole forenoon; the victory over the Helvetians cost an afternoon and evening. It must be noted that the *pila*, with its long, thin, and pliable point, was not a very effective weapon for killing; as Caesar observed in his Helvetic fight, and as others had observed before him, it was chiefly useful in cumbering the hostile bucklers. When the combat came to close quarters, moreover, the legionary had his corselet and huge shield to cover him, so that he might really tire himself out before he got a scratch, or gave one. No doubt, too, there were many partial recoils, many pauses to glare at each other, many almost bloodless fluctuations, in these hand-to-hand scufflings. Nearly all the slaughter occurred after one army or the other broke, and was overtaken by the paralysis of panic, suffering itself to be butchered without resistance.

An ancient battle differed from a modern one in two important characteristics: first, it was fought with hand weapons, and oftenest at close quarters, instead of with missiles thrown by mechanical forces, usually at long range; second, there was generally continuous fighting all along the line, without much regard to the nature of the ground, instead of seemingly isolated (though really interdependent) attacks, dictated by the ground. We rely less on minor tactics than Caesar, and more on large, distinct movements. The soldier counts for less now, and the general for more; formation for very far less, and topography for more. At Ligny Napoleon left the left wing of the Prussians entirely alone, and assaulted only their right and centre. At Waterloo he pounded the British right for two hours before he struck at any other part of their line. At Austerlitz he pounced upon the centre of the allies, while they were trying to march

¹ Authorities differ on this point, some giving as high as ten ranks. Napoleon, in his *Memoirs*, says three, and calls this the "natural order." Later

German investigators have settled upon four, with power of doubling.

around his right. At Leuthen Frederick brought nearly his whole army to bear upon the Austrian left. At Rossbach he threw himself suddenly across the front of the French, while they were moving in column of march to turn his left. It must be admitted that such manœuvres are a great deal more artful and striking than Cæsar's uniform line of battle, almost always parallel to the enemy's.

To find among the ancients anything like the modern tactical mobility and dexterity in handling large masses, we must look to Hannibal alone. At Thrasymene he engaged his right for a long time before he even revealed the rest of his array. At Cannæ he advanced his centre, and forced the Romans to concentrate most of their troops against that, before he brought his wings forward upon their flanks. But while Hannibal, Frederick, and Napoleon were sometimes beaten in set battles, Cæsar never was. Why? It is not easy to say: partly, perhaps, because he saw to it that his men should be better than other men; partly, because he overlooked minor movements with minute and sagacious oversight, like Wellington at Waterloo; partly, too, no doubt, because chance is mighty in war, and he was favored by it. It may be that, with such excellent troops as he had, a methodical disposition was safer in the long run than a variable one. It left less to accident, and less to the skill of subordinate officers, always an uncertain quantity. It enabled his soldiers to see more clearly what they were about, and to feel more confident that they would be supported. If result justifies a general, Cæsar stands abundantly justified, for his result was always victory.

COMMISSARIAT, ETC.

With all Cæsar's swiftness and artfulness, there was no lack of forethought, no defect of preparation. The Commentaries show us that his warfare was scientific throughout, and that the means to carry it on were carefully calculated beforehand. No other great general who has written the history of his own campaigns gives us so much information con-

cerning his methods of covering, moving, and supplying troops. In modern armies these duties are assigned entirely to special officers. But among the Romans a commander seems to have been his own chief engineer, quartermaster, commissary, and even paymaster. His powers for collecting stores and money were great, and his responsibility for using them was undivided. If Marcus Antonius was treasurer for the army in Gaul, it was because Cæsar made him treasurer; if other lieutenants collected beasts of burden and magazines of grain, it was because Cæsar appointed them to that duty.

It is extraordinary that many modern writers should have supposed that the Greek and Roman armies depended for food on foraging, and had no regular commissariat. Aside from the plain improbability of this theory, there is distinct evidence against it. In the *Anabasis* we find constant mention of sumpter animals, which must have been used to carry provisions, for nothing else was so necessary. The warfare of Alexander was remarkably methodical, careful, and even prudent, notwithstanding the popular impression to the contrary. After the battle of the Granicus, he spent a year in reducing Asia Minor and in strengthening his army, before he advanced upon Syria. After the battle of Issus he passed another year in conquering, organizing, and garrisoning Syria and Egypt. After Arbela, he was busy for a like period with the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates. He was seven years in conquering Persia, including the Bactrian provinces. At each forward step he left no enemy behind him; only settled government, depots of troops and sources of supply. Is it likely that such a leader had no rations besides what his hoplites could pick up from day to day? The supposition is gratuitous and ridiculous.

As for Cæsar's haversacks, and the storehouses and trains from which they were filled, we know a great deal about them, thanks to the Commentaries. We learn that he lived mainly on subjugated or auxiliary communities, but that this

was done only in small part by means of the daily foragings, and chiefly through contributions or enforced harvestings of corn, which was carefully garnered in fortified camps or cities, and regularly issued. It was largely a commissariat of plunder and exaction, but still an official, orderly, and calculated commissariat. In the Helvetic campaign he demanded supplies of the Æduans, but got none, and subsisted entirely, so far as we know, out of his *bateau* train, which was no doubt filled from the government magazines in the province. In the Ariovistan campaign he seized Besançon, and halted there a few days "on account of corn and provisions." Before marching against the Usipetes and Tenctheri he "provided corn." In savage Britain he lived somewhat by foraging, like Sherman on his march to the sea, but he also exacted breadstuffs of the conquered tribes. In his fifth Gallic campaign he dispersed his legions for winter quarters, "to remedy the scarcity of corn." After the overthrow of Vercingetorix he stationed two lieutenants among the Æduans, "to procure supplies of corn."

Over and over Cæsar has to cut short some expedition, in order that he may get back to some fortified camp and issue rations. Now and then we hear of great collections of sumpter-horses, meant, no doubt, for the carriage of food as well as other stores. In the first Spanish campaign, we are informed that the Afranians had "laid in a great stock of corn long before," that "a large quantity was coming in to them from the whole province," and that they had "a good store of forage." Meantime Cæsar was expecting "convoys from Italy and Gaul;" and a little later we learn that these were "great convoys," with a long train of baggage, *more Gallico*; for the escort consisted of Gauls, and they had their usual swarm of beasts and wagons. As food remained scarce with Cæsar, he continued to send out foraging convoys, and also demanded of his allies "cattle in lieu of corn." When more states submitted to him, he "required them all to assist him with corn," and received from

them "all the cattle in their country." Later on we hear of a forced march, "without wagons or baggage," showing that in the usual movements the army had wagons. Another passage reveals the fact that the Afranians carried their baggage in packs on sumpter cattle.

The story of the Pharsalian campaign has equally interesting references to the question of food supply. We learn that Pompey's men were abundantly furnished from maritime convoys, while the Cæsareans, for lack of a fleet, and being on hostile territory, were reduced to live on cattle. Wagons and sumpter-horses appear again as means of transportation; and what could a starving army have needed to carry so much as provisions? In the narration of the field-work struggle around Dyrrhachium we discover what was the main purpose of that foraging which so many writers have regarded as the only source of the legionary rations. Among various reasons for investing Pompey, Cæsar wanted to "prevent him from foraging, and thereby render his horse ineffective." Pompey endeavored to counteract this trick by inclosing in his lines fields of corn lately sown, and eventually by feeding his beasts on leaves and twigs mixed with barley. Other passages in the Commentaries confirm this explanation of the object, or at least the principal object, of the daily forage. It was a duty done by the legionaries and camp followers for the benefit of the cavalry and baggage horses, and for the sustenance of the commissariat droves of cattle. If the reader will remember that the Roman horsemen were originally gentry, and that the plebeian foot-soldiers were largely their clients, he will understand the origin of the service.

It must be added that the haversack played a much more important part in Cæsarean warfare than it does in our era of abundant roads and railways. The usual ration issued was twenty-five pounds, and this was expected to last twelve days. In the first Spanish campaign, however, the Afranians received at one time a ration for twenty-two days, which must have been at least forty-six

pounds. This ration was grain; if the soldier wanted aught beside, he gathered it; the foragings gave him frequent chances for that. Mills for grinding were carried by the legionary wagons or beasts of burden, and pans for baking by the men themselves. Metallic ovens may have been wagoned, also, or temporary ones masoned as they were needed. Such was the legionary's outfit in the matter of food supply. Napoleon, whose authority is very great, judged it a better system than ours, and declared that the soldier was incomplete till he could back his corn and make his bread. Davoust, during the Russian campaign, carried out this idea to the letter. As a result of it, coupled, doubtless, with his severe discipline, he reached Borodino with fifty thousand men left out of eighty thousand, while no other corps commander had more than thirty thousand.

After all our boasting, then, over the immense and complicated machinery of the *modern commissariat*, it may be that we should do well to revive the Roman grain-sack, hand-mill, and bake-pan. An army furnished with Afranian rations, and with two burden mules to each company for extra cartridges, would carry its own "base" with it for at least three weeks, and during that time could manœuvre with absolute freedom, an advantage of inestimable importance. On the other hand, the load would certainly be a heavy one, and even discipline might fail to make our men bear it well and faithfully. One cannot help pausing to marvel over the toughness of the Roman infantryman. How could he possibly march under forty-five, or even twenty-five, pounds of rations, besides his very considerable weight of weapons and armor? Niebulur may be right in asserting that the southern European is stronger than the northern one. The Turkish porters carry burdens beyond the force of any other men known to us. Lieutenant Shipp, in Constantinople, was surprised to see a Turk whip with ease one of his burliest sailors. In Italy, Hawthorne observed a slender peasant shoulder and bear off the trunk of a considerable tree. The Italian organ-grinder

travels with a load which reminds one of the Afranian haversacks. Colonel Baker, in Soudan, discovered that his black troops could march all day under pack-ages of seventy and even ninety pounds. But, in the case of the Romans, habit no doubt went for a great deal. Cæsar tells us that, while the Afranian legionaries had plenty of food, the men of the Spanish and other auxiliary cohorts were starving, "because their bodies were not accustomed to bear burdens," — from which we may infer that they had thrown away their rations.

VALUE OF THE VETERAN.

As we have already noted, Cæsar's theory of war differed in one foundation principle from that now in vogue. Napoleon's first rule was that two men will beat one; Cæsar's was that one good man will beat two inferior ones. This diversity of principle arises, of course, from the difference between the ancient and the modern method of combat. In our style of fighting almost exclusively by machinery, success depends more on the number of missiles projected than on the character of the projectors; so that the veteran and the recruit are more nearly on a par than when they fought hand to hand. It is one of the foremost proofs of Napoleon's genius that he first took full note of this fact, and devoted both strategy and tactics to the problem of concentrating two machines (guns) upon one. It may be observed, too, that he failed at Waterloo, partially, because he did not carry his principle far enough; because he clung to the old Gallic preference for phalanxes, and sent narrow-fronted columns against the broad sweep of English file-fire. To understand the entire folly of this attack of the column against the line, let us suppose that both armies had been composed of archers instead of musketeers. Who would think of forming bowmen into a deep phalanx, where four fifths of them could not bend their weapons, nor see to take aim? Who would advance a corps of arbalests, or of artillery, in column? Modern warfare tends entirely toward the use of the line, and even of the skirmish line.

But the Roman battles were decided at close quarters, man against man; and there the experienced soldier was really a match for two or more novices or bunglers. He had coolness and manual skill; he was a sagacious fencing-master, — a practiced duelist; he expected to kill his man without getting hurt. Moreover, as the Romans frequently attacked in open order, a style of formation which requires long and severe drilling, he could charge or manoeuvre far better than the recruit. Finally, he had learned to bear great burdens: he could dig earth-works every day, and build a bridge or a ship; he knew how to feed and even to arm himself, including the making of military engines; he was a good forager, baker, mechanic, and engineer, as well as swordsman. There was no question of his immense superiority over the novice in every branch of war, from commissary duty to fighting. Hence, Caesar's first principle, that one tried soldier would whip two new ones, and might be used with confidence for that purpose. It was with his old legions mainly that he fought his battles; he used his freshly raised ones to guard baggage, dig trenches, and hold posts. Over and over, in his succinct but emphatic way, he expresses his admiration for the veteran. In the Gallic war he tells us how three hundred scarred invalids fought their way through the Germans, while five cohorts of a young legion flinched from the charge, and were nearly annihilated. In the Civil war we hear of two hundred old soldiers saving themselves by their obstinate valor, while two hundred and twenty recruits surrendered only to be massacred. "Here it might be seen what security men derive from a resolute spirit," moralizes the great general.

Every Roman commander, however, and even every Roman citizen, recognized this mighty difference between the tried and the raw soldier. The thirteenth legion was not one of Caesar's oldest; it was headed by a general who, even when he crossed the Rubicon, was less famous than Pompey; yet the clank of its swift coming scared the patrician party out of Italy. At Pharsalia Labienus sought to

strengthen the souls of his comrades by asserting that the conquerors of Gaul were no more, and that their places were filled by novices. Pompey, who knew the falsity of this tale, had no hope of winning the battle with his infantry, and fled in despair as soon as he saw the repulse of his great flank movement of cavalry. In the Commentaries and in Tacitus there are many passages which show that even the disbanded veteran was held to be a noteworthy man, and that in troublous times his opinion and preference carried weight with the public.

Meantime, the real veteran was a *rara avis*: it took no small service to make him; it took years and years of service. In Hirtius' book of the Gallic war there is an extremely curious passage on this point. "Caesar," he says, "had with him three veteran legions of distinguished valor, the seventh, eighth, and ninth. The eleventh consisted of chosen youth of great promise, who had served eight campaigns, but who, compared with the others, had not yet acquired any great reputation for experience and bravery." Eight years of fighting under Caesar, — more than twice the time of our great civil war, — and not yet veterans!

So precious, indeed, was the pure metal of old soldiers in Caesar's eyes that he would not mix it with recruits. If he wanted more troops, he raised new organizations, and kept the old ones as they were, enfeebling them by no padding of inexperience. The normal or paper strength of a legion was either five or six thousand men. When Caesar marched to relieve Cicero, in the fifth year of the Gallic war, the two legions which he had with him "numbered scarcely seven thousand men," or an average of 3500 each. At Pharsalia the average strength of his eight legions was but 2750. The two which he carried to Alexandria amounted to only 3200 present for duty, or 1600 apiece. Later on, we find the sixth "reduced, by its many labors, the length of its marches and voyages, and the frequent wars in which it had fought, to less than a thousand men." Yet all this time Caesar was raising multitudes of men in Italy and the colonies,

while after Pharsalia he had Pompey's troops to call upon, many of them old soldiers.

At first thought, one marvels that organizations never recruited could continue to exist at all through ten or fifteen years of incessant fighting. But the well mailed and drilled Romans, if they were only victorious, suffered little in battle. Cæsar's men were nearly always victors, and so had few killed outright. The battle of Pharsalia cost them only 230 dead, though many were wounded. At Gergovia a list of 700 slain really shocked the great general, and caused him to lecture his legions smartly for their indiscipline and recklessness. At Dyrrhachium a death-roll of about a thousand temporarily dismayed the whole army, and brought from Cæsar a second oration, in which he mingled reproof with words of cheer. Imagine Grant issuing an advisory and consolatory general order because a corps some 25,000 strong had lost 960 killed! In short, Cæsar's legions could keep their organization without being recruited, because they fought only successful battles, and in those suffered small mortality.

NATIONALITY OF THE TROOPS.

It is an interesting question, considerably debated of late, as to what race furnished these marvels of toughness and soldierly cleverness. There was no debate about it in Cæsar's time. Everybody knew then that they were Roman citizens, born either in Italy or in the "colonies." Eighteen hundred years or so after the last of them was sepulchred, certain scholars of modern Celtica discovered that they were not Romans, but Celts. It is curious to note the confidence with which a French historian or an Irish reviewer will state that "the famous tenth legion was composed of Gauls," and that "Cæsar, at the head of an army of Gauls, subdued his own country." I must frankly admit that I do not know where this information is picked up. It surely is not to be found in the *Commentaries*.

Cæsar's original legions were the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, three of

them quartered in Gallic Italy, and one in the province of Further Gaul. The tenth was early his favorite; probably, therefore, it was the one which first served under him, — the one which he found near Geneva, and used in fortifying the frontier against the Helvetians. Now it was certainly a fact that the troops which garrisoned a province were sometimes raised in the province itself, and hence, perhaps, the modern Celtic inference that Cæsar's three senior legions were Cisalpine Gauls, and the tenth Gauls from ancient Gallia. This same inference also covers his four subsequent legions, the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, all of which were raised in Northern Italy, or, as he sometimes phrases it, "the country beyond the Po."

But, if we read the *Commentaries* carefully, we shall find that at this period legions were not recruited among the aborigines at large of a province, but only in the Roman colonies. If Cæsar's men had been foreigners, would Labienus have failed to mention the fact, when he undertook to depreciate them in his speech previous to Pharsalia? He merely says that the old soldiers had disappeared, and that their places had been supplied by "recruits from Hither Gaul, and the greater part from the colonies beyond the Po." One might go so far as to infer from this passage that the original troops were not even colonists, but Romans of Italian birth. If the men of the thirteenth legion had been foreigners, would Cæsar have talked to them as he did (*Civil War*, I. 7th) concerning innovations upon the republic, suppression of the intercession of the tribunes, the fate of Saturninus and the Gracchi, and the secession to the Aventine? What would a pack of Gauls and non-citizens know or care about such matters? Fancy a British general trying to fire the hearts of a division of Sepoys by discoursing of Magna Charta, the right of petition, and the death of Hampden! If we cannot imagine such idiocy in Sir Eyre Coote, we surely cannot impute it to the great Julius.

The legion was a peculiarly Roman institution; it was connected with the earliest history of the holy city; it was a re-

vered and almost sacred thing. Down to the time of Cæsar, and for some time later, it was not considered proper to embody in that form any but Roman citizens.¹ Afranius and Petreius had eighty Spanish cohorts, but no Spanish legions. Varro, seeking to defend Bætica, raised thirty Spanish cohorts, and also two legions: but one of these was the *vernacula*, or natives, meaning natives of Italy resident in the province; the other was the *colonica*, meaning citizens of the colonies. The nine legions with which Pompey began the Pharsalian campaign were, as Cæsar tells us, made up of Roman citizens. One of them, "raised in Crete and Macedonia, was composed of veterans who had been discharged by their former generals, and had settled in those provinces." His legions from Asia, Cilicia, and Syria, and his recruits from Epirus and Greece, were probably of a similar character. From the Alexandrian War we learn that Cassius Longinus, proprætor in Africa, "instituted a levy of Roman citizens from all the municipalities and colonies." In the African War we find Scipio's Getulian horse claiming to be descendants of the fourth and sixth legions of Caius Marius. Later on, Roman citizens appear at Zama, serving in arms against Cæsar. Everywhere the colonists take personal and manful part in the war.

It was not until both parties had become greatly exhausted that legions of foreigners were embodied. During the final struggle of the Pompeians (Spanish War, xii. and xx.), we read for the first time of "Spanish legionaries." Cæsar himself raised one Gallic legion, the Alauda, but at his own expense, as if it were an unlawful thing to draw on the public treasure for such a purpose. This, so far as we know, was his only legion of Gauls, and it was certainly not one of his veteran organizations. It is noteworthy that the Alauda was not allowed to bear the eagle of Rome as an ensign, and that the irregularity of levying it was expiated, as it were, by granting

citizenship to its soldiers when they were disbanded.

In fine, it appears that all of Cæsar's earlier legions were enlisted either in Italy proper, or in the "colonies beyond the Po." What the Roman colonies were we know well enough. Originally they were establishments of citizens, organized outposts of the republic, little Romes. From the time of Sulla onward they were in many cases settlements of discharged veterans. "The members of a Roman colony preserved all the rights of Roman citizens." They were warlike communities; the military spirit there was aboriginal and hereditary; soldiers and sons of soldiers naturally flowed into the legions. The Transpadane colonies were among the oldest and most flourishing outside of Italy proper. Aquileia, for instance, at the period of the Helvetic war, had existed for a century and a quarter. That any large number of Cisalpine Gauls had acquired citizenship in those municipalities is, considering the jealousy of Romans on this subject, exceedingly doubtful. At all events, the great majority of their burghers must have been of Italian stock; and this fact settles the ethnic descent of Cæsar's earliest and most famous troops.

Another item of evidence in the same direction is the nature of the legionary rations. In several passages of the Commentaries we learn that the legions must have bread, or they suffered what they considered destitution. At the siege of Avaricum "the soldiers were for several days without corn, and satisfied their extreme hunger with cattle." In Spain Cæsar levied supplies of cattle only because he could not possibly get grain. At Dyrrhachium, being without wheat, the troops "refused neither barley nor pulse, and held in great esteem cattle," and furthermore made bread out of roots, for all which Cæsar praises them, as if it were something wonderful. Imagine an army of Gauls going very hungry, rather than live on beefsteaks and mutton-chops. Bread was specially an Ital-

¹ This had changed by the time of Nero, a hundred years later. It is clear from Josephus that Vespasian's legionaries were more or less Asiatics;

from Tacitus that the Vitellian legionaries were largely Germans

ian staple of food, and was comparatively little used by the Celts.

But while Caesar's regular infantry was Roman, his light troops and cavalry were undoubtedly foreign. We read constantly of Numidian darters, Balearic slingers, Cretan and Syrian archers, Spanish targeteers, and troopers of all strange peoples. The Cæsarean horse was always either Gallic, or Aquitanian, or German. Of Italian mounted men we find no trace on either side. Plutarch's story, to the effect that the Pompeian cavalry was composed of young dandies, presumably Romans, is not borne out by Caesar. He shows that it was a wonderful medley of mercenaries and auxiliaries, including freed slaves, Gauls, Germans, Cappadocians, Thracians, Egyptians, Galatians, Syrians, Dardanians, Bessians, Thessalians, "and troops from other nations and states." Not one Roman appears, not even an exquisite of an officer, the very chiefs being foreigners. It is probable that the easy defeat of these seven thousand troopers was owing largely to their mixed composition, and consequent lack of mutual confidence and of unity in action.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COMMENTARIES.

We are indebted to Caesar for something more than a lucid and vivid history of his military operations. A sharp-eyed man, and interested in everything human, he sketches with great liveliness the strange countries which he traversed and the strange peoples whom he vanquished. No ancient historian has given us more shrewd and seemingly truthful accounts of such matters. Unlike the author of the *Germania*, who at times appears to be lecturing the Romans on morals instead of furnishing them accurate information, Cæsar evidently wants to tell only the actual facts. And how very acute he is, as well as honest! In his pictures of the Gauls we get the very Irish of to-day, and not a little of the French, too, made over as they have been by much foreign mixture.

That Gallic reverence for parents which he notes may still be found beau-

tifully vigorous in France. Nor has the old martial spirit died out of the breed, nor, altogether, the liking for more women than one. Nothing can be more Irish than this: "The nation of the Gauls is extremely devoted to superstitious rites." Or this: "Their funerals, considering the state of civilization among the Gauls, are magnificent and costly." Or this: "Throughout Gaul there are only two orders of men of any rank or estimation: one is that of the priests, and the other that of the gentry." Here is an Irish panic, or a French *sauve qui peut*: "The van, because they were out of danger and restrained neither by necessity nor command, broke their ranks at the first uproar and sought safety in flight." Here we have the gossiping sociability, the credulity, and the inconsiderate vivacity of the race: "It is the custom of this people to compel travelers to stop, even against their inclination, and inquire what they may have heard concerning any matter. Often, induced by these reports and stories alone, they engage in the most important enterprises, of which they must necessarily, ere long, repent, since they yield to mere unauthorized rumors." Again: "The nature of this people is such that they are full of credulity, and accept an unaccredited report as an authentic fact." And again: "The Gauls themselves add to the rumor, and invent what the case seems to require." One is reminded of Thackeray's remark that "if the Irish do tell a great many more fibs than the English, on the other hand they believe a great many more." We could hardly decide, from these judgments alone, whether the Roman general lived in our time, or the English satirist two thousand years ago.

Cæsar seems to have been particularly struck by the clan devotion and the political insubordination of the Gauls. "Litaviccus," he tells us, "fled to Gergovia with his vassals, who, after the Gallic fashion, held it a crime to desert their patron, even in extreme misfortune." When Orgetorix is to be tried for treason by the Helvetian magistrates, he gathers all his following, his "tail,"

and breaks up the court. We learn also that Vercingetorix, the great leader of the Auvergnats, was not the legal chief of the nation, but only the head of a party which had risen against the elder nobles, and that his first rising was made at the head of his personal dependents alone. In another place Cæsar explains that "in Gaul there are factions, not only in all the states and in all the cantons and their divisions, but almost in every family." The result of such a state of society, as well as of the credulity and vivacity of the race, was a constant ebullition of political passion and fluctuation of political purpose, such as we still often see in Celtic lands, when they are not ruled by military force. Here we have the modern French: "The Gauls are easily prompted to take up resolutions, and much addicted to change." Also here: "Others of them, from a natural fickleness and instability of disposition, were anxious for a revolution." And revolutions there were everywhere: now the foreign party in the ascendant, and now the home rulers; now the seniors handing over insurgents to the Romans, and now the youth and their followers murdering the seniors; armies marching to help Cæsar, deciding to attack him, and before night becoming his allies again; plottings and risings against the Germans, the Sequani, and the Æduans, as well as against Rome, — such a perpetual facing about as never was seen except in a population of mere tribes and clans.

We cannot marvel that Cæsar should thrash and crush such a people with severity, to end the countless, fruitless, noxious uproars arising from their character and institutions. We cannot wonder, either, that the contest ended as it did. The Gallic communities were established, like the Italian communities which Rome had beaten in its youth, upon the narrow and enfeebling idea of blood relationship. The principle that if a man is your tenth cousin you must stand by him, right or wrong, and that if he is not your cousin you may rob and kill him, is obviously incapable of producing a quiet, industrious, populous, and civil-

ized community. In the Gallic wars a nation founded on the broad idea of contract encountered a host of states founded on the limited idea of cousinhood. The former was sure to crush the latter, and mankind should be thankful that it did so.

THE STYLE OF CÆSAR.

Concerning the literary merits of the Commentaries, one dares say but little, after all that has been said thereupon by so many great scholars and critics. Their famed lucidity of style is rather a clear and logical arrangement of matter than a perfectly perspicuous arrangement of words in a sentence. Not even a good Latinist can read Cæsar at sight without discovering that he must pay close attention, or he will understand but incompletely. Aside from certain dislocations and entanglements of inversion, the periods frequently contain a good many words, and each word is meant to express a great deal. Details to which we would assign a paragraph are crammed into an adjective or a participle. A sentence is like memoranda, tied together by juxtaposition, and closing with a verb (*jubet*, for instance) to show what was done about all those matters. No translation into our modern uninflected languages can give any adequate idea of this density. Considering how much is told in few words, the diction of the Commentaries *is* lucid, but only in that sense.

This dense style is quite common in Latin, and must have been suited to a Latin public. One reason, perhaps, was that manuscript was expensive to both the writer and the reader; another, that books were addressed not to the million, but to a class of high intelligence. Cæsar could well be concise, for he wrote only for the eye of statesmen and soldiers and scholars, men who would comprehend him at a word. Officers and gentlemen did not need long-winded explanations to make them understand military movements and political measures. It is noticeable, moreover, that this compact, lucid, business-like way of writing is characteristic of great soldiers. In the Mem-

oires of Napoleon and the Despatches of Wellington you will discover the same logical order, unfailing selection of causative facts, indifference to unimportant particulars, and apparent scorn of mere diction which you find in the Commentaries. I have no doubt that Napoleon's rapid Summary of the Campaigns of Frederick would have delighted military Romans, and that Wellington's two-page dispatch concerning Waterloo would have seemed to them abundantly long enough. I also believe that if we had commentaries by Alexander and Hannibal, we should find in them this same crystalline statement, without a wordy paragraph. The constant composition of orders and instructions teaches a general to be lucid and short, and leads him to look upon the contrary qualities with distaste. Moreover, the great soldier is by birthright a clear and quick thinker, and his literary utterance is naturally a reflex of his mental operations.

Extreme simplicity and naturalness of manner is another characteristic of the style of Cæsar. Nothing could be more like bred, more thoroughly like the speech of a finished gentleman, and less given to points and artifices of rhetoric. It has naught of that balancing of clauses and that sedulous modulation of closes

which mark the writing of our so-called classic authors, the imitators of Isocrates and Quintus Curtius rather than of Xenophon and Cæsar. Translated literally into English, and somewhat expanded, as in English it must be, it reads more like Bunyan or Defoe than like Addison.¹ Nor is there ever the slightest attempt at impressiveness, or what the French call *emphase*. Cæsar never "bears on" and never struts, not even when he is relating sublime deeds of heroism, — not even when he is explaining wonderful strokes of genius. At first it strikes one with complete astonishment that any human being who had taken a leading and passionate part in such great performances could write about them in a tone of such entire simplicity. We can understand it only when we remember that here was a very extraordinary man, who necessarily looked upon his extraordinary labors and achievements as the most natural things in the world. On the whole, taking into consideration the professional value of the matter in the Commentaries, and the perfectly perspicuous and gracefully simple manner in which that matter is presented, we must allot to Cæsar the singular distinction of having produced the best military narrative that ever was written.

MISS MAGDALENA PEANUTS.

"DID I hear the bell ring?" said my sister. "I hope not, for I hate to be interrupted at my work, — just, too, as I had commenced my second sleeve."

Now I have never known the hour or minute that my sister did not hate being interrupted, or the moment that she was not beginning, or rounding off, or finishing some part of a knitted garment. As far back as I can remember, there rested a hank of loosely circled yarn upon her lap, a pair of knitting-needles in her hands, and some article composed of a

succession of loops in process of incubation or development into different shapes. There were mysterious incantations attending the development of these woolen forms, — a low muttering, and, when listening intently, one could catch the numeral abracadabra of one, two, three, add six, reverse ten, and knot; and any question asked at that time would pass unnoticed, or be treated with utter contempt. At intervals the work would

¹ Not in the original; there one might liken it to Defoe condensed and finished by Montesquieu.

cease suddenly, and the great magician of the steels would seize an end, and, drawing out increasing lengths of yarn with a rippling sound, leave whole rows of defenseless little loops, apparently turning up their eyes, imploring for pardon for some sin of omission. How much vitality was daily, weekly, and yearly knit into those fabrics, I cannot compute. We are all subject to fancies that control us eventually; for when they become passions they bear down everything before them.

But the gate had really swung back to admit a visitor. Not a fashionable silk-and-velvet caller, as my sister feared, for no pasteboard announcement appeared; but first came a decided tap at the sitting-room door, and, hardly awaiting any answer, a very pretty figure walked in. — a perfect shepherdess; not the Watteau style, but the familiar figure presented to our eyes fifty years ago, when our fathers and mothers took just such a model for their first efforts; and when you went to pay your respects to *their* fathers and mothers, you were proudly shown, hanging upon the wall, the counterpart of this dainty figure, surrounded with sheep, white as they never are, and a crooked tree behind, a little taller than the sheep. A young girl of sixteen stood before me, attired in a pale blue calico dress, of entire simplicity and Grecian scantiness, with a real shepherdess hat adorned with flowing pink ribbons, floating almost to her feet. Her eyes were blue as her dress, her cheeks as pink as her ribbons. As pretty as a peach gives a better description of her than any other combination of words. Extreme delicacy of skin; little white teeth, even as young corn; and the happiest, sweetest of smiles seemed the habitual expression of her dainty lips. She was round and lithe and strong. Her golden hair hung unconfined far below her waist; and her limpid eyes and lovely complexion combined to chase away the few evidences of a life of hard work that her rough, but well-formed hands and arms disclosed.

She had opened the door, and commenced instantly to make known the

object of her visit, my sister's knitting-needles clashing a soft accompaniment to her running talk, like a pair of small castanets.

"How do you do, Mizz Dudley, and how are Mizz Janey's headaches and Mizz Josephine's back? I believe they warn't quite well when I last was here, and I hope they are better. And how is this lady?" turning to me. "I never saw her before, but suppose from the likeness to the family as how she is your sister, particularly as you were expecting her when I was last here, — yes ma'am, yes, that was the day I brought the sour cream. I hope she came all right, and you were not disappointed. I've brought you another quart, yes, ma'am, and you must n't pay more nor half price for what you got last. Yes, Mizz Dudley, — yes, ma'am. I gave the cook a pair of young turkeys, as I stopped at the gate, and a pair of ducks. The turkeys are three dollars a pair, and the ducks, being as how you don't eat ducks, are only a dollar and a half" —

This was said in such a rapid way, without pause, or even the drawing of one single breath, that no interruption appeared possible; but ducks were an abomination in the nostrils of my sister, and this was too much for her patience to stand.

"Why, Magdalena, did n't I warn you never to bring me ducks? I do not want any poultry now. The kitchen is supplied with everything needed for some days, and the weather is so very warm" —

"Yes, ma'am, — yes, Mizz Dudley. I know it's warm, and so I told the cook to roast them ducks right off, for they would n't keep a day. If you could try to fancy them, I assure you they have been cooped up for a week, and fed on rice, and they are real nice. Perhaps this lady likes them," she added, with sudden inspiration, — "this stranger lady. I forget her name; please tell it to me. Yes, ma'am, — thank you, ma'am."

I could see that "Mizz Dudley" was getting impatient over the base of a triangle she was setting up, so I came to

the rescue, and asked the fair vender how she came by such a fine name.

"My father gave it to me," she said. "His name was Franzy Peanuts, and he was born of good people, — yes, ma'am; and as he had a good name himself, he wanted me to have one, too, that sounded well."

"Where are the things you have brought?" said my sister. "Have you walked all the way from your house loaded with cream and poultry?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. I gave the things to the butler, and I brought them in on the wagon. I wanted to give mother the fresh air and a little exercise, so I drove her in. There is the wagon at the garden gate. I have turned it round across the street, so that mother can see the flowers and have a bit of the sunshine. She is very bad to-day."

I glanced over the window-sill, and there was the small covered Tennessee wagon, to which was attached a rather well-fed horse, but in the last stage of decrepitude, and apparently without one well-conditioned leg. Lying at the bottom of the wagon, on a bed of clean, sweet straw, was a middle-aged, delicate-featured woman, who seemed to be dying of consumption. At the head of the horse stood an older and bluer woman feeding him with bunches of grass she picked from the side of the walk, while between times she worked away at a thread glove she was knitting into shape with a broad bone instrument ending in a hook. There was evidently displayed before me the whole family, three generations of the Peanut race. However, Magdalena was taking leave, and my attention, which had wandered away from her voluble communications, caught her last words:—

"Thank you, ma'am. Never mind paying me now. The money is quite safe; yes, ma'am. And, please, we don't want any more sugar at present; so if you don't object, I will tell Sam to take it out of the package you had ready put up for me, and to change it for some more wine. Madeira, ma'am, if you please. Mother does like wine in what she takes, and Mr. Rosen says madeira

is the best kind; and if you can give me half a lemon and a nutmeg, — yes, Mizz Dudley, yes, ma'am. And I brought back the calico dress you were so kind as to send me, please, ma'am, as I want you to change it" —

"I think you are very hard to please," said my sister, with a slight inflection of anger.

"Oh, no, ma'am. Yes, ma'am. It ain't that. Indeed, I had a hard cry to give it up, it is such a lovely blue. But it is just like what this was, and this is hardly three years old, if you'll believe me; and them light colors take so much soap and starch; they have to be washed so often to keep clean. When I used to come to town every Sunday, it was just what I wanted; but mother is too sick now for me to leave her, and you know it is too pretty for me to wear at home, where I have to curry the horse, and drive up and milk the cows, and churn the butter, and feed the poultry, and hoe the garden, and scour the house, and clean up, and cook, and everything else, too, Mizz Dudley. No, ma'am, I want a brown one."

She hardly ever drew breath, or paused a moment to collect material for conversation. Her volubility was wonderful, and the carmine tints of her cheeks had gradually deepened, till her lovely eyes shone like blue forget-me-nots. A slight cough from the wagon startled her, and, making a deep and unconsciously stagey courtesy, she was gone.

I watched her stop at the opening at the bottom of the wagon, to smooth and kiss her mother; then she helped her old grandmother in with a strength of arm that hardly accorded with its delicate molding; at last she mounted into her seat and assumed the reins, the oval top framing as pretty a picture of health, strength, beauty, and helpfulness as I had ever seen.

"Well," I said, "she seems a very well-balanced and composed young lady. Does she often come with wares that she sells you against your consent, and is she in the habit of ordering your butler to give her what she wishes from your pantry? I had no idea that you

would allow such high-handed proceedings on the part of your poor!"

"You don't understand," said my sister, placidly. "She is one of the best girls in the world. Works like a man. Is devoted to her grandmother and mother, supports the whole family, and never asks for or takes the smallest comfort in clothes or food that they can do without. What her sick mother does not need she returns. You will find it a pleasure to help them when you know them better."

"But what a name! Where did she get it?"

"Her father was a Frenchman, named François Pinotte, and as you may suppose, the country people abjured such a foreign appellation, and called him by the most familiar sound that would assimilate with his French cognomen. So in time he became Franz Peanuts, then French Peanuts, and at last Fresh Peanuts. Maggie clings to the first name. He died many years ago, and then when the widow became so ill the grandmother came to stay a while with her. They have farmed about five acres of land, out on the creek road, for many years, saving and putting up a little each year to build a more decent house than they live in now. I believe Maggie does all the work."

Just at this moment the door opened again, and Maggie reappeared, breathless:—

"Please, Mizz Dudley, yes, ma'am, if you don't want them ducks, at least both of them, I have found a lady,— Mizz Montgomery, ma'am,— round in the lane, who will take them, at least one of them. I stopped in the kitchen and made the cook take one off the fire. It ain't warmed through yet"—

But my sister had commenced a square collar, which at the moment absorbed her energies, and she ordered her visitor to let the ducks alone and to go, with but scant ceremony.

We followed our usual occupations for over a week, hearing nothing further from Miss Peanuts, when one morning the wagon, the white horse, the grandmother, the mother, and Miss Pea-

nuts all stopped again at the garden gate. In a few moments the fair Maggie had made her usual abrupt entrance, and without waiting for any salutation immediately started the conversation:—

"How are you, this morning, Mizz Dudley, and Mizz Janey, and Mizz Josephine, and this strange lady? I hope quite well. I've brought chickens instead of ducks this time, and some cream which I don't want any pay for. It's a present. And we are in trouble, yes, ma'am, please. The rail-car ran over our red cow last week, and killed it; and I walked six miles yesterday to see the superintendent about it, and he allowed that we ought to have fifteen dollars for it, but he can't give it unless I get an order from the president of the road. I don't know the president, or where to find him, and I thought that you might get it for me."

"I cannot do that," said my sister. "I am in deep mourning, and do not see anybody out of my own family."

"Then, perhaps, this lady here," turning to me,— "I forget her name, yes, ma'am, please,— will get it for me. You see we have built a little house, and have paid for it all, but we have no more money to get a chimney; and the builder says that this fifteen dollars, yes, ma'am, that this lady will get for me, will just be enough. I don't think mother could stand the weather when the cold comes on without a chimney; and I know this lady can get it if she will."

I had felt for some time that my hour was coming, so I succumbed at once, and then and there pledged myself to secure the equivalent for the cow. And then Maggie requested that a stove which had lain in the cellar for some months, and of the whereabouts of which she had gained much occult information, should be lent to her *ad interim*. It was forthwith placed in the wagon, in the space that had been occupied by the grandmother, who walked home in consequence as briskly as Maggie might have done herself.

In the course of a couple of weeks I secured the fifteen dollars. And one fine morning my sister proposed that I should

drive out to the new house to carry Mrs. Pinotte some flannel, some brandy, and the much-needed money. The place was only four miles from the city, and as I drew near the first object that attracted my eyes was the fair shepherdess, — blue dress, pink ribbons, and all. She was armed with a weighty hammer, had a box of tremendous nails near at hand, and had nearly finished a picket fence she was building around her cattle. The cows gazed at her with melancholy interest, rubbing their heads at intervals against her back. The old horse, tied to a tree, stood on three feet, with his head turned completely round, and also watched the business going on. Two sows had their noses poked under the board that supported the fence, while from the grocery shop across the road a substantial Dutchman, mounted on a barrel of beer at his door, smoked the pipe of peace, and gazed with appreciative eyes at the attractive picture opposite. The mother was lying on a mattress on the floor of the little veranda in the full rays of the sun, while on the edge of the woods that skirted the garden fence the grandmother was busy at the wash-tub. The two houses stood quite alone, opposite each other, with shady forest glades extending for miles behind them, and the broad, white, sandy road separating them and stretching either way.

I did not receive very exuberant thanks for the money. The fair Magdalena evidently thought I had done my duty, and nothing more. The possibility of failure in trying to collect it had never formed part of her calculations. The grandmother had wiped her arms upon her apron and come forward, as I descended from the carriage. One of the sows, the most intelligent of the two, cantered to the scene, followed by her interesting family; the horse made as close a connection as the length of his halter would permit; and the Dutchman, after a little pause of consideration, added the presence of his pipe and himself. They all had an opinion, I could see, about the chimney (the subject of discussion), but only Maggie expressed the general views. She was the house of

representatives, the speaker, the chairman of the committee on internal improvements, the *vox populi*.

The position, altitude, and cost of the chimney having been settled, the sick mother claimed my attention; so we all adjourned to her bed. She was evidently a better educated and more refined woman than either daughter or mother-in-law (the latter being the mother of Mrs. Pinnotte's first husband, and therefore no relation to Maggie), or perhaps long illness had thrown a veil of delicacy over her air and manner. She spoke sadly of her approaching end and her dread of leaving Maggie unprotected (at this stage I really thought I detected some expression in the Dutchman's lack-lustre eyes), as her mother-in-law was obliged to return very soon to the up-country, to her old home and her idiot son, and Maggie had determined not to go with her. She had appointed a guardian for Maggie, with the girl's consent, "one of the best of men," and as she felt her end near she would like the comfort of a minister of religion to talk with her. She also said that she had requested one of the charitable ladies who came out to see her to attend to this, but that she had not done so. I promised to go immediately for her pastor, and expressed my surprise that any one should neglect so sacred a duty. After bidding her good-by I was followed by Maggie to the carriage door, who then made some explanations: —

"You see, Mizz, — I really forget your name; yes, ma'am, yes, thank you, ma'am, — I did not tell the lady when mother asked me to do so to send a parson, for I was afraid that he might frighten her. She wasn't so low then, and the doctor told me to keep up her spirits; but now, if you will send him out, I think mother will be better satisfied. It don't make any difference what kind he is, for father, he never went to church, and mother was always too delicate, and when father died I was too little to go anywhere alone; since then, too, I have had so much to do that I am just glad to have Sunday to fix and straighten up things."

I had been thinking so intently over the peculiarities of Maggie's life, and puzzling my mind so deeply to fathom some points of her character, that I hardly listened to her, or remembered her remarks as I drove away.

On reaching the city, my first desire, however, was to seek some reverend gentleman, and acquaint him with Mrs. Pinotte's request. It was not necessary to go far, as my neighbor across the street, Mrs. Knox, was a strict Presbyterian; and as she was then visible working in her garden, I stepped over to her, told my story, and begged her to send her pastor, whom she was in the habit of seeing every day, to the sick woman.

"Is Mrs. Pinotte so very ill?" she asked. "Why, Maggie was at the house yesterday to know if I would speak to the butcher to induce him to buy the calf she expects to have on her hands next week, and to ask him at what age he would take it. Yes, certainly, I will attend to the matter, and send Mr. Goddard out early to-morrow morning. I am glad you came to me."

"It is too far for a walk," I said, — "more than four miles. Has he any conveyance?"

"No; but I can supply him with a buggy," she answered. "I had no idea that they were Presbyterians."

I did not think it necessary to inform her as to the extent of the family's latitudinarianism on religious matters, but continued on my way down the street to the principal drug store, to buy some cough mixture for the invalid, and to make inquiry of the druggist (by desire of my sister) in regard to the immediate disposition of Maggie in case of her mother's sudden death. Some remarks dropped by Mrs. Pinotte had led us to suppose that his unvarying kindness and charity to the poor family had emboldened them to make him the guardian of the desolate girl. My sister had empowered me to say to him that if this were the case she was quite willing to give Maggie a home until he could provide a proper place for her. She could take her meals with our children, and have a bed in one of their rooms. On

my way I met a friend, whom I joined, — a young married woman, — and among many subjects of conversation I mentioned my pleasant drive that morning, and Mrs. Pinotte's illness, trusting she would feel interested. She had known and assisted the family for some time back, and after we had discussed Maggie's future and my sister's arrangements for her safety I spoke of the mother's wish for a clergyman, and my requesting the sacred offices of Mr. Goddard.

"You certainly took a great responsibility upon yourself," said my friend, rather sharply. "I have known all about these people for years, and I can assure you they always were Episcopals. I shall go immediately and request our pastor, Mr. Bentham, to attend Mrs. Pinotte in her last moments. I am quite sure it is he she wants to see."

"Perhaps so," I replied, peaceably. "She can take her choice."

"I do not think," said my Episcopal friend, warmly, "that your manner of speaking of such an important matter is in very good taste. Had you been brought up in the blessed privileges of a church like ours, you would not speak lightly of its sacred ministrings."

"I meant no offense," I said meekly, determined not to get involved in any ecclesiastical discussion, such arguments generally making disastrous chasms in private society. "I apologize. If my remark was disagreeable, it was unintentionally made."

But she left me in hot haste, making a straight line for Mr. Bentham's house, while I continued my walk towards the druggist. The prescription was filled, and the remuneration was refused when I stated for whom the medicine was intended; but for the first time since I had known him I saw that Mr. Rosen was very much fretted, and that he listened to me with less than his usual courtesy concerning Maggie's future.

"Are your family quite well?" I asked. "Pray excuse the liberty I am taking, but has any misfortune happened to you?"

"Nothing has happened," he answered, more pleasantly, "and all are

quite well, but I am much worried about these Pinottes. The mother cannot live, I hear, many weeks, and she has left me guardian to that pretty girl. It places me in a very awkward position, as my family are all at the North; so how can I dispose of her in case of any sudden call upon me? Besides, my household is large, and the responsibility heavy, for she has a decided will of her own. If all these complications could be removed, there are still other annoyances, for I would not know where to place her; she is not a servant, and not a lady. I told her mother all this and more. I laid before her the difficulty of taking her to a home where I and my family are all Israelites, — keep a different Sabbath and observe different laws."

"What did she answer to this?"

"Well, she said that if her daughter kept good and straight, she did not care what religion she professed, and that she would rather trust her with me than any one else, for she had never heard of a Jewess going astray. The truth is the poor woman is almost wild at the necessity of leaving so lovely a girl unprotected."

Here he was called away, and I waited while he talked long and seriously with a very angry man, who came in hastily, and whose gesticulations showed the excitement he was laboring under. His voice grew louder as the conversation continued, till I could not help hearing Mr. Rosen's last remarks before leaving him and joining me again: —

"Do as you please, Mr. Frankland. Mrs. Pinotte is entirely conscious and sensible, although she thinks she is dying. I did not seek this trust, and will be willing to give it up to you, if the mother consents, most gladly. But I must keep faith with her. If the girl, as you say, belongs to your people, satisfy them all, and whatever conclusion they arrive at will suit me. If I eventually have the charge of her, I will take good care of her and the little she inherits. Her form of belief I have no interest in, and shall not interfere with. The Jewish church desires no proselytes. Our faith is in our birth and our blood, and

I could not, even if I wished, make her a Jewess any more than I could make her a Scandinavian."

After Mr. Frankland had left, I inquired what was the nature of the discussion.

"Why," said Mr. Rosen, "Mr. Frankland is the Baptist minister, and Mrs. Pinotte's mother-in-law belonged at one time to his church. Some one met him and told him you were seeking a clergyman to go and see her dying daughter. He wishes me to meet him there to aid him in influencing Maggie to go with her grandmother to the upper part of the State, where the old woman owns half a dozen acres of corn land; but I shall not harass the poor mother by any more discussions on the subject. She has been a correct, hard-working, grateful woman, and I will serve her and carry out her views, if possible. Mr. Frankland intends to drive out to-morrow morning, and give the dying woman the consolations of his church; so make your mind easy upon that score."

I silently took the package of cough mixture, and left, a wiser and sadder woman than when I had risen that morning. I certainly had only fulfilled a humane duty, and yet, as matters had arranged themselves, I was likely to meet, when I delivered the medicine to the invalid the next morning, the Presbyterian, the Episcopal, and the Baptist minister, all apparently dispatched to her house by my agency, — I at least having been the innocent bearer of the message so zealously and so liberally distributed through so many channels. I had but little doubt that Mr. Rosen might feel it his charitable duty to be there also, to lighten the poor mother's anxiety about her child's future, or perhaps in the hope of surrendering her to a fitter guardian. So, rather oppressed by the turn events were taking, I turned homewards.

I reached the house in time for the pleasant reunion at tea. Miss Janey was entirely free from her headaches, and Miss Josephine equally well, so the circle was in its normal state of brightness. I recounted, half dolefully and

half jestingly, my comedy of errors, and thereby ran the gauntlet of the clever attacks usually incurred by the unlucky members of witty families.

We had just settled ourselves in the parlor, and commenced our usual occupations, when visitors were announced; and very unusual ones they were, — husband and wife, who seldom left the shelter of their own vine and fig-tree. The lady's air was alert and business-like; the gentleman, evidently, was only an auxiliary power. He immediately came over to our side of the table, — by courtesy I will say the young side, although I have no right to the full meaning of the term, — and the conversation opposite between my sister and the wife became so voluble, at least on the visitor's part (for my sister said but little), that my curiosity was strongly excited as to what could be the cause for this visit at such an unaccustomed hour. Now and then I could just catch a mere fragment of the subject under discussion, but not enough to give me any clue.

My sister had, as usual, her knitting in her hands, but the needles were careering wildly in the near vicinity of her visitor's nose. That lady had her face in close proximity to them, not heeding her danger in her excitement. Her concentrated whispers hissed sharply and continuously, and her fan, spread to its fullest extent, was held aloft as a screen between her busy lips and our intrusive ears. She was the very head and front of the Presbyterian church! Was that fan the banner of the church militant, and could she have come on business connected with it? My spirit, after the day's events, was sorely troubled.

There are some natures that are given (not for a reward, but a punishment) a sixth sense, something more than instinct and less than reason, that makes them feel, without good cause for so feeling, occult disturbances that affect them personally. And so, thus gifted, I knew — and I quailed under the knowledge, although I proudly kept up the light strain of conversation going on at our side — that Mrs. Pinotte and my unhappy self, and the right man to smoothe

her path to another world, had everything to do with this visit.

At last, words of my sister's more audible voice in answer did reach me. She had evidently been on the defensive from the first. "I do not think it makes much difference," she said, placidly. Then a pause to listen to further argument, and then another sentence, just as placid: "What object could they have?" And then, "Well, suppose they do; I am sure I have no objection. They will take excellent care of her, and that is, after all, the most important duty."

The lady arose at last and pronounced her valedictory. "I am rather astonished and disappointed," she said, "at hearing your views on the subject. I shall do what I consider my duty, and call to-morrow, after dinner, for your neighbor, Mrs. Knox, to drive out with me and see Mrs. Pinotte ourselves. She quite agrees with me as to the propriety of our course of action. The proper place for Maggie is in our home, should her mother die."

So, after all, I was not uncomfortable without reason. The ball had been set in motion by me, and in justice I was more or less responsible for all the damage it might do. The door had hardly closed upon the callers, when we all eagerly and instantly assailed my sister.

"What is the matter?" came with one simultaneous burst.

But she was not to be hurried by our anxiety into any unusual excitement. There had been claims upon her that had been disregarded during the time the important communications had been progressing. The many recalcitrant loops that had dropped had to be taken up one by one, and restored to regimental order; but at last, without giving a single glance in our direction, she merely said, —

"Mrs. Pinotte."

"Certainly, Mrs. Pinotte!" I cried; "but what about her?"

"Well, they are all in a great state of excitement. Such nonsense!" ejaculated my sister. "The Dutchman told Mr. Goddard something she repeated, and which I could not hear. She whis-

pered it in such a horror-struck tone, I was really afraid to ask her to tell me again what she said. Why should she come and worry *me* about such trifles?"

"But you must know the drift of her conversation. Why must she call for Mrs. Knox to-morrow afternoon, and where are they going?"

"To Mrs. Pinotte's, I tell you. They are afraid the Catholics will get her."

"*The Catholics!*" I shouted, in astonishment at this new phase. "What should the Catholics know about her?"

Then, as we reviewed the situation, we all began to laugh. Poor Mrs. Pinotte! And here let me anticipate the *dénouement* of my story, even if its interest be broken, by declaring that if Mrs. Pinotte were not alive and tolerably well at this moment I certainly could not amuse my readers with her death-bed experiences.

The next morning I attempted to bribe that much overestimated, faithful individual, the old family coachman, to get the carriage ready earlier than he was in the habit of doing, thereby hoping to execute a flank movement, and get through my promised visit to Mrs. Pinotte before other people arrived. He assented to my request quite eagerly, I thought; received very amiably the plate of breakfast I carried him from our own table, hoping thereby to facilitate operations; pocketed the added bribe, and was just an hour and five minutes later than the usual time. The reason for this delay I heard from my maid that afternoon. "If Miss Lizzie [meaning me] had choose to tell me what de debbil she mean by a-hurrying me to git de carriage ready so early, I might hab inconvenience myself," he said, sententiously; "but if she hab her ways, and keeps tings to herself, why, I has mine!"

However, about twelve o'clock I came in sight of the new chimney, which the proceeds of the dead cow had erected. The next turn of the road and my heart gave a great leap, and then threatened to stop. The only human figure visible was the Dutchman, leaning against the side of the house; but oh, hitched to

Maggie's new fence, were absolutely four buggies! I have never stormed intrenchments, because I am only a woman, but the female sex are capable of great heroism under exceptional dangers. I felt my peril as then and there I descended from the *fifth vehicle* standing before that humble door, and entered the house.

An apparent masterly inactivity prevailed on all sides, except on the grandmother's, who seemed to hold more of the position of an armed neutrality. The Episcopal and Presbyterian clergymen were seated amicably, side by side, on an improvised settee arranged by Maggie, — a smooth board, with either end resting on a half-barrel. The Baptist minister was farther off, but not alone, as the old mother-in-law held a supporting position near him. Standing up, with folded arms and harassed expression, was Mr. Rosen, holding a legal document in his hand. The sick woman, clean and quiet, lay on her bed. What was the meaning of this fraternization among the Protestant element, where I had expected strife? Lo, the cause stood revealed, for by the side of the bed, with placid face and folded hands, representing the wolf of Rome, sat a Catholic sister of charity. I looked round for Maggie to relieve the awkwardness that attended my entrance. There she stood, alert, vigilant, lovely as a cherub in appearance, commonplace and unimaginative as a peanut in soul, skimming her milk-pans on the back piazza, and passing the results to the Dutchman to sell at market, before she came forward to welcome me.

Whatever had been the nature of the discussion, the results appeared satisfactory, for the gentlemen arose with marked serenity of manner, as I entered, to take leave. One of them said something about the bad influence of Rome, but in a very low voice, glancing at the sister. A pale pink flush stole into her cheeks, and flickered there a moment, but she only meekly crossed her hands and took up her beads. It was the intrepid Maggie who came to the rescue.

"We never did like Rome," she said. "Father told mother, when I was born, that it was a poor place, very damp and cold; so we moved away to Lagrange, in the middle of the State, and then to Opelika before we came here."

Then the Baptist clergyman came forward and shook hands with the old lady, and said a few words in a sonorous voice about total immersion being necessary if Mrs. Pinotte desired to renew her affiliation with his church; and again the alert Maggie decided the matter.

"It would be the death of mother," she said, "to dip her in water in her present health; and besides, Mr. Frankland, she never *did* belong to your church. So with many thanks for your trouble, gentlemen, I think you had all better go, for mother is tired, and we can settle who she wants another time, unless you will stay a moment and witness Mr. Rosen's papers as my guardine [so she pronounced guardian]. You see yourselves that mother is all right in her mind, and I only want you to see her sign."

No objection was made to this, and the document was read and witnessed. The sister said something in a low voice in Maggie's ear, which appeared to have no effect upon that young lady. "I am very glad they have all gone," she remarked, irreverently, as the buggies started homewards; "and what is more, I don't think that mother is so very bad, after all. Many thanks, Mr. Rosen, for the medicine. I am sure we could not have got on but for your kindness. I am going to put a couple of quarts of cream in your buggy for you. We sell it cheaper than we did last month, for the grass is coming up, and we don't have to feed the cows so much. Yes, sir, please, we'll take it out in cod-liver oil for mother."

There were a few words exchanged in an undertone between Mr. Rosen and the invalid. The little sister, with cast-down eyes, kept telling her beads, but I am quite sure she heard every word spoken. I made a few kind remarks to her about her charity in nursing a stranger, but they seemed to make no impres-

sion; then I offered my humble little eulogium on the liberality of her church in allowing her to give her services, and that time the pretty little flush mounted again to her cheeks, and then I left, seeing that all had gone before.

That afternoon at four o'clock, a handsome open carriage drove up to Mrs. Knox's door, and receiving another occupant, the two Presbyterian ladies, side by side, started off on their pious mission. I called to Miss Janey and Miss Josephine to see them go, and we indulged in our harmless laugh at the zeal which prompted them to hurry away from their dinner, when, whirling into sight came the carriage, already returned, anger stamped upon the features of the occupants. They stepped out, dismissed it, and seemed, from our point of vantage, to be organizing a small indignation meeting on the sidewalk.

I lost no time in joining the irate pair, and begged for information, which I received in full; and then, as they entered the house together, to discuss the points in all their bearings, I suppose, I returned to my own curious group, who were waiting for me. My nieces, who hardly knew what the word curiosity meant, were standing almost breathless, like statues of Expectation, and my sister's knitting had fallen from her lap, while her forgetful fingers only grasped a long, raveled strand of yarn, that meandered away across the carpet, terminating in a ball under the fender. She had unconsciously struck the attitude and expression of a fisherman awaiting a bite, and alert to take advantage of it.

I was mistress of the situation, and I felt my power; so I began to retail my information with slow circumspection, taking advantage of an attention so seldom accorded to my rhetorical powers.

"Ahem! Well, they drove to the forks of the road, and crossed the stream murmuring over the white pebbles, where the late Cherokee roses mingle their snows with the clustering bunches"—

"Oh, come!" exclaimed a voice, "we don't intend to stand *that* sort of thing; *that's* a little too much!"

"Don't interrupt me," I retorted, "or

I will tell you nothing. Well, when they crossed the pebbly brook, — stop, don't go! — they met them! Met all of them!" I paused; composedly.

"Which all? What all?" were the ungrammatical exclamations that assailed my ears.

"They met a procession. First came the Tennessee wagon and horse, with Miss Peanuts holding the reins, and her mother laid upon her mattress at the bottom of the wagon. Then came the grandmother leading the two milking cows; then the Dutchman driving the other cows, and his boy driving the hogs; then a buggy, with two sisters of charity, and, following, another buggy, with a Catholic priest; then Mr. Rosen in his buggy; and lastly a wagon loaded with the Lares and Penates of the Peanut household. In the memorable words of our irate friend 'the Catholics have got her'!"

And then and there my sister, for whom I blush, enunciated the first, the last, the only expression she ever gave of her opinion on this subject. "I am glad of it," she said, and the accent was more vicious than the words.

A few days after these events I went to the Catholic asylum, to revive my interest in the ultimate fate of the Pinotte family, and to learn the reason of their unexpected arrangements. I found Mrs. Pinotte comfortably domiciled in a large, airy, scrupulously clean room, improved much in health, and Maggie as fair as dawn, was learning from a sister the first rudiments of embroidery. The grandmother had gone home. I sat down by the invalid, and asked her openly why she had concealed her intention of joining the Catholic church and claiming its care.

"Because I had no positive idea of taking such step," she replied. "The ladies of the different churches came to see me, and kindly gave me food and clothing, indeed, everything I needed. They came in their carriages, and sat with me in their beautiful silks; but Mrs. Delande brought the Catholic sister to relieve Maggie, and she stayed all day and night with me, and washed and dressed

me, all the time whispering comforting words. I got to depend upon her and love her. Mother, being a Baptist, was against my coming here; but at last even she gave in, and said she would be better satisfied in leaving me in such hands; And so I made up my mind all of a sudden, and told the sister to take me; and here I am, — oh, so comfortable and happy!"

But here Maggie struck in with her incisive, determined intonation: —

"Besides, it makes a great difference to *me*. Your sister was very good to offer to take me, if necessary; but what would she do with me, yes, ma'am, yes, and those ladies who promised to put me in the Protestant home? I am much obliged to them, but they could only have me taught housework and washing there, so that I could go out to service. Even if mother dies — and I don't think now she will — I have thirteen cows and our little place out there, and I would rather not be a servant. The sisters say they will teach me to embroider and preserve, and I can stay with them as long as I make myself useful; and I can learn any trade I please, and altogether I am very glad I came, yes, ma'am, yes, and Mr. Rosen he is still my guardline."

I bade them all adieu, and, going home made my report. At different times I met the representatives of the churches who had struggled so unsuccessfully for Mrs. Pinotte's soul. They had naturally combined against the powers which had secured her. I listened to the conflicting charges made without coming to any definite conclusion in my own mind.

"What object can these people have, save a charitable one?" I said. "The Pinottes are a poor, obscure family; so what is to be gained?"

"The thirteen cows and the house and lot," said the narrowest-minded.

"No," I answered, as temperately as the circumstances would admit. "Mr. Rosen has entire control of all, as guardian for Maggie, on whom the property is settled."

"Well, they want to make a nun of her, or a sister of charity."

"Suppose they do; there is no wrong

done her, if she desires such a life. You all intended to make a lady's-maid, or a hair-dresser, or something in that line of life, of her. The office of a sister of charity is a noble career."

I said this, but I really doubted if Maggie had one grain of the sentiment or sensibility that would be the moving spring for a life of self-abnegation.

Time passed on. The spring melted into summer, and I took my flight northward. At intervals, when I looked into the heart of a lovely half-blown pink rose, or on the soft tinge of a sea-shell, the fresh beauty of Miss Peanuts would rise before me. Insensibly, the flower-like beauty of her face would often appear framed in my imagination by a sister's spotless white head-gear, the dimpled wrists concealing themselves shyly in the folds of the wide sleeves, till I never thought of her in any other guise.

Three years passed away, and again I sought my Southern home. Newer subjects of interest had effectually driven the Pinotte family from my mind. Coming out of a side door to a fruit shop, one day, I found my sister listening to a loud, voluble talker, — a very stout woman gaudily dressed, very pink and very comfortable looking, and with some claims to rather full-blown beauty. Dim recollections came struggling into my mind, as I scanned her face, but before my tardy thoughts took shape she accosted me: —

"Oh, you are Mizz Dudley's sister, who was with her when we thought mother was dying. Yes, ma'am, yes, I remember you, although I forget your name. I am real glad to see you. Mother is not dead yet, but grandmother is, and has left us a nice little place up the country, that I sold. To be sure, I have to take care of the idiot, but I don't mind that, and I make him useful, for I have no children. I suppose Mizz Dudley told you I had married the Dutchman who lived opposite. Me and mother did not trouble either the sisters or Mr. Rosen long. His name is Hans Droust, and he

said if I would marry him he would take mother too, and he had a nice lot, yes, ma'am, yes, of turkeys and chickens and other things, and he has made us right comfortable. I am glad that I married him. Indeed, I am. Yes, ma'am."

"I am pleased to hear that you are so satisfied, Mrs. Droust," I said. "What church do you attend now?" I confess I was very curious to know.

"Well, ma'am, they were all so kind to me that I did not know which to choose, but the sisters they thought it awful that I should be so indifferent-like, and they tried to explain; but indeed, ma'am, yes, Mizz Dudley, — I always forget this lady's name, — while I was with them I tried to listen and make up my mind; and then I married, and what with the mother and the house and the cattle and the poultry and the idiot, and more than all, Hans's beer, that he likes me to attend to myself, I have n't time to think it over. Thank Heaven," continued Maggie, touched with the first gleam I had ever seen of the existence of a soul in her body, "that I have a nice home for mother, and that she is getting well again after so much suffering. Me and Hans are going to join the Thomasites. Hans likes their ways, and saw a great deal of them in the upper part of the State; and it was about them that the minister was talking that time we thought mother was dying, for they live around Rome, just above the railroad. They are a poor lot, yes, ma'am, but they don't expect you to learn a great deal of religion, and their adviser comes once a year, and stays with us, and makes everything right, and we don't trouble ourselves about all that other talk, and we get on well enough without it."

Mrs. Droust would have continued talking until Ascension Day, if we would have waited to hear her, but, satisfied that all is well that ends well, we left her; and the only reason I do not tell you more about her is that I have never seen her, or heard of her, from that day to this.

Phæbe Yates Pember.

ON LATMOS.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

With hunting nymphs, a starry train,
I lead the chase o'er heaven's plain;
Through many a lair of fog and rain,
Through clear-washed azure space again,
With beamy darts, each night's surprise,
Flung down in lakelets' fringed eyes,—
Earth's Argus watch, that see the hours
Whose dark we streak with silver showers.

Now on we chase through clear, cold heights,
Far, far above earth's twinkling lights,
Dissolving fast in midnight darks.
Out, out! ye puny, smoke-hued sparks!
Our laughter of immortal glee
Rewards your pigmy mockery.
Through cloud, through snow-drift, and white fire,
We hunt through heaven, nor pause, nor tire.

Hark! from below a flute's sweet strain
Sets tiptoe all my huntress train;
My silver-sandaled feet move slow.
A magic flute! now loud, now low,
Now piercing sweet, now cadenced clear,
Now fine as fay-voice to the ear,
Till my divining goddess-eyes
The stirred air's wake trace down the skies,

To see on Latmos' barren peak
The music's soul! What, shepherd, speak!
For thy flute's sake, and for a face
Lit pale with strange, appealing grace,
I'll hear,—though scarce such open look
This haughty virgin heart can brook.
Thy name seems known to me; 't is one
A flute might breathe,—Endymion.

The music mute? Nay, forward, chase!
This mood's not mine! A shepherd's face
With mortal sorrow written there,
In mortal guise, however fair,
Can ne'er have held me. 'T was the tune
Drew back my silver-tripping shoon,
Accordant, spell-bound! In this hush
Is space for breath,—then on we rush.

What binds my feet and chains my eyes,
Unwilling thus? Whose daring tries
A strength immortal born above?
Shall Dian stoop to human love?
Can this cold breast, Caucasus snow,
With aught of mortal melting glow?
On, — on! What holds me? Like a wind,
Sweep, sweep me hence, my virgins kind!

'T is vain! Those eyes so pleading bright
Compel my own, as light the light;
One name storms fast my soul upon, —
Endymion, Endymion!
A snow-bright statue, bow half drawn
To slay, I stand wrapt i' the dawn
Of some new sun, whose sweet fire thaws
My heart and purpose in their pause.

Is love, of human suffering born, —
That love, my haughty spirit's scorn, —
So all-victorious that it tries
To scare me through a shepherd's eyes?
What! is 't so mighty? Does it gain
Its potency through human pain?
Hence, hindering fancies! Feet, begone!
Pursue me not, Endymion!

My strength dissolves like morning dew;
His eyes' magnetic lightnings through
The night draw swift. From rift to rift
Of clouds, a shining shape, I drift,
And touch bald Latmos' peak upon,
Beside thee, O Endymion!
I yield me to thy grief's demand,
I feel the clasp of mortal hand.

I know the thrill of heart to heart, —
No more as world and world apart
In orbits separate to move;
For heaven and earth are fused by love.
Has Dian stooped, by this one kiss,
To forfeit all her goddess-bliss?
O wind, that sighs this hill upon, —
Endymion, Endymion, —
Make answer: "Never so before,
Immortal now forevermore!"

Miss L. W. Backus.

MOUNTAINS IN LITERATURE.

It may be fair to wonder whether the people who spend the summer in the Adirondacks, or what used to be called, unadvisedly for purposes of advertisement, the White Hills, or who corroborate or contradict the affirmations and implications of Daisy Miller, in Switzerland, understand precisely with what a novel emotion they dilate when they gaze at mountains. Do they know that a little more than a hundred years ago our ancestors, who had their own opinion about their taste, looked with very different feelings at all extraordinary elevations of the earth's surface? It would naturally seem as if the love of mountain scenery were but the survival of a primitive feeling which was shared by all who had any admiration for the beauties of nature, but on examination it seems like something of very modern growth.

Without going back now to Homer and Virgil, to the rich stores of Hebrew poetry, or even to Milton and Marvell and Chaucer and Spenser, to see how those writers looked at mountains, it may be sufficient to notice how calmly some later authors have spoken about certain scenes, where even unsentimental travelers have learned from their guide-books to stand still, gaze, and give expression to what are doubtless sincere raptures. Travelers in the Middle Ages looked at mountains with very different eyes. The Crusaders made their way through the Tyrol with nothing but dread of the lofty peaks, which they called *horribiles*, and it was only the cultivated valleys that they called *amene*. Many examples of this way of regarding natural objects may be found in a little monograph by Professor Friedländer,¹ a book from which I shall draw freely. Thus, he has quoted one remark from a book by Stephen Münster, published in 1544, to the effect that when he stood at the top

of the Gemmi his bones and his heart quivered, while all the less awful places he calls pleasant and agreeable in contrast with the terrible cliffs and mountains.

Even Addison, superior as he was to many of his time, who was an admirer of Chevy Chase at a period when the love of ballads was not wide-spread, and who exercised very great influence on German literature by his Saturday papers in the Spectator on Milton's Paradise Lost, has but cool praise for the natural beauties of Switzerland. Speaking of Thonon, a town on the south shore of the Lake of Geneva, he says: "There are vistas in front of it of great length, that terminate upon the lake. At one side of the walks you have a near prospect of the Alps, which are broken into so many steeps and precipices that they fill the mind with an agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the most irregular, misshapen scenes in the world." Again, in speaking of the view from Berne, he says: "There is the noblest summer-prospect in the world from this walk; for you have a full view of a huge range of mountains that lie in the country of the Grisons, and are buried in snow. They are about twenty-five leagues' distance from the town, though by reason of their height and their color they seem much nearer." The shores of the Inn he calls "a fine landskip." There is no Cook's tourist who would not say more than this nowadays.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague describes crossing Mont Cenis, in 1718, as follows: "The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, of clouds hanging below our feet, and of vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a confused roaring would have been entertaining to me, if I had suffered less from the extreme cold that reigns here."

In Sir Charles Grandison, in the letter No. CLIV., from Mr. Lowther to John Arnold, the same expedition is de-

¹ Ueber die Entstehung und Entwickelung des Gefühls für das Romantische in der Natur. Von Ludwig Friedländer. Leipzig. 1873.

scribed, and this account may probably be called a fair example of the general opinion of the time concerning the sort of scenery it describes. "There [at Pont Beauvoisin] we bid adieu to France, and found ourselves in Savoy, equally noted for its poverty and rocky mountains. Indeed, it was a total change of the scene. We had left behind us a blooming spring, which enlivened with its verdure the trees and hedges on the road we passed, and the meadows already smiled with flowers. The cheerful inhabitants were busy in adjusting their limits, lopping their trees, pruning their vines, tilling their fields; but when we entered Savoy, nature wore a very different face; and I must own that my spirits were great sufferers by the change. Here we began to view on the nearer mountains, covered with ice and snow, notwithstanding the advanced season, the rigid winter in frozen majesty.

"Overpowered by the fatigues I had undergone in the expedition we had made, the unseasonable coldness of the weather, and the sight of one of the worst countries under heaven, still clothed in snow and deformed by continual hurricanes, I was here taken ill. . . . Every object which here presents itself is excessively miserable."

Gray, the poet, when he wrote his account of this trip, under date of November 7, 1739, had already expressed himself in very much this way. He said, "The winter was so far advanced as in great measure to spoil the beauty of the prospect; however, there was still somewhat fine remaining amidst the savageness and horror of the place." Again, a few weeks later, December 19, 1739, he speaks of the Apennines as "not so horrid¹ as the Alps, though pretty near as high." Yet these passages are more than outweighed by what he wrote about the Grande Chartreuse. In a letter of October 13th, of the same year, he describes at length the excursion he took thither: "On the one hand is the rock, with woods of pine-trees hanging over-

head; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular," etc., — all of which may be found put into Latin in the *Alcaic Ode* he left on the books of the monastery when he visited it again in August, 1741: —

"Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem."

And again, a week after the passage of the Mont Cenis, November 16th: "I own I have not as yet met anywhere those grand and simple works of art that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the better for; but those of nature have astonished me beyond expression. In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining: not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. Mont Cenis, I confess, carries the permission mountains have of being frightful rather too far; and its horrors were accompanied with too much danger to give us time to reflect upon their beauties."

While Gray came nearer expressing the modern feeling than the other writers from whom quotations have been taken, many travelers of different times were far behind even the coolest of these. Thus, Montaigne, in his *Journey into Italy*, speaking of the mountains near the Lago di Garda, — in which, it will be remembered, was Catullus's Sirmio, — says that the mountains belting "the lake are the most rugged that our gentlemen had yet seen," and that they found the neighboring road "the roughest they had as yet traversed, and the scenery was wild and forbidding in the highest degree; both of which circumstances were owing to these same mountains, which here abut on the road." Of the Apennines he says that they were, "almost without exception, wild and barren."

The *Président de Bosses*, who entered Italy by way of Toulon, the Riviera, and Genoa, after speaking of the beautiful prospective made by the mountains at a distance from the Rhone, has nothing to say about the beauty of the maritime Alps; all that he finds to praise is the abundance of well-built and well-

¹ Of course, here, as in the other quotations from writers of the last century, *horrid* has its older meaning, like Latin *horridus*; not, as now, disagreeable.

peopled towns and villages. But then it is to be remembered that few travelers have his gift of describing a city.

Now, in the face of the quotations given above from Gray's Letters,¹ to affirm that no one before Rousseau enjoyed mountain scenery would be very much like saying that there was no love of liberty in this country before the Declaration of Independence. Yet the writer will endeavor to show that it was Rousseau who first said in a memorable way what we have learned to repeat so glibly; who first put into precise language what others had doubtless felt more or less, but had failed to express clearly, and that on this account he may be fairly credited with the distinction of enlarging to a considerable extent the sympathies of mankind. And it must not be forgotten that, to put it crudely, no mountains were too high for Rousseau. Even Gray, in his genuine enthusiasm, did not get above the line of vegetation, and the others who preceded Gray did not rise very far from the plain.

Haller, who is better known as a scientific man than as a poet, had finished, in 1729, a poem, *Die Alpen*, which some one or two German writers have taken to be the cause of the modern interest in Switzerland; but this opinion would seem to be the result of excessive patriotism, for the poem, which is only a very short one, contains no real description of Alpine scenery. It was Thomson who really introduced the description of nature at a time when the usual epithets had become very vague and inexact. Dryden had written such lines as these:

"All things are hush'd, as nature's self lay dead.
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dews sweat."

This passage had been much admired in its time, as we know from Mrs. Piozzi, who speaks of it as equal to Shakespeare's description of night, and from Wordsworth. Yet in Thomson there was a very different way of writing about

nature. To be sure, he was much over-weighted by ponderous imitation of classical models, and Johnson did a fair thing when he read a passage aloud, leaving out every other line, but yet securing his hearer's praise of the extract. But in spite of his faults, Thomson saw clearly and frequently described well many natural objects. He was a stranger to the glow we find in later poets, and his thoughts move in a circle that was limited by contemporary fashion; yet, though he nowhere rises to the level of those who, besides enjoying and expressing the beauty of earth, sea, and sky, were able to show their elevating influence upon man, he introduced into English literature a wave of fresh air, which made the way easier for Cowper and Burns and Wordsworth. As Leslie Stephen has said of the Seasons, "there are few poems in which we can more distinctly hear the wind stirring the forests, and feel the sun striking upon the plains."² His influence over both France and Germany would be an interesting subject of study.

He did not overlook the mountains. Thus, in describing the sunset, Spring, l. 192, he says:—

"The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountain, through the forest
streams,
Shakes on the floods."

Again, l. 957:—

"To where the broken landscape, by degrees
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far
clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky, rise."

In Autumn, l. 711, he calls the mountain "horrid, vast, sublime." Winter, l. 389:—

"By wintry Famine roused, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps
And wavy Apennines and Pyrenees
Branch out stupendous into distant lands,
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend."

And other similar passages might be quoted, but these are sufficient to show with what keen eyes Thomson looked on

Tour in the North, especially the letters to Dr. Wharton, No. IV., October 18, 1769.

² History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, vol. ii. p. 360.

¹ The Rev. Norton Nicholls, in one of his letters to Gray, written from Bath, November 27, 1769, about their friend Bonstetten, says, "I have a partiality to him because he was born among mountains, and talks of them with enthusiasm." And see Gray's

the landscape at a period when poetry was mainly used as a vehicle for ethical argument. John Dyer's *Grongar Hill* and *Country Walk*, 1727, show, too, a similar love of nature, and there can be but little doubt that alongside of the admiration of Pope's study of man there ran a genuine love of such a poet of nature as Spenser. Against the very frequent gross caricatures of his verse we can set many proofs of the way he was read by Thomson, whose *Castle of Indolence* was an open imitation, by Gray, Steele, Shenstone, Collins, and even by Pope. Yet while the love of nature probably never died, even in the most artificial period, the discussion of its exact extent would carry us too far. It is the mountains that alone concern us here.

Rousseau it was who first fairly brought them into literature; and yet this is but one of the minor changes he wrought in subsequent literary fashions. In the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, he gave expression to a genuine love of his native country. The book contains many passages of eloquent descriptions of the scenery of Switzerland. In his *Confessions* he describes what it is that he thinks a fine country: "I must have torrents, rocks, pines, black forests, mountains, rough roads running up and down, precipices on each side that shall make me really frightened. Near Chambéry I had this pleasure, and I enjoyed it to the utmost." And he goes on to paint the scene and the pleasure he had in growing giddy as he looked down the chasms. He may be said to have been the first to sing the beauties of the Lake of Geneva. Thus, in *Partie IV.*, *Letter XVII.*, after describing the view of the two shores from the lake near Meillerie, he speaks of a certain spot: "This solitary place formed a savage and desert retreat, which was full of those kinds of beauty that please only sensitive souls, and appear horrible to others. Twenty paces off, a turbid stream, formed by the melting snow, was rushing noisily by, carrying with it mud, sand, and stones. Behind us, a chain of inaccessible rocks divided the plateau on which we were from that point of the Alps which is called *Les Glacières*,

from the enormous icy masses that have stood there, continually growing, ever since the creation of the world. Forests of dark pines threw a black shadow on our right. On our left, beyond the torrent, was a great oak wood; and beneath us that vast expanse of water which the lake forms in the bosom of the Alps separated us from the *Pays de Vaud*, where the summit of the majestic Jura completed the picture."

Here, too, is Rousseau, speaking in the person of Saint-Preux, who is supposed to be returning from a journey round the world:—

"The nearer I came to Switzerland, the more were my feelings moved. The moment when from the heights of the Jura I descried the Lake of Geneva was a moment of ecstasy and rapture. The sight of my country, that so-beloved country, where torrents of pleasure had overwhelmed [*inondé*] my heart, the wholesome, pure air of the Alps; the soft air of home [*de la patrie*], sweeter than the perfumes of the East; this rich and fertile soil; this unrivaled landscape, the most beautiful that human eye has ever seen; this charming spot, of which I had never beheld the like in my journey; the sight of a happy and free people; the softness of the season; the gentleness of the climate; a thousand delicious memories that recalled all the emotions I had felt,—all these things threw me into transports that I cannot describe."¹

There are other passages in this as well as in some of his other works that might be quoted, but these may serve as examples of Rousseau's affection for nature, and especially of his feeling about the grand scenery of Switzerland. Of the interest that was felt at the time in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, those of us who remember the excitement over the appearance of the first volumes of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* can probably form an accurate idea. The book was let out by the circulating libraries for the sum of twelve sous an hour, and was read and admired in spite of Voltaire's sneers. Those who take it up now (and it cannot be recommended to all readers) will have

¹ *Nouvelle Héloïse*, *Part. IV.*, *Lett. VI.*

no difficulty in seeing why it was popular. Rousseau's eloquence has not lost its charm in more than a century, and his eagerness and evident sincerity could not fail of an effect upon readers who asked nothing beyond the kindling of their emotions. In spite of what seems to us its excessive length, it must have appeared like one of a half-hour series to those who read Richardson without yawning. As has been said, the praise of nature that the story contained is but one of its minor merits; more complicated social questions — entirely outside of the one the book was written to establish — were discussed with great freedom, but they do not belong here. The curious reader will find them treated at due length and with remarkable skill in an excellent book, Erich Schmidt's *Richardson, Rousseau, and Goethe* (Jena, 1875).

It would be unwise to say that Goethe's *Werther* was but the result of Rousseau's novel, yet it is impossible not to see the enormous influence the French writer's work had upon the young German. Rousseau introduced into literature an element that had been lacking heretofore, and Goethe lent additional impulse to the general excitement. We find in Goethe many traces of the French model; as Mr. Morley says, in his book on Rousseau,¹ "We may be sure that *Werther* (1774) would not have found Charlotte cutting bread and butter if *Saint-Preux* had not gone to see *Julie* take cream and cakes with her children and her female servants; and perhaps the other and nobler *Charlotte* of the *Wahlverwandtschaften* (1809) would not have detained us so long with her moss hut, her terrace, her park prospect, if *Julie* had not had her *Elysium*, where the sweet freshness of the air, the cool shadows, the shining verdure, flowers diffusing fragrance and color, water running with soft whisper, and the song of a thousand birds reminded the returned traveler of *Tinian* and *Juan Fernandez*."

The direct effects that Rousseau's eloquent words about nature had on French literature are sufficiently clear when we

think of Paul and Virginia, *Atala* and *René*, and *Obermann*. It is the last-named book that most concerns us here in the discussion of mountains. *Obermann* is perhaps better known through Mr. Matthew Arnold's poem than for itself; and while it is true that, as *Sainte-Beuve* says of the hero, by being so *ennuyé* he at last runs the risk of becoming *ennuyeux*, there are passages in his *Confessions* (for such they were) that are, to speak mildly, sufficiently striking. We may be unable to sympathize with the enthusiasm of an older generation of French readers about the book, yet no one can fail to notice how Rousseau had taught its author to find companionship in mountains.

In English literature we shall find it harder to discover precise traces of Rousseau's influence. The truth would seem to be that in this case, as in so very many others, it is almost impossible to put our finger on any one man and say that he was the first to give expression to any particular thought. Just as with inventions there are half a dozen inventors who are forever discussing the priority of their claims to the distinction of originality, until mankind, growing weary of the discussion, settles the matter once for all, and refuses to have the question reopened, so it is with many literary matters. To adopt a phrase of *Chauncey Wright's*, there would seem to be a sort of intellectual weather, the laws of which we cannot detect, that controls the apparently disorderly succession of the movements of thought, that produces apparently unrelated movements of almost the same kind, at wholly remote places. Merely to enumerate the attending circumstances is not to give a satisfactory explanation of the underlying causes, and to put down all that later English poets have uttered concerning nature to Rousseau's credit would be a great mistake. How many points of resemblance there are between *Cowper* and Rousseau has often been shown, and we can have no doubt that the modest English poet was to some extent influenced by his more famous contemporary. But it would be hard to indicate a line that

¹ Vol. ii. p. 37.

one would be safe in assuming owed direct inspiration from Rousseau. The movement was in the air, and while in their glorification of family life they both were moved by like feelings, it is hard to see how Cowper, who, we know, read Rousseau, could have withstood his charm, or could have escaped being much moved by him.

Perhaps the one of Rousseau's predecessors who most nearly anticipated the modern enthusiasm about mountains was Beattie, in his *Minstrel*. And it is not to be forgotten that the feeling for nature never quite died out of English poetry. Even Akenside, whom no future times will ever mistake for a poet of this century, brought into his *Pleasures of Imagination* many references to nature, although they were principally of an academic sort. For example:—

"'T was a horrid pile
Of hills, with many a shaggy forest mixed,
With many a sable cliff and glittering stream.
Aloft, recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
The brown woods waved," etc., etc.

It is no wonder that he said, what indeed few would deny, that

"The spacious west
And all the teeming regions of the south
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair
As man to man."

While Addison, backed by one quotation from Horace and one from Virgil, affirmed in the *Spectator*, No. 414, that "tho' there are several of the wild Scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial Shows; yet we find the Works of Nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art," others knew simpler joys. And it may be said, by the way, that in this very number of the *Spectator* Addison anticipated Rousseau by abusing artificial gardens. "Our British gardeners," he

¹ Pope was an ally of Addison in the denunciation of artificial gardens; and he wrote a paper in the *Guardian*, No. 173, in 1713, a year after Addison's in the *Spectator*, in which he attacked the "various tinsure of greens." He says: "We run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals than in the most regular of their own," giving grotesque examples of the fashion which the two men between them succeeded in abolishing. The change in England was immediate. Horace Walpole judged that Bridgeman, the leading gardener of that day,

observes, "... instead of humouring Nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our Trees rise in Cones, Globes, and Pyramids. We see the Marks of the Scissors upon every Plant and Bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my Opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a Tree in all its Luxuriancy and Diffusion, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a Mathematical Figure." And he compares these artificial arrangements and the little labyrinths with the wilder beauty of French and Italian gardens, just as, half a century later, Rousseau complained of the artificiality of these in comparison with the naturalness of the English parks.¹

Doctor Johnson did not anticipate the taste of the present day in regard to natural objects. In his *Journey to the Western Islands*, he has more or less to say about mountains, and he speaks of them with calmness: "They exhibit very little variety, being almost wholly covered with dark heath, and even that seems to be checked in its growth. What is not heath is nakedness, a little diversified by now and then a stream rushing down the steep. An eye accustomed to flowery pastures and waving harvests is astonished and repelled by this wide extent of hopeless sterility. The appearance is that of matter incapable of form or usefulness, dismissed by Nature from her care, and disinherited of her favours; left in its original elemental state, or quickened only with one sullen power of useless vegetation.

"It will very readily occur that this uniformity of barrenness can afford very little amusement to the traveler; that it is easy to sit at home and conceive rocks and heath and waterfalls; and that these journeys are useless labours, which neiv was "struck and reformed" by that *Guardian*. In France artificiality would seem never to have come to such lengths as in England, where the Dutch taste had done harm, but it is not till after Rousseau had written that we find symptoms of a change to greater freedom than before. Loudon says (*Encycl. of Gardening*, p. 76), "The English style of gardening began to pass into France after the Peace of 1762, and was soon afterward pursued with the utmost enthusiasm." Perhaps it is through gardens that we have found our way to the wider appreciation of nature.

ther impregnate the imagination nor enlarge the understanding. . . . Regions mountainous and wild, thinly inhabited and little cultivated, make a great part of the earth, and he that has never seen them must live unacquainted with much of the face of nature, and with one of the great scenes of human existence." And a few lines further, he describes a place where he rested: "Before me, and on either side, were hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itself. Whether I spent the hour well I know not; for here I first conceived the thought of this narration."

Goldsmith, too, had written about the same country in a letter dated September 26, 1753: "Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their valleys scarcely able to feed a rabbit? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil. Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove nor brook lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty." And later, in writing from Leyden, he says, "Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There, hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here 'tis all a continued plain." In his poems, too, and notably in *The Traveller*, the descriptions of scenery, though accurate, are quite untinged by emotion.

Yet Beattie is not to be forgotten meanwhile; Johnson and Goldsmith were two of his friends, but he belonged in feeling to a later generation. In his *Minstrel* he describes a youth who came to poetry through lonely communion with nature:

"Concourse and noise and toil he ever fled,
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or where the maze of some bewildered stream
To deep, untrodden groves his footsteps led."
(Book I, xvii.)

And I, xix:—

"Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice, o'erhung with pine,
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine,

While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah, no! he better knows great nature's charms to prize.

XX.

"And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while."

And liii.:—

"Oft when the winter storm had ceased to rave,
He roamed the stormy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue;
Where, midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,—
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise."

And lviii:—

"Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful or new,
Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance or search, was offered to his view,
He scanned with curious and romantic eye."

In these extracts we have certain sides of nature sung by one who both knew them and loved them; to set Goldsmith's somewhat frigid enumeration of the objects of the landscape above descriptive poetry like Gray's, Collins's, and Beattie's, as Mr. Stopford Brooke has done in his *Theology in the English Poets*, because Goldsmith "freed the landscape in his descriptions from the burden of human feeling," which the others and Thomas Warton "had imposed upon it,"—to do this is something like arranging the facts to suit a theory. The only prospect the Traveller really saw was not that of hills and fields and rivers, but, as the second part of the title runs, a prospect of society. The Alps were, in Goldsmith's eyes, nothing more than a sort of natural bulwark, which protected the Swiss against the dangers of civilization.

To speak of "creation's charms," and "woods over woods, in gay, theatric pride," can hardly be called with justice an advance over the way in which Beattie sang of the scenery he loved.

In fact, *The Minstrel* has a very modern sound, in spite of its slight artificiality, and there is a passage from Beattie's *Retirement* that has a quality many

of our contemporaries have struggled for in vain. This is it:—

"Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,
Whence the scared owl, on pinions gray,
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose."

It will be noticed that the two poets who, in a time when artificial poetry was most popular, broke away into open praise of nature, namely, Thomson and Beattie, were both Scotchmen, as were also Logan and Michael Bruce, who followed more or less in their footsteps, to say nothing of Burns; and this love of describing nature had been a trait of Scotch poets from the earliest times. Yet even they were not alone; besides Gray, Collins, and T. Warton in England, we occasionally find traces of the same feeling among the Germans. Klopstock, to be sure, had no eye for the scenery of Switzerland, — and one may say this in the face of his ode to Lake Zürich. Indeed, he was hardly more alive to it than was St. Bernard, of whom the story is told that, having one day journeyed along the shores of the Lake of Geneva, he was asked what he thought of the lake. "What lake?" was his answer. He had not noticed the view at all. Yet Winckelmann, in describing his journey to Italy in the autumn of 1755, spoke with real enthusiasm of the part of it that ran through the Tyrol. "I was happier," says one of his letters, "in a village, in a ravine between the snow-covered mountains, than even in Italy. No one has seen anything wonderful or astounding who has not seen this land with the same eyes with which I viewed it. Here mother Nature appears in her astounding grandeur." And a few lines further on he speaks of the "awfully beautiful [*erschrecklich schöner*] mountains."

After all, while there were many who felt more or less distinctly a love for mountain scenery, it was Rousseau who was the first to give expression to it in what must have seemed to his contemporaries the final way. To what had

been a latent, undefined, vague emotion he gave such life by the force of his eloquence and the contagion of his example that those who felt his power at once followed in the new path he opened before them. He did not create the feeling, but he stamped it with his genius, and it became current coin. To suppose, for instance, that Rousseau was in any sense the intellectual father of, say, Wordsworth's love of wild scenery would be most rash. As we have tried to show, there were many things leading to the same end, yet Rousseau doubtless aided Wordsworth in defining his ideas, as he surely aided the poet's readers to the appreciation of his work.

Of one direct result, the increased interest in Switzerland, there are many proofs. Not only are there in the letters of that time frequent references to the Alps and their newly discovered beauty; travelers, too, turned their steps in that direction. Among the first was Goethe, who, in 1779, visited Switzerland with the Counts Stolberg. The *Briefe aus der Schweiz, Zweite Abtheilung*,¹ contain many full descriptions of the objects he saw and studied, and there are occasional references to the fact that the country was becoming a place of frequent resort. Thus, under date of October 27, 1779, he says, "Here and there on the way much was said about the interest of the glaciers of Savoy, and when we reached Geneva we heard that it was becoming more and more the fashion to visit them, so that the count became extremely anxious to go there," in spite of the lateness of the season; and thither they went. They found a lodging-house opened some years before "in honor of the visitors," and, more than this, they came to a hut belonging to an English resident of Geneva, Mr. "Blair," — may he not have been a mountain-loving Scotchman? — with a window in it overlooking the whole glacier. One of the guides told Goethe that he had accompanied strangers about the mountains for twenty-eight years; in which

¹ Goethe's *sämmtliche Werke* in dreissig Bänden, vol. xiv, p. 133.

case he must have been one of the earliest of the Chamouny guides, for it was in 1741 that two Englishmen, Poccocke and Windham, may be said to have discovered the valley of Chamouny. It is curious to read that they made their way into what they took for a haunt of robbers armed to the teeth, escorted by an armed band, and that they passed the night in tents, with watch-fires burning and sentinels on guard against an attack. Saussure says that twenty or twenty-five years later the place was seldom visited, and then almost entirely by Englishmen, who were attracted there as much by Saussure's account of Chamouny as by anything else. Goethe's father could not understand why his son turned back on the top of the St. Gotthard instead of going down into Italy. "He was especially unable to evince the smallest sympathy for those rocks and misty lakes and nests of dragons."

Coxe, who, between 1776 and 1785, published several editions of his *Travels*

in Switzerland, a book that is full of information, spoke of the awful "sublimity of the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen." Elsewhere he says, as if in reference to those of an older generation who agreed with Goethe's father, "Those who are pleased with an uniform view may continue in the plain; while others, who delight in the grand and the sublime, and are struck with the wantonness of wild, uncultivated nature, will prefer this road [from Appenzell to Salets] to the smoothest turnpike in Great Britain."

Yet even he had feelings of reaction, as when he says, "The traveler may be disappointed whose imagination has been previously filled with turgid description, or who applies to the valleys of ice that sublimity and magnificence which are principally due to the Alps above and around them."¹

But quotations must stop. It will be noticed that as there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there were mount-

¹ Perhaps as marked an instance as any that readily suggests itself of a modern writer totally, or very nearly, indifferent to nature is Charles Lamb. It is true that Coleridge wrote of him, —

"My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
And hungered after Nature, many a year
In the great city pent."

(This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison.)

Yet Lamb disowned not only the epithet of gentle-hearted (vide his letter to Coleridge, August 6, 1800), but also all love of nature. For instance, in his letter to Wordsworth of January 30, 1801, he says, "I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school, — these are my mistresses. Have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun and moon and skies and hills and lakes affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind; and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of nature, as they have been confined called; so ever fresh and green and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of

men in this great city." And in an undated letter to Manning, he speaks of "enchancing (more than Mahometan paradise) London, whose dirtiest drab-frequent alley and her lowest bowing tradesman I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain," referring more particularly to Wordsworth's poem, *The Brothers*.

One is reminded of the story about Lady Mackintosh, told by H. C. Robinson (*Am. ed.*, vol. i. p. 251). She was mentioning to Coleridge her indifference to the beauties of nature, and he quoted from Peter Bell: —

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

"Yes," said Lady Mackintosh, "that is precisely my case."

Lamb's letter to Manning, 24th of September, 1802, describing his trip to the lakes, is too long to quote, as it deserves, in full. He says, "In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before; they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. . . . After all, I could not live in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years, among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature."

The reader of Lamb will remember many other even more striking instances of his rapturous praise of London. See, also, Launcelot Cross's *Characteristics* of Leigh Hunt, pages 50, 51, where this trait in Lamb is fully discussed.

ain lovers before Rousseau, yet that he was the first to give his beloved Alps, and, indeed, mountains in general, the place they now hold in literature.¹ Im-lac, the poet in *Rasselas*, had said, to be sure, that mountains, like everything else in nature, ought to be studied by all who followed his profession, who should "be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little;" but Rousseau, in his hatred of the society he saw about him, saw what he supposed to be an uncorrupted race, living in a region where one might forget what the inhabitants never knew, the vices of the town. The love of his native land and the memory of his long-lost innocence were associated with Switzerland, and there he placed the ideal household of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. Among its mountains, in its grand scenery, he could forget what he hated; he read in them his own de-

testation of worldliness; and while we have learned to look at civilization in a different way, we have not lost that view of nature which he was the first to open to us. Even if we gaze at the mountains or at plains with other emotions, it may be that in the complexity of civilization we have grown accustomed to finding whatever we please in the landscape, and that we read in it what we have in our own hearts. Perhaps, to take an example, the expanse of ocean, which, from association or emotion, expresses despair to one, and may express calm joy to another, is like a great mirror which images but what gazes at it. And so it may be with nature in general. Is it not possible, too, that our present enthusiasm about it is closely related to the modern feeling about music, of which very much the same thing is true?

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

XXIII.

A MONTH passed away, — for Irene a month of study and conversational practice in Arabic, of constitutionals about the rugged crest on which the village stood, and of little more.

The walks were usually to the spring, nearly a quarter of a mile from the village. There was some amusement in watching the sunburnt maidens, who filled their enormous water-jars and skipped away with them on their heads, or perhaps washed to resplendent white-

ness the broad-tailed, corpulent sheep which was to provide the winter meat of a household. Sometimes, with Saada and Rufka in company, she pushed on to a huge precipice which overhung a neighboring wady. Or she climbed to the crown of the Bhamdun ridge, and obtained a far-away view of the Mediterranean. Mr. Payson rode once to Abeih, but Irene could not accompany him, for there was the rejected doctor.

It was still life, truly Oriental in its extreme tranquillity, and seeming to her at times woefully ineffective. Judge, there-

¹ Doudan has some interesting remarks on this subject. "You are right in finding the Pyrenees wonderful. Those beautiful green-clad mountains are not generally to be found in the South, and in Switzerland they lack the brilliant crown that the sun gives them. Yet the poor, somewhat arid Apennines and the barren rocks of Greece say more to the imagination. The roads over which Homer and Dante have passed are always the most beautiful. As you stroll through the paths in the Pyrenees, you will meet only pretty Parisian ladies, riding wretched steeds. In time these ladies pass

away, but Helen is always beautiful on the road to Argos, and Francesca di Rimini on the shores of the Adriatic. Why are there charming countries on which poetry takes no hold? Lord Byron wrote in beautiful verse about Portugal, but the verse is forgotten. Those he composed about Greece are no finer, and every one knows them by heart. Examine this at your leisure, and see if it may not be with countries as it is with people, that too faultless beauty becomes a trifle insignificant by its very faultlessness." (Vol. ii. Let. lxxii.)

fore, of the joy and excitement in the Payson household when, one May afternoon, Hubertsen DeVries rode up to its door. Irene, startled out of her usual staidness, fairly ran into the street to greet him.

"What has become of your Amalek-ite?" she asked. "I want my crown and bracelet."

"You will have to wear a millstone," he said. "I found nothing more elegant than millstones."

"What, nothing? Nothing Philistine?" She was nearly as disappointed as himself, and looked much more so. It is all nonsense to say that young ladies cannot sympathize with antiquarians, providing these last are not themselves antiquities.

"I shall try Ashdod next," he replied. "Old Askelon was pretty certainly built of unburnt bricks. I ought to have gone to Ashdod. There must be something there, — Egyptian, at any rate. But how are you? You are looking wonderfully well."

Here came in the other greetings and felicitations, too numerous to recapitulate. Presently, DeVries turned to Irene once more, and surveyed her with an air of approbation.

"I never saw you looking so well," he said. "You remind me of a certain British drink which I have tasted and found very fortifying."

"A drink?" queried the young lady, unfamiliar with potations, and unable to guess.

"Brown stout," smiled Hubertsen.

"I am *not* so fat!" declared Irene, laughing and coloring. "Of course I am sunburnt. What an outrage to find fault with me about it!"

"I was n't finding fault; quite the contrary," said the young man; and the whole company could see in his eyes that he spoke the truth. Saada, a meek admirer of DeVries, and of Miss Grant also, looked from one to the other, and smiled gayly. Mrs. Payson, remembering her beloved doctor, wanted to change the conversation.

"We must get you established in your room," she observed to the guest. "Do

you think that you can sleep with horses under you?"

The question was appropriate to the moment, for Hubertsen's steed and Mr. Payson's kadeesh had just met in the stable, and were squealing at each other like two locomotives.

"I'll put a stop to those war-whoops to-morrow," said the young man. "Achmet is looking up a house for me in the village, and if he does n't find one I shall pitch a tent on the hill. You won't object, I suppose, to my spending the summer in Bhandun."

Everybody was delighted, excepting thoughtful Mrs. Payson, who could not help saying something about Abeih being prettier.

"It would be, no doubt, if you were all there," said DeVries, with a glance at Irene and Saada, which seemed to express a tranquil satisfaction in looking at them.

The lady of the house did not take a particle of this compliment to herself, and went off hastily to oversee the fitting up of a bed in the parlor, feeling the while that matters often go wrong in this life.

"Yes, I shall stay in Bhandun, — mostly," Hubertsen continued; "I must have a cool retreat during the hot season. That coast climate has been a little trying. Miss Grant, what pretty things your girls said about my small presents; and how very considerate it was of you, Mr. Payson, to translate them for me! I sent that letter to my mother."

"Did you, indeed!" smiled the missionary, rejoicing in the young man's dutifulness, as he rejoiced in all signs of good everywhere. "I am glad that I wrote out the children's prattle. It was Irene's happy thought."

DeVries looked at the girl in surprise, and studied her face with a curious calmness. He was obviously pleased that she should have thought in his absence of giving him a pleasure. Seeing that his gaze made her color, he turned away, and spoke of other subjects. It was a singular instance of considerateness in so young a man, and showed better than

almost anything else could how graciously he had been nurtured.

"What a view!" he said, gazing out through one of the Saracenic arches which opened toward the west. "It must be half a mile across this ravine. Is that the song of those muleteers on the other side? One can't help wishing that it was better music. I hate that quavering squall."

"Syria is like a beautiful bird which has a bad voice," put in Saada.

"Well, it is beautiful," he replied, glancing down upon the girl with manifest approval of her cleverness. "I don't wonder that this part of the world was first inhabited by civilized men. It deserved the honor. I am saying this partly because it is true, and partly to please you, Saada!"

"I am much obliged to you for saying it, howaja, and also for your present to me. You encumbered us all with your goodness, and there was too much for our hands to carry. I wish you many blessings, and repose to your fingers."

The Arabic phrases were of course meant in part jocosely, and Hubertsen laughed as he replied, "You are very welcome."

"Oh, howaja, I am frightened," added Saada, who had something in her hand, and was blushing magnificently. "I knit a purse of Treblons silk to give you in return for your bounty, and now I am ashamed to offer it, because it is such a poor little thing."

DeVries rose from his chair and extended his hand, as if he were about to receive the gift of an empress.

"May it always be full," said Saada, laying the purse across his palm with trembling fingers, and looking up at him with gratitude for accepting it.

For a moment the young American gazed down into the dark, brilliant Oriental eyes with an expression of fascination. It is barely possible that, if Payson and Miss Grant had not been standing by, he might have done something injudicious. Even as matters were, he expressed his thanks very warmly, and promised to keep the purse forever. Saada smiled shyly, and then quietly

withdrew into the background, brimful of throbbings and blushes. I doubt whether Irene, good and magnanimous as she was, enjoyed the scene one half as much as the other two. For a minute or two Hubertsen was absent-minded; he looked over his shoulder after the young Oriental; he seemed hardly aware of his pretty countrywoman. There is a magic at times in a little bit of personal attention from an unexpected quarter.

"What is to become of your Syrian girls?" he presently asked of Mr. Payson. "I would like to send that one home to my mother."

"She had better remain here, and be of service to her own people. In America, how little she would amount to! But here a fairly educated woman may be of inestimable value. What Syria most wants is a benefaction of intelligent, conscientious wives and mothers."

"Still, I should like to send her home," insisted DeVries. "My mother would make a perfect plaything of a Syrian Protestant with such eyes."

Irene listened with a feeling of depression which she could not rule. Her friend, who once had such kindly wishes for her, and whose return she had looked forward to with such eagerness, seemed to care less for her than for Saada. Under this neglect, she became humbly anxious to please him, and pondered how she could do it. Should she learn the Deir el Kamr embroidery, and work him a pair of crimson and gold slippers? Would he care for them when they were done? She feared not. Her eyes were not as brilliant as Saada's, and she was not, like Saada, a Syrian and a curiosity; she was only a poor American minister's daughter, and not suitable for a pet and plaything. Right as it all was, of course, it was considerably saddening, and had a tendency to turn one's thoughts toward the path of duty.

"I wish Saada might go to America," she said magnanimously, and thinking that the girl would go with DeVries. "Don't you think, Mr. Payson, that she would interest people in Syria?"

"The idea had not occurred to me,"

he returned. "It may be as you say. And yet I can't quite desire to interest people in that way, — by sending home comely damsels."

"She would draw a full house," smiled Hubertsen.

"I do not like it," said Payson, really hurt by the light-minded way of viewing mission affairs.

"Mr. DeVries was n't thinking of exhibiting her," observed Irene, anxious to exculpate her friend, though he seemed so careless of herself.

"I was n't thinking much about it," he replied languidly; and the tone of indifference brought her some satisfaction.

"I don't think very hard about anything, just now," he went on. "I am jaded and out of sorts, and want utter idleness. It was a smart pull of work, that digging in the hot flats of Askelon; and I feel a little fagged by it, and very glad to get here. And glad to see you both!" he added emphatically. "How have you passed your time, Miss Grant? Have you studied like a German doctor, as usual?"

"Irene has done exceedingly well," affirmed Mr. Payson. "She has made really surprising progress in Arabic. The great gift of tongues was a part of her portion."

DeVries gave the young lady a smile of approbation, which filled her with content.

"E l'italiano?" he queried. "Ha continuato a studiare l'italiano?"

She answered him fluently enough in that language to surprise and please him.

"Very good," he said warmly. "Do keep up the Italian. There is a vast deal of culture — to speak the language of Canaan, I mean Boston — in knowing and using a tongue which possesses a great literature."

Irene made a resolution that she would talk Italian at every opportunity, and would read it aloud to herself at least half an hour every day.

"We 'll practice it together," added DeVries, as though he had divined her thoughts. "We will write themes in it, and get Mr. Payson to correct them."

By this time Irene had forgotten her

late moment of depression, and was quite light-hearted again. It is to be feared that her happiness was increased to an almost perilous extent by the fact that during the remainder of the interview the young man's gaze frequently sought her own, or dwelt contentedly upon her face. A terrible amount of talking can be done by two youthful persons with their eyes, even when they do not purpose it. This interchange of views, once begun, is as irresistible as wine to a drunkard. Over and over discretion says, "I will *not* look again," and presently breaks her resolution. Before she is quite aware of her risk, she has a feeling that she has laid herself open to an outspoken tenderness, and is bound by the honor of womanhood to receive it graciously. How can she ever get back to where she was before they two commenced floating toward each other on the wings of those glances? Something seems to be already settled, and quite beyond her feeble undoing.

As for DeVries, he had stumbled by surprise into this voiceless amity, and found himself liking it before he had reflected upon it. It must be understood that he had come up to Lebanon in a frame of mind to fall in love with somebody, if opportunity favored. He was jaded in body and disappointed in soul, and sorely needed a comrade who would nurse and pet him. For months he had been deprived of the converse and sight of women, excepting the wild and haggard daughters of poverty-stricken Philistia. It was a bewitching experience to meet a girl who was clean and civilized and really handsome. His first impulse had been to seize upon Saada; then came a still stronger desire to appropriate Irene.

Why not? She was poor, but he had wealth for both, and that was better. She was certainly pretty enough, and lady-like and clever enough. As for accomplishments, what young lady of his home acquaintance could speak better Italian, or could speak any Arabic at all? With her gift for tongues, she could develop into an accomplished linguist, and receive the learned company which

he loved in a way to gratify his pride. And then Arabic! Why, Arabic was an immense thing! He foresaw that he should have to learn that language himself, if he meant to go to the bottom of Philistine mysteries; and how helpful it would be to him to have a Semitic scholar in the family! All these judicious and commendable thoughts flitted through his mind while he sat talking in the clay-floored hall, now gazing down among the vines and mulberries of Wady Bhamdun, and now exchanging glances with our young missionary.

He was proposing a family trip to the mysterious ruined temples on the slopes of Jebel Samneen, when Mrs. Payson took charge of him, and led him away to the improvised guest-chamber.

"I like the lad much," said Mr. Payson. "His hands are always full of work. Very few children of the rich are thus incessantly busy with matters which do not pertain to mere pleasure. May the Guide of his mother be his guide also!"

Mrs. Payson, who had returned to the hall, threw an anxious glance at Irene, and wished that Mr. Payson would not praise the "lad" so openly.

"He never thinks of such matters," she sighed to herself, almost bemoaning her saint's excessive spirituality. "I shall really have to tell him that he *must*. What if Irene should take a fancy, and Mr. DeVries should n't offer?"

XXIV.

The next morning Hubertsen's mind was a good deal less occupied with marrying than with malaria.

The change from the hot air of the coast to the comparative coolness of Bhamdun, four thousand feet above the sea, had brought upon him his first attack of ague. There were two hours of shaking, and then several hours of fever and *malaise*, all miserably depressing to the mind of a novice in the malady, and calculated to make him think chiefly, though meanly enough, of himself.

Scarcely was he about again, with

somewhat of the vivacity of youth in his face and soul, when a subject of the bomb-shell order exploded in the family, and engaged its entire attention. A letter from Mr. Kirkwood announced that it seemed best to the mission that some American should join the native preacher in Damascus, and suggested reasons why none of the "brethren" in Abeih could meetly undertake the enterprise.

"We remember the heat of the summer on the plains," the epistle concluded. "But, on the other hand, there will probably be no fighting there, and in the mountain there may be. Do not understand, dear brother, that this work is urged upon you, or commended to you as a duty. Whoever shall adventure it will do so voluntarily. Our doctor is very anxious to go, but he is not fit in health, and he is not a clergyman. Let us know your judgment and desires in this matter, and believe that we shall surely approve of them, whatever they may be."

"Yes, they shall approve of them," said Mr. Payson. "I shall go to Damascus."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Mrs. Payson.

"My child, shall I be less ready to offer my labor than the consul is to offer his money?" he returned, very gently. "Why, it was I who suggested the enterprise. As for the heat, there are English missionaries there, and the houses of Damascus are suited to the climate. I will not ask you to go."

"I am *going*," returned the wife almost indignantly; and the satisfied husband smiled on her very kindly.

"Our children here must be watched over," he continued. "No doubt some one will be spared from Abeih for that purpose."

"I hope it will be the doctor," said Mrs. Payson. "He needs the Bhamdun air, if any one does."

Irene looked up with a startled glance, and then fell into deep meditation. Meantime DeVries said nothing, understanding perfectly that he could not volunteer to take charge of a family of young ladies, though he was thinking that there would be a chance for a pleasant

sort of protectorate, or at least an *entente cordiale*.

"The doctor would be a very proper person," observed Mr. Payson, who knew nothing of the emotional entanglements between Macklin and Miss Grant, and who, in his guilelessness, was not accustomed to consider the possibility of such things.

"I should like to go with you to Damascus," said Irene, raising her eyes from her broodings. "Mrs. Payson may be taken sick. There ought to be a third person; and why not I?"

Mrs. Payson did not look as grateful as her husband thought she ought to. The excellent lady's instant suspicion was that Irene wanted to evade the doctor, and that she would only too easily allure the doctor's rival after her to the new station. There was a certain amount of truth in this truly feminine divination. Irene undoubtedly did want to escape the daily companionship of a respected friend who would persist in trying to be a lover. But as to DeVries, she had no hope of being pursued by him to the hot plain of Damascus, and what trouble there was in her face arose largely from the thought that she might see him no more.

"Really, I don't admire that plan," the young man himself broke in. "Miss Grant isn't acclimated. Of course, I don't want to interfere in mission affairs."

"I think Irene has judged well," said Mr. Payson, quite unsuspecting of the little asides of feeling in the other three, and speaking solely from the mission point of view. "The new-comers bear Syria better than the old hands. She is in good health, I believe."

"You called me brown stout yourself," Irene laughed, or tried to laugh.

"It was ironical," said DeVries. "I was struck by your pallor and feebleness."

"Why, it's impossible!" replied the young lady, who often failed to understand humor. "I was a little ailing in Beirut, but I have been very well since I came to the mountain."

Then Saada changed the conversation

by asking anxiously if she and Rufka were to go.

"No," decided the head of the family. "You younglings will abide in the fold."

Saada glanced sidelong at DeVries, with such a sparkling of joy in her wonderful eyes that Irene, who observed the tell-tale radiance, felt a momentary pang. Hubertsen, who also caught this glimpse of a Syrian soul, wavered between a noble desire to go to Damascus and a temptation to remain in Bhamdan.

"She is a pretty plaything," he thought, or something like it, as he studied the deepening color in Saada's cheeks. "I wonder if I shall ever be really taken with anything but a plaything. I wonder if she could develop into anything more than a plaything."

"How would Damascus suit my case?" he judiciously asked, at the close of these reflections.

Payson replied that it would not do; that the young man needed an entire summer of Lebanon air; that he must break up his ague, if he wanted to resume his excavations with comfort and safety.

"Then I shall travel a good deal about the mountains," said Hubertsen, with the lofty air of one who paves a certain torrid locality.

Irene could not help feeling grateful, or, more accurately speaking, gratified. She was shamefaced about it, however, and did not glance at him with the child-like simplicity, the Oriental fervor, of Saada. Perhaps it would have been no worse for all concerned if she had had less of Occidental staidness and self-command.

"When shall you go?" was DeVries's next query. "I don't see that you need hurry. Damascus has been there quite a while, and will be there next week."

"The King's business requires haste," said Payson. "To-morrow is the best of all days, except to-day. Perhaps I am wrong," he added with a grave smile. "I sometimes think that yesterday is the best, because that we have had, and

in that we have finished some labor, if indeed we are of the laboring sort."

"It's like the money a man has spent," was the youth's answer. "I don't set much store by yesterday. I have n't yet been happy enough for that."

"If you are not satisfyingly happy, how futile this world must be!" said Payson. "Well, it agrees with my opinion of it. Life has granted me none of its shining prizes, and I have not greatly desired them, thanks be to the chief source of content!"

"And you might have had them, I think," observed DeVries. "And here you are going to Damascus to preach to half a dozen Arabs! Well, all I have to say about it now is that you make people want to help you. What can I do for you? Don't you want one of my horses?"

"Thank you, but Mahjoub will answer my purpose, and I think Mrs. Payson will abide surest upon a mule."

"Then, suppose you take a lot of my pots and pans. I have cooking utensils enough for a tribe of Bedoween."

This offer was gratefully accepted, in order that the Bhamdun kitchen might not be left too bare.

It was now late in the afternoon, and there could be no packing at present, for the camp-bedsteads, bedding, etc., were in constant use. Irene therefore took her usual stroll to the fountain, and Hubertsen walked by her side, with Saada and Rufka following. The narrow and rough footway, strewn with limestone scales and splinters, led along one of the many artificial terraces of the spur, with the low walls of other terraces rising in a gentle acclivity on the right, and the grain and mulberries of a vast slope streaming downward on the left into the wady. Many of the yellow slabs under their feet were chased all over with petrifications, — the sarcophagi, so to speak, of an innumerable multitude of spiral sea-shells, all minute, and most of them microscopic. Petrified clams, oysters, and ammonites lay about, sometimes singly, but often in surprising numbers. The Mediterranean was not visible. The red sun was descending be-

hind the bare ridge which faced Bhamdun on the western side of its deep ravine. To the north rose huge rounded crests and mounds, portions of the great backbone of Lebanon. It was a noble prospect, and yet they could not see the loftiest peaks, and could only think of the long drifts of eternal snow.

"I hate to bid the mountain goodbye," murmured Irene, after a long gaze in all directions.

"And I hate to have you," said Hubertsen, in the same low tone.

She felt a slight tremor within her, and did not look at him for a moment. It must be distinctly understood that she did not expect a word of love from this wealthy young gentleman, nor even desire one. It would have been a great perplexity to her to get such a word from one who in her eyes was a "worldling," and at the same time a valued and charming companion. When they did glance at each other, she forced a pitiful smile, and he gravely answered it by saying, "I wish you would go home."

"Oh, that I can't do!" she gasped. "How can I abandon these dear friends? It would be so unfeeling and dishonorable! And how can I turn my back on my work? I wish — oh, you mean to be kind — but I wish you would n't talk of that."

It sounded to him like a repulse. She would not speak of going to America, although that might mean going with him, and perhaps remaining with him always. Of course she should have divined thus much, and probably had divined it, he vaguely said to himself, and had willfully rejected the amiable possibility.

"Well, it is no use to argue," he replied, coldly. "Oh, of course, I don't blame you. You want to do your duty, and you don't want to accept my kindness."

"You must n't think that I am ungrateful," she pleaded, deeply hurt by the change in his voice. "I know you mean to be good to me, and I thank you with all my heart."

"Ah, well! that repays me," he

smiled. "I value your thanks. Well, if we are to part company, we can still remember each other. What can I do in your absence that will be a pleasure to you?"

"I wish you would write a book about Syria, and send me a copy. I want to see your writing in print, and your name to it."

"You shall see it before it goes into print," declared Hubertsen. "You shall see the manuscript. Look here: I will make the book; but I must make it in my way. I will make it out of letters which are to be written to you. I shall be the more sure to do it, and I shall do it the better. I will write about my expeditions, my daily life and small observations, everything that interests me. You shall keep the letters. Oh, of course you may lose them, and small blame to you; but, if they are not lost, I will take them and put them together for my book. What do you say to my plan? Do you like it?"

Of course Irene liked it, and so declared frankly. It was surely a very artful way of opening a correspondence with a clever young lady, who loved literature, and thought it a great thing to write a book, or to aid in any humble manner toward the writing of one.

"And could n't you help?" the young man went on. "Why not send me some material? — any queer or funny incident; scraps of dialogues which you overhear; compliments, proverbs, superstitions; every odd and end that you come across. It will be the most curious part of the book, and the most valuable in the opinion of the critics. I shall be ashamed to rob you of it."

"I shall be proud to have you," said Irene, smiling with satisfaction over the thought of being useful to him, and of doing something a little bit memorable. "And where shall I send my notes?" she asked. "And when?"

"Send them here," he smiled. "Send them whenever there is a chance. It is the only way to be sure to do it," he added, seeing that she looked up at him doubtfully. "If you don't write and send me something every fortnight, say,

you will soon forget to do it at all. You think that I am trapping you into a correspondence," he smiled again. "Well, so I am; and what of it? It won't do you a bit of harm, and we shall make a very curious book."

"I will do it, if you say so," promised Irene, with a confidence and obedience which pleased him greatly.

Just then they reached the fountain, and were overtaken by Saada and Rufka, and the *tête-à-tête* ended.

XXV.

Two days later, the Rev. Samuel Pelton and Mrs. Pelton, a pair of missionaries who have not yet appeared in our story, arrived in Bhamdun to take charge of Mr. Payson's household and duties during his absence.

Mr. Pelton was a tall, meagre, silver-gray, leather-complexioned man of fifty-five, apparently much worn by his thirty years of exposure to Oriental climates and his many victorious struggles with the complicated wilderness of Semitic tongues. A little petulance of nervousness appeared in his manner, and a good deal of austerity in his deep-set, iron-gray eyes.

Mrs. Pelton, who was a second wife, and some twenty years younger than her lord (as second wives are apt to be), was a slender, sallow, pleasant-faced, lively lady, with large, eager eyes, excitable action, a ready laugh, and a great fondness for conversation. DeVries, who was chiefly interested just now in Miss Grant, and occupied, moreover, with getting into his own house, noted only thus much concerning this couple.

The day following the Pelton advent, the Paysons and Irene were up at day-break, and on the way to Damascus. Payson rode his Mahjoub, the two ladies had each a mule, and two more mules carried the small luggage. The pace was a walk, as it always is in Eastern travel, and must be on Mount Lebanon roads. The stumbling mule-path rambled with untutored freedom through a

desert of stony ridges and stony wadys. DeVries accompanied the party for miles, until it reached a famous point which reveals the tender verdure, the variegated carpet of flowers, the supernatural, deep, dim beauty of the great valley of Hollow Syria, lying like an Eden between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. There he pressed all their hands fervently, and halted while they wound slowly out of sight. Then he drew a long sigh, turned back upon the mountain desert, and rode pensively homeward.

His first business on reaching Blaudun was to make a call of courtesy on the Peltons. He found Pelton a prodigiously learned Orientalist, but disposed to handle his erudition for purposes of combat and chastisement, questioning a fellow-talker with dreadful thoroughness, and mercilessly laying bare his ignorance. On moral subjects, also, as indeed on all sorts of subjects, he was equally critical and austere. DeVries spoke of the sweetness of Payson's ways, of the alluring gentleness of his religious belief and feeling. Mr. Pelton shook his silver-gray head with an air of doubt approaching to disapprobation.

"Brother Payson is a lovely man," he said. "But I question if he treats men just as they need to be treated. He is, in my opinion, too tender with the human heart. He preaches nothing but love and forgiveness. Now that is all very well in its place and at the proper time; but first should come the terrors of the law,—the lightnings and thunders of Sinai. My plan is to bring the sinner fairly on his knees, and roll him in the dust of humiliation and despair, before I let him see the first glimpse of possible mercy."

DeVries was reminded of medical practitioners, men of the heroic method of treatment, whom he had heard describe their manner of treating disease. He bowed courteously, and glided away to other subjects. It was evident to him that he had stumbled upon a man with whom he could keep the peace only through discreet silences.

Mrs. Pelton, who perhaps discerned

this speechless disagreement, now joined in the dialogue with great vivacity and gusto. She was one of those many women who are determined to please every one, and who are pleased easily. She criticised nobody, and bristled not with views. She exhibited great interest in the Philistine explorations, and in everything else that the young man seemed to care for. He found it facile work to talk with her, and just a little unsatisfactory. But then he was thinking much of Irene, and so Mrs. Pelton was at a disadvantage.

About noon, the next day, as he was writing the first letter of that promised book about Syria, he was startled by a nasal call from the street, and, looking through his open door, beheld Mr. Porter Brassey on horseback.

"Hullo, DeVries!" repeated the consul. "Is this Payson's house? I want to see Payson. He hain't gone, has he?"

"Come in," answered Hubertsen. "But you are too late to find Payson. He must be near Damascus by this time."

"Thunder!" growled Mr. Brassey; and then quickly added, "Gone alone?"

"Wife and Miss Grant with him."

"Good thunder!" repeated the consul, in a tone of enhanced disgust. "That man did n't take Miss Grant along, did he? I thought he had more sence. By George! I'm amazed at Payson. I thought he had more humanity. Can I catch 'em? How far is it to Damascus? Two days' journey! And here I've got to be back in Beirut to-morrow! Confound the whole stupid business! Confound the church in Damascus!"

In fact, Mr. Brassey used some very bad language, — so bad that it will not be reported on these pages. Then he suffered himself to be brought into the house and spread out at ease on a mukad, while dinner was prepared for him.

"Did n't know you were here," he said. "Why could n't you stop and see a fellow as you came along?"

DeVries explained that the Philistine heat had worried him a little, and that he had come to Lebanon by the upland

route, through Judea, Samaria, and Galilee.

"Got a mountain house of your own, hey?" continued the consul. "Only two rooms, I see. Well, that's enough for a bachelor and his man. I'd come up and take one along-side of you, only I expect a rush of business this summer. A tearing old rush of business!" he repeated, with disgust. "By George! what a mess this is of Payson's going to Damascus, and taking Miss Grant with him! It ain't my fault. I allow that I was pushing a little to get that church well started. I s'pose you know about my church?"

DeVries smiled and nodded.

"You think I'm a rum customer to endow a church," grinned Mr. Brassey. "Well, I had my reasons. But I did n't expect Payson to be harnessed into it. My plan was that Dr. Macklin should be the man to start it; and here they harness in Payson, and he harnesses in Miss Grant! By George! I've a great mind to take my contribution out of the box, and smash the whole arrangement. You see there's going to be a war—a Druze and Maronite war—in the mountain. I've just had positive news to that effect. A war right away,—within a fortnight,—within a week, may be."

"But Damascus is some distance from the Druze region. It may be safer for them than the mountain."

"Yes, but Damascus is a long way from *me*. If there *should* be trouble there, how can I lend a hand? Damascus, probably, don't know much about the American eagle. It's a pretty fierce old Mahometan town, ain't it?"

"Very bigoted, I believe, and has a bad rabble."

Both men remained silent and gravely thoughtful for a few moments.

"You see, I'm fond of that girl," resumed the consul, unable to keep his pathetic secret any longer, so keenly did he need sympathy.

DeVries did not speak, but his stare expressed immense astonishment, and his face flushed deeply.

"That's it," continued Mr. Brassey,

with a profound sigh. "A man who's in this kind of trouble wants to tell somebody, and I reckon always does tell somebody. The complete fact of the case is that I've proposed to her, and she, as I understand it, has the thing in consideration. Of course, I'm all the more interested because it ain't quite settled. I'll be square about it; it ain't quite settled."

The veteran politician—a sanguine man, remember, and accustomed to triumph over difficulties—really felt that he had told the whole truth, or what was sufficiently near it. He talked of his love-suit exactly as he would have talked of a suit for an office, which had been refused him, to be sure, but which he still expected to obtain by dint of pertinacity. It was his nature and his custom, not only in politics, but in all other matters, to discourse with confidence of his prospects. The policy had a comfortable effect on his own mind, and it seemed to exert what he called a "good influence." I think that he was at least worldly wise in this last opinion. If a man positively claims a certain boon, nine fellow-creatures out of ten assent instinctively to his demand, and feel that to interfere with it would be assailing the rights of property. It is only with the tenth fellow-creature that the claimant has to struggle.

In the present case DeVries was disposed to be that tenth fellow-creature. He was stunned by the consul's tone of security, but he was also exceedingly disgusted thereat, and that helped him to be incredulous. His first feeling was that he must put a veto on all possibility of such a sacrifice of this lovely girl by galloping after her to Damascus, and engaging her to himself. His next idea was that there could be no danger, and that nothing decisive need be done yet awhile.

"Now you understand why I feel so anxious about her," continued Mr. Brassey. "By George! I feel as uneasy as a fellow with a bumble-bee up his sleeve. I could mourn like a pelican of the wilderness."

DeVries could hardly help laughing at

the situation. Here was a possible rival making a confidant of him, and casting himself on his bosom for sympathy. Should he tell the consul that he too was fond of Miss Grant, and had thoughts of making her an offer? Well, on reflection, was it really so? He could not positively say yes, and therefore he must say nothing at all.

"She is a very lovely girl," he did make out to mutter. "And a very noble-hearted and intelligent one," he added, warming with his subject. "She has a real talent for languages, and already speaks Arabic pretty well."

"Just the person for a consul's lady, ain't she?" said Mr. Brassey, with pathetic enthusiasm.

"It was her own choice to go to Damascus," continued DeVries, not caring to answer that query. "She would n't leave her good friend Payson, and would n't shirk her work."

"I knew she was a trump!" declared the consul, ready to weep with admiration. "The finest girl at this end of the Mediterranean!"

"She is easily that," said DeVries, who had forgotten the humor of the situation, and was much in earnest. The two men were eulogizing to each other the girl whom they were both fond of. It was a scene which has been many, many times repeated in this queer planet. I wonder if even our sly and guileless heroine would not have laughed, could she have overheard the whimsical dialogue!

After a while the two actors in this pleasant comedy had dinner. A circular table, eight inches high, was placed before them, and they sat up to it, cross-legged, on cushions and Turkish rugs. DeVries opened a flask of Mount Lebanon wine, a bright and golden liquor resembling sherry, and very nearly as potent.

"This ain't bad, except for the knees," grinned the consul, much comforted by the Syrian vintage. "Sometimes I feel a heap like settling in this blasted country. A man gets all there is for a very little filthy lucre. If I had a wife, and she took to the diggings, I would settle

here. DeVries, I want you to join me in a toast to Miss Grant."

Hubertsen smiled with a mysterious expression, but they drank a bumper to the lovely missionary.

"And here's to the Philistine diggings," continued Brassey. "May they pan out no end of giants."

Then DeVries proposed the church in Damascus, which he irreverently called the church of draw-poker, much to the consul's entertainment.

"I want to drink that standing," said Brassey, rubbing his knees, and then slowly getting up and stamping his feet. "I tell you that kind of table was n't made for six-foot Americans. I don't believe Goliath ever sat at such a table. Well, here's to the church in Damascus; long may it stay there!"

Once on his legs, and having stamped the stinging out of his slumbering feet, the consul said he must be traveling. He would not stay over night; he must be back in Beirut for the morning. There was going to be business, — too much business.

"As for our friends at Damascus," he observed, "I don't see that anything can be done. Probably, old Payson would n't come back unless he was hauled back. But if there is trouble there, — if you hear of the least threatening of trouble, — let me know before you're a day older. I'll get them out of it."

"And I'll help you," said DeVries.

"That's right. You're a trump; I always said so. Come and see me whenever you tumble down the mountain. Good-by."

As Mr. Brassey reached the door-way, a small, feminine figure entered it, and he looked curiously down upon the blushing face and superb eyes of Saada.

"I wanted to see Mr. DeVries," she stammered, much startled by coming upon a stranger. "I had a message for him."

The consul pointed within, turned a knowing glance upon the young gentleman, put his tongue into his leathery cheek, strode swiftly to his charger, and rode away.

XXVI.

Saada raised her dark eyes to DeVries with an expression of admiration which it was impossible not to note and understand.

The blonde young fellow, it must be remembered, was six feet high and unusually pleasing of countenance, and all the more radiant just now through the flushing of that Lebanon wine. The girl was so agitated by the proximity of what seemed to her an almost supernatural beauty as to be hardly able to explain to him audibly that she had been sent to invite him to tea with the Peltons.

"I will come," said Hubertsen, taking her by the hand, though his gentlemanly conscience told him that he ought not. "Is it possible that you walk out alone, Saada? I thought that was not *shickel Arabi*" (Arabic custom).

"I am not alone," murmured Saada, blushing crimson, though not withdrawing her hand. "A servant-girl is with me; but she is of Abeih, and did not know your house, and so I was sent to show her."

Her color and the sparkling of her eyes gave her dark, regular face something like splendor. What youthful Frank would not have longed to touch his lips to such a brimming vase of Oriental beauty! But Hubertsen had only lately held converse with the high-minded Irene, and, moreover, he cultivated lofty notions of what was honorable and becoming. "It can't end in anything," he said to himself; and then he thanked her for bringing the message, and nobly let her escape.

Saada lingered an instant, as if paralyzed, and slowly rejoined her comrade at the corner. Had DeVries followed her, he might have seen her look wistfully at the hand which he had taken, and then, under pretext of adjusting her veil, press it passionately to her lips. Meantime, he was saying to himself that he was a fool; that he wished that girl would n't look at him as she did; that it would be well if he were married to Miss Grant, and out of temptation.

And yet, that very afternoon, in the solemn Pelton parlor, there being only they two present, something worse happened than a pressure of fingers. Hubertsen's excuse to himself was that Saada accidentally stumbled against him. As if that were a sufficient reason for bending over a confiding, helpless little Oriental, and placing the kiss of a gentleman and a scholar on her quivering cheek!

It was the only notable event that signalized that tea. Mr. Pelton catechised his guest sharply as to the Philistine excavations, and had the air of asking him if he knew in the least what he was about. Mrs. Pelton poured forth such a continuous deluge of universal prattle that her listener thought of the rain which fell forty days and forty nights, and prevailed exceedingly upon the earth. Saada, all the while, was so flushed, and her eyes were so preternaturally bright, that Mr. Pelton charged her with having a fever, and would not take no for an answer. DeVries was so disturbed by her emotion and the talk about her color that he became conspicuously rosy, also, and was questioned sharply as to his own ague. In short, his peccadillo had found him out, and he had cause to wish that he had behaved himself.

Next morning he saw Saada pass his house, and observed that she was pitifully pale. The fact was that this child (only fourteen, but that is eighteen in Syria) had so thought of him during the night that she had scarcely closed her eyes. But he could not imagine that, and so inferred that the positive Pelton was right, and that Saada had had a turn of fever. Accordingly, he joined her, and walked with her to the hill-top, there being no harm in it, he said to himself, for Rufka was of the party. The result was that in five minutes the Syrian cheeks were all aflame again, and the Syrian eyes marvelously bright with gladness.

"There was no fever about it," the young man said to himself. "It was all because I flurried her. Of course she is n't used to it."

But all the same he took her by the arm to help her up a terrace. One of her little yellow slippers lost its hold on a smooth stone, and she fell back against his shoulder with an Arabic exclamation, followed by a burst of girlish laughter. With her filmy white veil rolling back on either side of her rosy brunette face, and the variegated darkness of her eyes sparkling up into his, she was a lovely picture of excitement, merriment, and happiness.

"The little witch!" thought Hubertsen. "She is irresistible."

All the rest of the way, wondering by times if she made that slip purposely, he talked with her alone. It amused him, meanwhile, to notice that Rufka seemed to concede that he belonged to Saada, and kept at a little distance from them, occasionally stopping to gather wild flowers, just as he had seen young ladies do in America. It struck him as inexpressibly odd to find such feminine intelligence and magnanimity and management in Mount Lebanon.

On the night following this walk it was our young gentleman's turn to lie awake and do much pondering. The result of his vigils and meditations was that he decided on an immediate trip to Northern Lebanon, and made things ready for a start in the afternoon. Of course, however, he must leave his good-by at the Pelton house; and there, by accident, he came first upon Saada, sewing alone in the comandaloon.

"Oh, howaja!" she said, with a suddenly pallid face, when he announced his departure. "Why are you going? I thought you would be here many days."

"I shall come back," he promised. His idea was to break off his flirtation gently; to have various absences, each longer than the last; and so, finally, to separate without pain. "I shall only be gone a few days," he added, trying not to look at her. "Then I shall be here a few days. We shall meet frequently, Saada."

"Oh, howaja!" she repeated, and the tone was a very sad one, expressive of dark forebodings. She was already

looking, woman-like, toward the final parting.

He had a terrible temptation to say something comfortable, but just then Mrs. Pelton came out of her bedroom and saved our weak hero, much as Venus used to deliver Æneas when the Greeks were too much for him. The good-bys were uttered, and Saada's hand was squeezed unintentionally; and then the flower of chivalry went his unengaged way, feeling a good deal as if he were no gentleman. Yet, on the whole, was he not more delicate than most men, and, for his age, rather surprisingly severe with himself?

To the north of Bhandun there is a strange mountain region, lofty and rocky, yet bursting with great, crystalline fountains; a region where spring-time sees the oleander blooming in vast thickets, side by side with decaying snow-drifts; a region now as uninhabited as the bare slope of Sunneen which towers above it, and nevertheless teeming once with population; a region where, amid masses of stony débris and forests of limestone needles, stand ruined temples, whereof no man knoweth the builders. Thither went our youthful antiquarian, purposing to ponder over these vestiges of the unknown by-gone, and to unravel what he might of their mysteries.

In sight of one of these temples, and by the side of a fountain which flung up a little river of ice-cold water, he sat down to finish his first letter to Irene. The task was commenced in the laggard spirit of a conscious criminal. He felt much as men do who pray to a divinity whom they have offended, and who, they fear, will not hearken to them. Already it seemed to him that Miss Grant had an ownership in him, and could rightfully rebuke him for his infidelities of sentiment and deed. But a man is magnanimous with himself, and easily forgives his own peccadilloes. The letter, once begun, rapidly became fluent, and ere long Hubertsen wrote eloquently of his day's exploration; and by the time that he laid down the pen he had nearly forgotten Saada.

We must not copy his clever epistle;

its matter has not sufficient connection with our story; the only important fact about it is that he wrote it, and liked to write it.

It is more essential that we should follow the trio who journeyed to Damascus. Of course they traversed the luxuriant verdure and variegated bloom of the Bukaa, and camped for the night amid the venerable sublimities of Baalbec. There Mr. Payson talked of Phœnicians and their unknown predecessors, while Irene stared at the monstrous masonry, and wished that DeVries were with her. Next day, onward through Anti-Lebanon, a wide-spread and rugged and arid upland, with one winding valley of moderate fertility and one thread of crystal river. At last they stood on the bare, rounded knoll where one looks down from the desert of mountain upon the desert of the great ashy plain of Damascus, with its stripe of startling green marking the course of the Barida, and, half hidden therein, the gray city of Hazael. By night-fall they were housed in a mansion which looked to Irene's wondering eyes as if it had been taken out of the Arabian Nights.

"I think that Aladdin must have built it," she wrote in her first letter to DeVries. "Outside it is nothing but shapeless, unburnt brick, daubed with gray slime; but inside it is all marble, fountains, wood-carving, stained glass, fresco, and painting. The great court (for it is a hollow square) is paved with white and black marble, and has a marble fountain of bubbling water in the centre. There is another fountain in an alcove, and a third in the principal saloon. This saloon consists of four rooms, each over twenty feet square, and opening into each other by Saracenic arches, twenty-five feet high. The arches and the walls are decorated with an infinity of kaleidoscope figures, in the richest of colors. The beams and cross-slats of the ceiling are richly carved, gayly painted, and lavishly gilded. The ceiling of the centre room (around which the other three are clustered) cannot be less than forty feet above the marble pavement.

"The floors of the outer rooms are slightly elevated, and have each their mukaad running along the wall, covered with broad mattresses and cushions. The very simplicity and scantiness of furniture make the great fourfold apartment seem the larger and more magnificent. I never in my life saw or imagined anything so deserving of the word palatial. Do you wonder what right a missionary has to such a mansion of glory? Well, in the first place, the saloon will serve for a chapel; in the second place, the rent is only one hundred and thirty dollars a year. Mr. Payson shakes his good head over our native helper for having taken such a palace; but we women believe that it was a wise step, and have so told the poor man in my poor Arabic.

"Of course *you* will see Damascus; no book about the East would be complete without a Damascene chapter; you must be *sure* not to miss it. Perhaps you might find a Philistine skeleton here; the bones of a giant, perhaps, who was caught for exhibition; or the honored remains of an ambassador from King Achish. Of course you would know it at a glance from the skeletons of all inferior races. There would be the classic profile of the Hellenic countenance. By the way, I am neglecting, you see, your distinction between Philistines and Anakims.

"But I must stop this feeble joking; it is n't what you wanted of me. Meantime, what you do want — scraps of Syrian talk and thinking — is very hard to get. I see far less of the natives than in Beirut, and very far less than in the mountain. The Moslems we shall of course never meet at all, and the Christian Damascenes still know nothing of us, or dislike and avoid us. Mr. Payson says that it may be months before we shall make the familiar acquaintance of one respectable family, unless we are assisted by a hakeem. It seems that doctors can get a foot-hold where doctrines can't. I asked him if he did not think that an apothecary's shop, with big red and green vases in the windows, would do more for us than a chapel. It made him

laugh, but I believe he has had compunctions since, and I am sorry I said it.

"I am really afraid that Dr. Macklin will be sent on here. He ought not to come; the heat will kill him. I wish with all my heart that it need not be. [DeVries did not understand this passage at all, and supposed that she was tenderly anxious for Macklin's health, and was just a little annoyed about it.] But Mr. Payson is constantly mourning because he cannot reach the people, and has already written the mission that he can do almost nothing without a hakeem.

"I am ashamed of this short and empty document," was the concluding passage of the letter. "It won't help you one bit toward your book. But it must go just as it is, for a muleteer is about to start for Bhamdun, and such chances are rare. Please accept it as an acknowledgment that yours was gladly received, and as an earnest that I mean to fulfill my promise. In my next I will surely send you some Syrian scraps and items, if I have to pump them out of my busy and anxious friend, — your friend as well as mine, Mr. Payson. Yours very truly, IRENE GRANT."

MARRIED BOHEMIANS.

On, Meta, quit the prosy task that frets,
With seams and hems monotonous of hue,
Your two dear eyes, those timorous violets
That never yet have lost their morning dew!
For now the city spires are tolling nine,
And low the elastic night-wind breathes of June,
And lengths of dusky avenues weirdly shine
In murmurous life below the summer moon!

Take down that blossomy bonnet I adore,
And let us ramble among the sombre streets.
This embryo manuscript that floods my floor
May dry at leisure its chaotic sheets.
I leave my heroine hard-beset by fate,
(What merciless torturers we scribblers are!)
But then I have promised her to sit up late
And end her miseries with my last cigar!

How gladdening, now the open air is gained,
To feel in mine your soft arm rest and cling!
Thank Heaven, its dimpled roundness has not waned
Since first your white hand wore my wedding-ring!
For though precarious days have hurt me sore,
Through fears for that sweet wife I would protect,
The stealthy wolf that prowls from door to door
Still treats our own with amiable neglect!

How many a favored lord, or lover true,
Walks with the woman of his choice, at ease

Below this tender sky's more liberal blue,
 On spacious lawns, to-night, by whispering seas!
 For them the illumined sward that sinks or swells!
 The breeze that wanders over meadowy miles!
 For us the sleepy treble of street-car bells,
 And street-lamps glaring in long fiery files.

And yet the ardor of something to attain
 Far deeper than attainment may delight!
 With all our stately castles off in Spain,
 We still possess them by signorial right!
 We dine each evening on no sumptuous fare,
 Yet while the imposing future fails to frown,
 Across indifferent claret both declare
 That my new tragedy will storm the town!

Ah, lovelier to my soul than speech may frame
 Is the fond thought that if our stars allow
 We two shall walk the flowery paths of fame,
 Joined arm in arm together, just as now!
 But if the austere old gate shall never let
 Our envious feet those welcome gardens win,
 Secure from discontentment, we shall yet
 Have all Bohemia to be happy in!

Edgar Fawcett.

THE USE OF NUMBERS IN SOCIETY.

THERE is a greed for numerical superiority among all associations of men. The average American citizen, for instance, cannot tell you the population of his town or State without an error of excess, which experience shows to be from ten to fifty per cent. Ask him if he would rather double the population, or halve it, the wealth remaining the same, and his instincts lead him at once to take the more unhappy but the bigger alternative. In the Old World of to-day, as well as in the older world of history, the same desire to have too many mouths to feed is a prominent characteristic of all peoples; so that it is hardly amiss to call it a human instinct.

In the lower states of human life, during that enormous time in which the foundations of civilization were being laid,

while man's hand was getting its cunning and his brain its capacities, numbers had a value that they do not have with us now. The very existence of the tribe might depend upon a few warriors more or less; so the first considerations of personal safety coöperated with the motive of pride in keeping up this desire to be one of many rather than one of few. Now, however, when war no longer means destruction to society, when only the remoter interests of man are in any way connected with the numerical superiority of nations, and each generation makes that interest less, it is worth our while soberly to consider this impulse to numbers - worship, and to inquire into the principles that should determine our opinions in the matter.

The greatest happiness to the greatest

number seems at first sight a truism. If life is good, if its having is the great aim of nature, then the more that have it the better. If the world had no other possibilities than its present realities, if its present share of sunshine was all that could be expected in the ways of life, this principle might be accepted as the rule for our guidance; but there is here, as in other conceptions of life, a correction, which comes to us from life's history, that materially changes our ideas as to the goodness of numbers.

The one quite unmistakable fact in all this maze of nature is that there has been a constant progress along the line leading up to man. There is no doubt that regressions occur in nature, — little doubt that a considerable part of organic life, as we now find it, has fallen from higher estates; but along that succession of creatures which we may call the human line, the advance, particularly during its last stages, has been made with a rapidity which has no parallel among other animals.¹ It is almost equally evident that the transitions now going on are as great as at any time of his past history. Man is at this moment the most profoundly elastic animal; his movement in advance is perhaps a thousand times more rapid than that of any of his kindred in the state of nature. The limitations which confine his development are certainly attained in some lives, but as a whole he is far from having attained his summit as an animal or as a mental creature.

In the order of nature, the individual is little, the race is everything. Whether consciously or not, the movement of life is like that of an army in its effort to carry an important position; individuals go swiftly to their death, companies and regiments are swept away, but the column is closed, and the survivors move on toward their object. When man comes to interpose his conscious intelligence in this movement, he can do no better, at least not until he is sure of what he is doing, than to see that his course conforms to the advance that has brought

him so far on the great journey. As the end of life is practically advancement, we should at the outset of our conscious relation with the world endeavor to assist the onward going. When we come to consider the function of selection in society, we will be brought into relation with this question in its full extent; for the present, we need only call attention to the fact that above the doctrine of the greatest happiness to the greatest number we must set the doctrine — far more true to the scheme of nature — of the greatest good to the race. That there should be pleasure scattered by the wayside in this great journey is to be reasonably expected, for it is a world where life has been coaxed on by pleasure, as well as driven by the whips of pain; but that pleasure is to be the main end is a doctrine that gets little countenance from the shape of the world as it is. Whoever will consider the dreadful incompleteness of man's mental and physical nature will be forced to allow that between what is and what is possible, in the way of perfection, there is a gulf that it is our first duty to traverse, — a duty that comes before enjoyment. To lift the average man of our race to the level of its best is a task that the most obdurately practical humanitarian must deem our duty. Unless we shut our eyes to the modes in which the advance is made in nature, and figure to ourselves some fanciful conception of a means of keeping humanity well on its way, we shall be compelled to give up happiness as an end, and be driven to take it as the slaking of the hunger and thirst that come in endless travail. If we give up the doctrine of the greatest happiness for the greatest number, we give up thereby the only accepted argument for the rapid peopling of the earth, even though we hold the somewhat doubtful doctrine that life is now, on the average, more pleasurable than painful to the mass of those called to its different offices; but it does not follow that the true value of numbers may not be found in other things than the mere enjoyment of life. It scarcely requires a glance at nature to show us that there is a prodigality of life which at first sight

¹ This is shown by the want of an extensive fossil record. As a general rule, the slower the advance, the more complete the record.

seems mere waste; an insect cares for ten thousand eggs with the most exquisite skill, yet but a fraction over one comes to maturity; certain species of aquatic animals inundate the shores with their offspring. A closer view tells us that these wastes are the most skillful economy; the creatures that seem the mere waste-gates of a spendthrift life are seen to be in the midst of a struggle so ceaseless and intense that the reduction of their progeny by a few per cent. would probably lead to their annihilation. As in our best ordered battles, with intelligence behind every musket, it takes one thousand balls to attain their object and wound a man, so in the struggle of the species these eggs are its ammunition that must be expended to hit the mark at all. As rapidly as possible, by contrivances of surprising ingenuity, these seeming wastes are diminished. While the average progeny of an invertebrate may be perhaps hundreds of thousands, and among the lower fishes nearly as many, with the sharks it is possibly not above a few thousands; in the reptiles it descends still lower. With the mammals it is never over a hundred, and in man it is under five, so steady and determined is this diminution of infantile waste, if we may so call it. With the progress of civilization, this waste, by the saving of life through care, tends to still further diminution, until full half the progeny of the race attains the adult condition. So we see, without detailed inquiry, that there is evidence of what we may call an ordered, purposeful waste of life in nature; great at first, among the lower forms, but steadily diminished by the advance in organization. But all this diminution of expenditure is so arranged that the first object of rapid increase shall not be lost. It is accomplished only as the artifices of economy are increased. The pressure arising from selective action is never lessened; the births always so far exceed the possible positions open to the occupancy of a species that the worthless may be rejected, and the race maintained in its unimpaired efficiency. We see, moreover, in nature that a species can never maintain itself with very limited numbers; as soon

as a great decrease of numbers occurs, the species to which they belong is at once hastened to its end. This, as has been suggested, is doubtless due to the absence of the remote cross-breeding, which seems necessary to the maintenance of a stock, and to the frequency of overwhelming local disasters; where all the eggs are in one basket, they are all likely to be broken by one fall.

Along with the progressive reduction in the number of the individuals produced by the higher animals, we notice an increase in the diversity of the progeny, so that the amount of variation offered to the agents of natural selection is probably as great, or greater, in the higher than in the lower animals, despite the enormous reduction in the numbers sacrificed in the perpetuation of the species.

In the savage state of man, although the fecundity is, on the whole, probably fully as great as among the civilized races, the absolute increase of the tribe is always very slow. The death-rate of the weaker progeny is so large that only those who come into the world with sound bodies can be reared, and even among adults disablement brings death in its train. It is evident that in this state of man there is an accurately adjusted ratio between the rates of birth and death. There is reason to believe that the rate of increase among races diminishes with progressive culture: thus, in Massachusetts there are five children born, on the average, to each Irish married woman, and but three and one half to each native married woman. Yet, notwithstanding this difference, there is reason to believe that the greater survival of native children makes the number descending from the two races in the end about equal. It is therefore likely that the natural course of events will bring about such a check in the rate of increase that, so far from finding the evils conjured up by Malthus to be the great danger of the state, we are more likely to find its greatest danger in a fatal loss of fecundity. These considerations may fairly be taken as a basis for an opinion as to the value of the birth-rate to society. The old

pressure of numbers seen by Malthus is already abating in many states, and is sure to become less and less as time advances. The question now arises, How far does the remaining part of this pressure affect the advance of man? This question is easily perceived to be many-sided.

For the purpose of our inquiry we may divide it into the following heads:—

(1.) The influence of numbers on the subjugation of the earth and its preparation for the use of man.

(2.) The influence of numbers on the domination of races.

(3.) The influence of numbers on the duration of a race by the development of genius.

It has been held, in accordance with the early ideas of the relation of man to nature, that he was in some fashion a heaven-sent creature, coming into a wilderness with a special mission to subjugate the earth. To the considerate naturalist man is an organic form which has suddenly taken on a very remarkable extension of habits, that bring him into singularly complicated relations with the organic and inorganic events of our earth. The naturalist's first question is, How far is this disturbance brought about by man to go; what are its effects on the economy of the earth to be; how far is the steady march of life, as shown in its millions of years of history, to continue, in face of this appalling and ever-increasing change that man is bringing about in the world? The primitive savage in his wilds was scarce more efficient as a destroyer than any other animal of his bulk: creating little, destroying little, the world found in him but one more hungry creature, probably affecting its economy less than many another. But each successive enlargement of man's progressive desires has made him more and more an agent of change, until now his most advanced races are causing more change in the ways of the earth than all the other organic agents put together. Volumes could be written, indeed have been written, on this subject without more than beginning the history of man's interference with the

usual processes of nature. Yet we may fairly deem this influence but begun; each generation will doubtless add much to its powers.

The first result we find from man's occupancy of any region is a reduction in the number of species of vertebrates living in a state of nature. As soon as any district is fully occupied by civilization, the natural interaction of animals and plants is reduced to a minimum; so when the world has become possessed by civilization in all its broad fields, we must expect a great reduction in the energy of those selective forces which have done so much for its advance. In place of the selection of nature will come, perhaps, the selections of intelligence, more efficient causes of variation, but, as we know from experience, widely differing in their action from the older selective force. Whoever fully conceives the history of life in the past, the slow-moving course of the ages, the hesitating, proving steps by which life goes on advancing under the guidance of the old natural laws, may fairly doubt whether the unorganized aims of human society will work as well for the world. The idealist, it is true, may look forward to the time when the world, fairly dominated by its highest intelligence, shall become the seat of a progress ordered by this intelligence, and moving with ever faster step on the road that leads to the fittest life. But there is nothing more sure than our hope to warrant this roseate view; from our knowledge and our probable means of prediction we get little that is worth considering. We see man, at his present rate of increase, seriously interfering with the ways in which our earth has won its greatness, and promising each year to break up the old order of things, that has brought himself out of nothingness to his high estate.

There is one element of this waste brought about by man that is not in the least remote in its effect, but calls at the outset for the most immediate action as well as consideration. It is the waste of the slender store of food-giving power contained in the earth. It is easy to overlook the importance of this question,

and the magnitude of the danger it involves. Our soils represent the waste of an enormous period of time, during which the decay of the rocks has slowly built them up, including the subsoil. It is not too much to say that to form them anew would require a longer time than has elapsed since our oldest civilizations began to exist. In most regions they represent the waste of great thicknesses of strata mingled with the remains of an inconceivable succession of organic generations. This commingled waste of organic forms and rocks makes the life of the land possible; the soil is the common reservoir whence life comes, and to which it returns by death. There is no doubt that the course of civilization has led, and is still leading, to a steady and increasing waste of this precious heritage. Old lands, such as Persia and Mesopotamia, Greece, parts of Italy, etc., have had their production steadily lowered by the waning fertility of their once rich soils. America is using, or rather misusing, in a year the treasures that a thousand years have been preparing. Parts of Europe, it is true, hold their fertility, or even gain something in richness; but it is at a great cost, and often at the expense of the resources of other lands, through importation of manures, or the use of manures made of the foreign soil products. Year by year, however, a vast amount of this store of possible life contained in our soils slips from our grasp into the depths of the sea. It has been suggested that we may recover it thence by means of marine animals and plants used as fertilizers; but though we may thus regain a part of the waste, the depths of the sea will permanently claim the largest share of the materials taken from our soil. The rapidity and destructiveness of this process can be appreciated only by those who have carefully watched its operations.

Except under cultivation, our soils hardly waste at all. Until man seizes on them, they constantly gain in depth and fertility. On any of our American rivers it is possible to learn the extent of tillage by the amount of soil waste in their waters. For instance, on the

French Broad, a river of some size, that gathers its waters in part from streams that drain cultivated areas, and in part from others flowing through districts not yet invaded by the plow, the ferryman and fisherman can tell, during flood time, from which tributaries the waters come, as the tide goes by. From the forest-clad region the streams send water with little trace of sediment in it; from the cultivated valleys come waters yellow with a mass of wasted soil. The peculiarly large amount of sediment in the Missouri River is due to the general absence of forests within its basin; the want of woods in that region, though it has but a limited rain-fall, causes its soils to waste with singular rapidity. This question is too extensive to be considered in detail, but whoever will follow it in the fields of Europe and America will be convinced that a progressive lowering of fertility in the soils of the earth has attended, and must attend, the continued advance of man.

A similar waste attends the use of the more limited stores of metallic wealth of the earth. Of the readily attainable stock of coal, iron, etc., we have probably at this outset of our career consumed at least the one hundredth part, and in the time to come we may not unreasonably conjecture that each century will demand even as much of this limited store. So that in metals, as in soils, man finds himself with a limited store, from which to supply a demand of which he cannot see the bounds. Man without cheap means of winning the resources of the earth, such as coal and the metals, would probably be still far from his end; but he would be so restricted in his activities that we cannot look forward to such a change with satisfaction.

It is evident that if we regard our race as in migration from a lower to a higher estate, and if we set more store by the life to which it is to attain than the life it has at present, we must be of the opinion that numbers, in so far as numbers are not necessary to this advance, are a positive damage to the race by wasting the inheritance of the better times to come.

The question then arises how far the existence of a large population on the earth is necessary to the action of those forces which serve to carry man onward. To this question it is impossible to give a full answer; nevertheless, there are many practical experiments in the use of numbers which serve to throw some light on the matter. In the first place, it is clear that the great successes of this world have not been in dense or numerous populations. By whatever standard we measure the success, — by the general elevation of the masses, by the number of able intellects, by the physical well-being of successive generations, or by the combination of these various elements of greatness and success, — it is clear that the victories have been won by the non-numerous peoples. If, with the conditions that gave England the Elizabethan age, we could have had the population of China, we might have had many Shakespeares at once; but all the men of the very first order have come from the small, but highly wrought, populations. China and Hindustan and other massive aggregations of men show us that an intensified struggle for mere existence cannot help man to the higher life of body or mind; the controlling intellects, the perfect bodies, have come from the small societies, where the average estate is high, where there is time and room for culture. Judging by their fruits, we must pronounce against the massive states, and give the palm to the smaller, thoroughly vitalized communities. A multitude does not necessarily bring greatness into the world. It will compel us to the opinion that it is better to take a city of thousands, or a state with a few hundred thousands, and lavish on their people the wealth we might vainly waste on hundreds of millions without helping the cause of human advance.

There is one aspect of the numbers question that we must consider before we shall be in a position to pronounce judgment on the matter. The function of numbers in securing the dominance of a state has already been noticed. Providence is said to be ever with the strongest battalions, but it is not numbers

alone that make strength; the fecundity of any race, their capacity to crowd every position as soon as it is open, is the basis of all success in dominating the earth. Even at the present time this effect is clearly seen. Take the case of the French colonies: their failure is often noticed, but the extent to which this is due to the slow increase of the French population is not sufficiently considered. It is the English fecundity that gives success to their colonies, and promises dominance to their race and language in the world. France has failed in colonization, because she never needs to colonize; her reservoir of population is never filled to overflowing, ready to pour its tide over new lands.

While our race-pride, and within certain limits our reason as well, makes us grateful for the rapid extension of our race into fields whence it drives all antagonists, we must not be blind to the fact that there is a limit, perhaps now nearly attained, where this progress must cease. The Teutonic races are already brought, in this process of extension, into difficult conditions in many different regions. From quite one half of the earth they are debarred by climate. We may, with reason, be permitted to doubt whether an English-speaking and an English-thinking world would be as good as the world infinitely varied in race and language, in hope, thought, and action, — as it would be but for the overwhelming power of our overriding race. It seems better that all the several experiments of man should each go the way to its possibilities than that a world of one fashion should come from the rapid extension of our race, nature, means, climate, and the other peculiarities of place, to be the factors of race peculiarities. The future of man will be the more assured if it is left in the hands of many races, rather than in the hands of but one.

Among the greatest evils we may reckon from the rapid increase of population is the bar it puts in the way of all efforts to lift the successive generations by the influences of education. It is hard to imagine the difficulties that be-

set the effort to educate a generation, or the extent to which this work taxes the energies of the time. Each step onward increases the magnitude of this burden; even now the burden is hard for the race to bear. It will soon come to the point where the sharing of wealth with the rising generation will be greatly limited by the cost of training the youth. Political economists have expressed the relation of labor to capital by the fiction of a "wages fund;" we may represent a similar relation between the earnings of a people and the expenditures for education by terming the amount fairly appropriable to the culture of a generation the education fund of society. It is an axiom of political economy that every increase in the amount of the labor seeking employment lowers the *per capita* it gains; now, each increase in population not attended by a corresponding increase in wealth lowers the *per capita* of the education fund in the same way, and so tends to lower the level of education. In countries like Great Britain, where there is a large emigration, the outflow helps to diminish the evil by a means of relief that at best is only temporary. A few years will certainly cut off this resource, and compel each state to deal with its own population as it best may.

The crowding of great numbers of people into a small area necessarily brings about the twin evils of excessive wealth and crushing poverty, — conditions greatly opposed to the production of able men. The contrast between the rather evenly distributed wealth of France and the far less uniformly shared wealth of England is in good part the result of the lower birth-rate in the former country. Each generation in France is much better endowed with all the substantial elements of prosperity than that of any other country. Costly and ruinous wars, maladministrations of government, and a scanty supply of those mineral resources to which nations now look for the greater part of their gains have been more than counterbalanced by the fact that her wealth has not been wasted in the export of men, — the cost-

liest product of the earth, — who have been driven in a great tide from the more northern states by the excessive growth of population. Fifty years of this conservatism of population has restored the waste of her land during the revolutionary period, and has laid the foundations for a great and stable future.

If the system of our modern society left the forces of natural selection in vigorous operation, there would be something to say for the continuance of this reckless increase of man. If the strongest alone survived, if the selection of combat or disease took away the weak, and left the strong and the skillful alone to continue the race, there might be some reason found in it. But the dictates of that humanity which must be reckoned as the most precious acquisition of the race preserves the weak along with the strong, the vicious with the virtuous, the fool with the philosopher. Education must in a good degree replace the ruder ancient training, and in order to educate effectively we must limit the number to be trained. We must educate highly, in order that the greater elevation of the few may give us in an economical way what nature might win in her more wasteful way. Such education demands a high standard of comfort, and a great increase of the wages fund. It cannot be accomplished in poverty, but only in a condition of society where it is lifted to the level of self-sacrifice, and fortified by the influences of inheritance and tradition.

It seems to be thought by some that war in our modern day acts in the room of the displaced force of natural selection; but this is a mistaken view, as a little consideration will show. Certainly in the old day, when war was the frequent occupation of all able-bodied men, when the fight was personal, and the weaker vanquished were always destroyed, war did act to annihilate the weak and preserve the strong. But in modern warfare the system does not work to preserve the strong at the expense of the weak; the victors of battles do not in the least tend to survive or to propa-

gate to better advantage than the vanquished. On the contrary, the selection for the battle-field tends to favor the breeding of the weak, the cowardly, the superannuated, or the immature by the more or less permanent separation of the strongest men from society.

There is another important point on which there are some dangers of a considerable popular misapprehension. It is boldly asserted that the diminution of the birth-rate is in some way connected with the lowering of the general vital conditions of a people. This is a fallacy, based on the assumption that the number of the progeny in a race is an index of the vital force. We have already seen that the number of the progeny of animals is subjected to a steady decrease with every advance in the grade of the organization, and has been directly connected with the gain in individual power. The force that formerly went to the multiplication of the species now goes to the making of a higher individuality. The growth of the individual and the multiplication of the race are opposed uses of the organic forces. The individual seems always to have gained by the reduction of numbers in its progeny, and there is no reason to fear that the reduction of the birth-rate in man has yet gone beyond the point where it is advantageous to the race.

In the great conservatism of nature, pain and death hold a place,—a place that their results quite justify; but it may be doubted if nature is really wasteful. In the agony that marks every step of this progress, we see everything done to save the waste of life wherever the saving is possible. In no other way is this economy so plain as in the sparing of numbers wherever they can be spared. By far the greatest amount of suffering that now exists in the world comes in the lives of those who have no place in the advance of the race; so far from aiding in the advance of man, such lives are indeed a hindrance to his efforts to rise. It is in the order of nature that this unnecessary agony should cease to be through the limitation of reproduction to the true needs of the race.

Last, but by no means least, we must consider that nothing so debases our conception of life, our understanding of the ends and possibilities of existence, as the wasted life that clogs every step of our way. We turn with horror from the ancient amphitheatres, with their contending gladiators; we easily see how debased and debasing they must have been; yet our system of crowding two mortals where there is but room for one makes the world an arena, in its way as debasing as the spectacle of the gladiatorial combat.

N. S. Shaler.

THE RACE, AND WHY YALE LOST IT.

THE race between Harvard and Yale at New London, on the 27th of June, differs from most boat races in one essential particular: there is no room for dispute as to the cause of the defeat of the losing boat. In tolerably close races, any one of a dozen explanations of the result may often be correct. It may be the stroke, it may be the steering, it may be some such accident as a "crab;" if the interval which separates the boats

at the finish is only a length or two, it is impossible to disprove with conclusiveness any particular explanation. All that can really be said is that one boat made better time than the other. But when one boat comes in after a straight-away four-mile race one minute and forty-three seconds behind the other, it is clear at the outset that there must be some single and simple reason for the phenomenon. That reason in

the case of the New London race was merely that Yale's rowing was seriously inferior to Harvard's in every way that the rowing of one boat can be inferior to the rowing of another. If there could be a doubt about this in the mind of anybody who saw this year's race only, the result of last year's contest would remove it; for the races of the two years were precisely identical in character, except that the defeat of Yale was less overwhelming in 1878 than in 1879. In both cases the race was over before it was fairly begun; and in both cases, too, the result was known in advance by all the rowing men who cared to know it. Although an impression prevailed in New York before the race that it was going to be a close one, and bets were made on Yale in that supposition, it was perfectly well known in New London all along that the chances were heavily in favor of Harvard, and bets on the race were in consequence almost an impossibility. It may be worth while, by the way, as the world is given to betting on races, to throw out a hint here for the benefit, let us say, of the parents of those about to bet. An amateur boat race differs from almost all other athletic contests in the fact that, if there is any marked difference in the competing crews, expert rowing men can almost always predict with great accuracy the result. This cannot be done in a horse race, because there are moral influences at work in horse races which produce the most surprising and unexpected results. The man who should undertake to predict the result of a six-day walk for the Astley belt would be pretty sure to be wrong. (If any one doubts these statements, let him look at the odds against the winning horse in the last Derby, and against the winning man in the walk in Agricultural Hall, in last June.) But with a fairly rowed boat race (as all amateur boat races may be expected to be), a trained rowing man who understands the "points" of a crew can, after seeing two rival crews row a few times, tell with wonderful certainty which will be successful. Every year this happens in England, where the

result of the Oxford-Cambridge race is predicted with a confidence usually completely justified by the event. The advice which we would therefore give to the parents of those about to bet would be that they should early instruct their children, with regard to those athletic events which are likely to play such an important part in the life of every young man now entering upon life, that they ought never to risk money on a boat race on the strength of information obtained at a distance. On the ground they will always learn what the chances really are. Of course we do not offer this advice to such youthful enthusiasts as bet on their favorite college without regard to the chances. On such persons, though their honest zeal may be admired, advice is wasted.

To return to the race: the arrangements of the authorities at New London are almost as good as arrangements which have not behind them a strong physical force can be. For an ideal boat race, it would be necessary that the police power of the local committee should be absolute. The water ought to be kept entirely clear of craft of all kinds, and power sufficient to accomplish this end ought to be lodged somewhere. But no method has yet been discovered, at least in American waters, of attaining this ideal. Most races are managed as the Harvard and Yale race now is at New London, by a volunteer local committee, which makes regulations, but cannot, in extreme cases, enforce them. Bearing this inherent difficulty in mind, the success of the arrangements this year for a clear course was really remarkable. None but official boats were allowed to come upon it, and over the last part of it a lane was made by a double line of row-boats, which prevented interference very successfully. It must be said, however, that the finish is attended with a good deal of confusion and danger to the eights. Round this point are collected an immense number of vessels and boats of every shape, size, and description, — yachts, steamers, sloops, schooners, and lesser craft; and the moment the race is over

there is a very strong tendency to crowd down upon the racing crews. In such a race as that of this year, the tendency is diminished by the lack of excitement among spectators who have known from the first what the result was going to be; but in a closely contested race, the danger and confusion would be considerable. There is no way, probably, of preventing this sort of the exclusion of all boats from even a distant approach to the finish, — an interference with the liberties of the high seas which, perhaps, would not be endured.

There is one minor improvement in another branch of the arrangements, however, which might be made; and indeed we are surprised that, after the experiment of last year, it was not insisted upon this year. It is one of the traditions of American boat races that the press should have a boat from which to see the race. This boat follows the eight the whole length of the course, and is supposed to afford to journalists a magnificent opportunity of seeing it. This opportunity would in fact be afforded if the press boat went alongside of the racing boats, but following behind, and at a considerable distance, furnishes no opportunity at all. It is often impossible, from this point of view (provided the race is a close one), to tell which boat is ahead; and it is never possible to form any clear idea of such matters as the stroke, or the style and "form" of the crews. Of course, if there were no better place to see the race from, not a word could be said; but there is at New London a far better place. The moving grand stand, consisting of a train of cars propelled along a railroad running nearly parallel with the entire course, is such a place. From this train every part of the race is distinctly seen — very much as a play is seen at the theatre — with the exception of the finish; and any newspaper which wishes to obtain an accurate account of the race has only to station one expert reporter in the train, and another at the grand stand. Why the press allows itself to be placed on a boat, from which it must get altogether distorted and er-

roneous views of any closely contested race, is one of the mysteries of the local management, or of journalism, which we do not understand.

The race of June 27th is easily described. The hour fixed was 4.30, but, owing to a light breeze, the boats were not ordered into line by the referee till much later; and after coming out they were ordered back again, to enable Yale to repair a "crack," as we understood the matter at the time, made in her boat. In order to get a correct notion of the New London race, it must be remembered that the river Thames runs north and south, and that the start is four miles above the town, the course being straight from this point down to the finish. The grand stand, consisting of some twenty-five open cars, with awnings and very comfortable seats, is moved out from the station to a point exactly opposite two small scows anchored at the "start," in which two little boys are visible, waiting to discharge their responsible functions as starters. When the time comes, each little boy will firmly hold the stern of his respective boat in place, until, at the word "go," the race begins. These boys were eagerly watched on the 27th of June, for their appearance was held by the passengers on the moving grand stand to justify the inference that there was not going to be a postponement. Nearly three hours were consumed in waiting, before it was absolutely certain that there was going to be a race. These delays, however, invariably occur on any water which is exposed to the action of the wind, and at New London must be expected. Finally, between seven and eight o'clock, as the day was fast beginning to fade, and the shores and waters of the beautiful Thames River were growing more and more picturesque in the mysterious twilight, the two boats got into line, and lay at "ready" just under the west bank of the river, not a stone's-throw from our movable stand. If the truth must be told, it was impossible to see the crews paddle up to the starting boats without forming an unfavorable conclu-

sion as to Yale's chances. Appearances of this sort, however, are very deceptive, and the only sure test is the racing stroke in full play. At last, the referee gave the word, and the crews were off. Yale appeared to have the advantage for a period of time which it would be safe to estimate at a second and a half. After that the race was over, Harvard pulling steadily away from her to the finish, increasing her distance at each mile, and winning by the extraordinary difference of one minute and forty-three seconds. The winning boat did not make remarkable time, for 22.15 over a four-mile course, with the tide aiding, is nothing to boast of. But as far as could be judged by appearances, Harvard made no attempt at good time. At the finish, a very pretty spurt showed what might have been done at a pinch; but except for this half minute, or minute, no effort seemed to be made by Harvard at all.

It would be a mere waste of time to go into the details of the rowing of the two crews. The difference between them was that one rowed well, and the other did not row at all. This is no exaggera-

tion, for it is perfectly clear to any one with the slightest knowledge of rowing that as long as Yale continues to use its oars in the way it did at New London on the 27th of June it will, barring accidents, always be beaten. To point out the faults of its method of rowing would simply be to enumerate every one that can exist. The stroke is not "pulled through;" in other words, the oar is taken out of the water before it has done its proper amount of work. In saying this we have no intention of reviving the old dispute as to two different styles of rowing, supposed to represent respectively a Harvard and a Yale theory of the art; the Yale stroke is nothing at all, and no perseverance in it can bring it to anything. Besides this, the rowing of Yale was all at loose ends. At a distance of half a mile you could see men "hanging" and "meeting." In fact, the Yale boat at the start looked as a crew might be expected to look at the end of a race in which they had pulled themselves "to pieces."

The statistics of the crew this year are given as follows by the official Bulletin:—

HARVARD UNIVERSITY CREW.

	NAME.	CLASS.	AGE.	HEIGHT.	WEIGHT.	RESIDENCE.
Bow.	Richard Trimble.	1880	21	5.11½	160	New York City.
No. 2.	Nat. M. Brigham.	1880	23	5.10½	178	Natick, Mass.
No. 3.	Francis Peabody, Jr.	L. S.	24	5.10	166	Danvers, Mass.
No. 4.	Martin R. Jacobs.	1879	23	5.09½	179	Brownsville, Penn
No. 5.	Van Der Lynn Stowe.	1880	20	6.01	185	San Francisco, Cal
No. 6.	William H. Swartz.	1879	23	5.09½	185	Bangor, Me
No. 7.	Frederick W. Smith.	1879	21	5.10	190	Worcester, Mass.
Stroke.	Wm. A. Bancroft.	L. S.	24	5.09½	162	Cambridge, Mass.
	Totals		179	47.00½	1396	
	Averages		22.5	5.11	174½	
Cox.	Frederick H. Allen.	1880			110	Honolulu, S. I.

YALE UNIVERSITY CREW.

	NAME.	CLASS.	AGE.	HEIGHT.	WEIGHT.	RESIDENCE.
Bow.	John B. Collins.	1881	20	5.10½	160	St. Joseph, Mo.
No. 2.	Terah H. Patterson.	L. S.	21	6.00	160	Georgetown, Ky.
No. 3.	Charles B. Storrs.	1882	20	6.01	167	New York City.
No. 4.	Oliver D. Thompson.	1879	23	5.10½	169	Butler, Penn.
No. 5.	John W. Keller.	1881	22	6.02	187	Paris, Ky.
No. 6.	George B. Rogers	1880 S	21	6.03	178	Lexington, Mass.
No. 7.	Harry W. Taft.	1880	20	6.02	167	Cincinnati, O.
Stroke.	Philo C. Fuller.	1881	22	6.01	155	Grand Rapids, Mich
	Totals		169	48.06	1313	
	Averages		21.2	6.01	168	
Cox.	Augustine Fitz Gerald.	1882	18	5.03	95	Litchfield, Conn.

From these statistics it will be seen that the average weight of the Harvard oars was six and one half pounds greater than that of the Yale crew, while the weight was more evenly distributed in the boat; the average age was more than a year greater, while the average height of Yale was two inches above that of Harvard. Taking these facts into consideration, in connection with the appearance of the men as they sat in the boats, it is safe to say that the material of the Harvard crew was appreciably better than that of Yale, apart from all question of the method of rowing.

The intercollegiate rowing "record" of this country nominally covers a period of twenty-eight years, but this is in reality a great exaggeration, as the facts, when examined in detail, at once show. A record of this kind, to have any value as such, should be one relating to the same college, the same sort of boats, the same length of course, and the same system of rowing. But in all these respects there has been, during the twenty-eight years from 1852 to 1879, a radical and serious want of uniformity. From 1852 to 1860 there were six races. Of these, the first (1852) is described as a "two-mile straight pull to windward in eight-oared barges," and took place on Lake Winnipiseogee. The time is given as "about ten minutes." The second (1853) was at Springfield, on the Connecticut, "one and a half miles down stream and return in barges;" the boats (Harvard and Yale) being eight-oared, four-oared, and six-oared, with eleven seconds handicap per oar. The time of the winning crew was twenty-two minutes. Afterwards there were two races (1859) between Harvard and Yale on Lake Quinsigamond, at Worcester, "one and a half miles up the lake and return;" the Harvard shell winning in nineteen minutes, eighteen seconds, on July 26th, and the Yale shell winning on the next day, in nineteen minutes, fourteen seconds. The next year, over the same course, Harvard won in eighteen minutes, fifty-three seconds. In 1860, over the same course, there was a race between Freshman and Sophomore

lap-streaks, which can hardly be included in our record. From 1852 to 1860, therefore, there were exactly two years in which the conditions of the university race remained the same; and if the races had continued, no doubt there would have been in a short time a standard of comparison furnished as to races between six-oared shells on inland waters, over a three-mile course with a turn, by which subsequent racing might have been tested. Unfortunately, the outbreak of the war in 1861 brought college racing to a stand-still, and for three years there was an interval during which no races were rowed. Between 1864 and 1870 there were seven contests between Harvard and Yale, of which Yale won two and Harvard five. This was followed by a period of six years, from 1871 to 1876, which witnessed the substitution of a straight-away three-mile course for the old course with a turn, while the annual Harvard-Yale race was magnified into a general intercollegiate regatta, in which, in one year, no less than thirteen colleges took part; the place of rowing being meanwhile shifted to Saratoga. Down to this time it should be remembered that the system of having the steering done by the bow-oar with his feet was persisted in. After 1876, Harvard and Yale withdrew from the Rowing Association of American Colleges, and reintroduced the old college race; but this was again modified into a four-mile straight-away race between eight-oared boats, with a coxswain. In the four races which have since taken place the water has been changed once, so that the record as to time is as yet rather more unsatisfactory as to eight oars than it once was as to six oars. In 1876 Yale beat Harvard at Springfield in twenty-two minutes, two seconds. In 1877, Harvard won on the same course in twenty-four minutes, thirty-six seconds. In 1878, at New London, Harvard won again in twenty minutes, forty-four seconds, which time was lengthened this year to twenty-two minutes, fifteen seconds. Looking at this history from beginning to end, it is difficult to deduce any certain conclusions whatever from it. It will need several

more years of races of the sort now rowed — and of closely contested races, too — before it will be possible to fix upon any standards of eight-oar college races as normal. What can be said at present is that, in all human probability, as long as Yale persists in her present method of rowing Harvard will continue to beat her four times out of five.

The withdrawal of Harvard and Yale from the Rowing Association in 1876, after a series of races in which the prestige of both colleges had been lowered by being beaten by universities not hitherto looked upon as rivals, was bitterly criticised at the time. The withdrawal was justified by its advocates on various grounds. Harvard and Yale, it was said, are, and probably always will be, the two great universities of the country; they are the oldest, most popular, and by common consent the best. There is consequently a great rivalry between them, which makes a contest between them on any common ground interesting to the public. To put the matter in another way, the number of people interested in the rivalry between Harvard and Yale is vastly greater than the number of people interested in the rivalry between any other colleges. Consequently, Harvard and Yale base-ball matches or races have always been looked upon as the most important college athletic contests of the year. It is not that the public or rowing men look at the time made by the winning crew as a test of good rowing time; for it is a well-known fact that the best time cannot be got out of under-graduate crews. Other colleges, such as Williams or Columbia (*pace* their respective corporations), do not occupy the same place in the public imagination that Harvard and Yale do. Moreover, the regatta at Saratoga had grown to such gigantic proportions that it was unmanageable, and so many colleges were entered that the race could not be properly seen or enjoyed. Besides this, colleges were admitted, such as the Massachusetts Agricultural and Cornell, whose material for crews was of an altogether different sort from that of ordinary colleges. All these arguments would have

come with better grace from Harvard and Yale at any other time than in 1876, when they had just suffered repeated defeats at the hands of colleges to which no objections of any kind applied. But the withdrawal, to have been justified by the result, should at least never have been followed by such performances as those of the last two New London races. It will never do for Harvard, at least, to confine itself to contests with a college which will not row, or to boast of victories like that. It was on this account a great pity that the proposed race with Oxford fell through. Harvard has unquestionably a very fine crew (all but two of the men were in last year's boat), — perhaps the best college eight ever seen in American waters, — but to be interesting, or even creditable, there must be a contest; and the public interest is kept alive only by the existence of a real doubt as to which is to beat. If Yale cannot row, and will not learn how, the New London race might as well be given up; for very soon no one will go to see it. It would not only be far better, were the present condition of affairs likely to continue, but it would become absolutely essential, to let some other reputable college enter the race (say, for instance, Columbia, which has proved itself a dangerous competitor to both Harvard and Yale), in order to make the race a real one.

We take it for granted, however, that this sort of thing is not to continue. Yale probably contains as good material for a crew, taking year with year, as Harvard, and there is no reason why it should not in the future, as in the past, give Harvard a great deal of work to win. If it means to persist in its present slovenly and ridiculous style, it had far better withdraw altogether. We say this quite as much in the interest of Harvard as of Yale. What time can be made by Harvard no one knows, and no one will know until there is a real race. No worse thing could happen for rowing in any college than to beat as easily as Harvard has in the last two races. Successes of this kind take away every motive to improvement.

The thing most to be desired for American college rowing in the future seems to us to be that there should be some fixity and regularity about it. The remarkable process of evolution through which it has passed would show that in the eight-oar, four-mile, straight-away race, with coxswains, we have reached a finality. It is to the last degree improbable that we shall ever go back to six oars, or to the old system of steering, or to the old three-mile course with a turn. In fact, we have, after much vexation and trouble, practically adopted the English system of rowing, as we have their stroke; and in all human probability the system which has stood the test of experience so well in England will

stand it equally well here. The main thing now is to stick to the same course. In this respect, the Thames offers probably greater advantages than any other place. The course is straight, the movable grand stand of itself constitutes a strong reason in favor of New London, and the chances appear to be in favor of smooth water. But the precise place selected is of much less importance than the selection of some permanent place. With perpetual changes, the result must mean little or nothing. With the same course, we shall in a very few years know what can be done by crack American universities, just as well as it is now known in England what can be done by crack English universities.

AMERICAN FINANCES FROM 1789 TO 1835.¹

II.

THE sinking fund act of 1795, while it made assured and ample provision for reimbursing the six per cent. stock, failed to extend a similar provision to every part and description of the public debt. This omission proved a defect in that important measure; and it was so speedily brought to light that its disturbing influence was at once felt in all the estimates of the year following the one which saw the passing of the act.

Early in the year 1796 intelligence reached this country that the creditors in Amsterdam and Antwerp had rejected the proposal to convert the foreign debt into a funded domestic stock; and it was also known that the unsettled position of affairs in Europe, caused by the war then waging, would in the interim preclude any further loans being obtained there. Funds would therefore have to be transmitted abroad, to meet reimbursements on the foreign debt, as stipulated for in the contracts. This unfore-

seen necessity was of itself sufficiently embarrassing; but it chanced to be further aggravated by a request made about the same time by the directors of the United States Bank, to the effect that the government would take measures for paying the loans already due the bank, and would also provide against any loans falling due in the course of the current year.

Here were sudden and unlooked-for demands upon the treasury, which raised the expenditure for the year 1796 to the extent of several millions of dollars. Yet no provision whatever had been made for discharging these obligations.

The loans made to the government by the Bank of the United States amounted, on January 1, 1796, to \$6,000,000. Each of these several loans had been obtained on a pledge of the revenues, with the sole exception of a balance of \$1,400,000 yet due on the stock loan of \$2,000,000. During the recent troubles, when expenses were mounting up rapidly, any appropriation that called for immediate payment was compelled to be made

¹ See *Atlantic* for September, 1878.

against newly-levied revenues, which themselves were already subject, on their collection, to credits running from six to twenty-four months. In order, therefore, to procure the money at once, loans designed to be no more than temporary were obtained of the bank, in anticipation of the actual receipt of taxes. As, however, the revenue properly belonging to each year was being kept tied up by reason of the long credits given on the outstanding bonds, the pledged taxes, when they reached the treasury, were all absorbed in defraying the current expenditures. Under these circumstances, the government found itself compelled, in order to keep on hand sufficient cash funds, to renew the temporary loans, when once they were made; and so it went on, until the debt owing to the bank grew at length to be so enormous as even to paralyze its operations, depriving it, as the fact proved, of nearly two thirds of its capital.

When, therefore, the payment of this debt came eventually to be insisted on, some method of raising the money had to be devised different from that of taking it from the receipts for the coming year, 1796; for these receipts, although already appropriated to pay the bank, were clearly not available.

In this conjuncture a proposal was submitted to the bank to commute the entire debt into a funded domestic stock, to bear interest at six per cent. This plan met with failure, inasmuch as the bank declined to receive the stock at its par value. The next move was an attempt to negotiate a sale of the stock; but the terms offered were so disadvantageous to the government that the loan was withdrawn. Out of this new stock, not redeemable until after the year 1819, only eighty thousand dollars' worth were sold, for seventy thousand dollars in cash.

As a fresh resort toward responding to the more urgent demands of the bank, 2780 shares of the bank-stock, at \$400 a share, were sold at a premium, realizing thereby \$1,384,260. The proceeds of this sale had the effect of satisfying the bank; and indeed the relief it produced was such as to allow a postponement

in discharging the balance of the loans. These were by degrees subsequently paid out of the current revenues. As to the Dutch debt, the installment of \$400,000 due upon it the government found itself enabled to pay by an unexpected increase in the revenue from imports and internal duties.

The annual addition to the revenue which would be required, in order to ward off the necessity of having recourse to new loans, was found on computation to be \$1,229,000. For the purpose of commanding this amount, duties were laid, under the act of March 3, 1797, on certain imported articles. These duties consisted, in the main, of an increased specific duty on sugar, tea, and molasses, and of an extra *ad valorem* duty of two and a half per cent. on cotton goods. This increase, combined with an addition of fifty per cent. to the tax on carriages, brought the annual revenue up to nearly \$7,500,000. Out of this sum, not only the current service was provided for, but also the interest on the entire debt; and it was found adequate, beside, for paying any installments of the principal that might fall due from the year 1797 to the year 1801. By special appropriation, all proceeds arising from the new tariff duties were set apart for the payment, first, of the principal of the foreign debt, and then of the principal of the debt due to the Bank of the United States.

Scarcely had these arrangements been entered upon when the government found itself on the point of a serious difficulty with France. The spoliation of this power upon our commerce had aroused a determination to protect it. Discretionary powers were conferred on the president in an extra session of Congress, which, in the event of an actual outbreak, were to be employed in such preparations for the conflict as his judgment might deem necessary. In anticipation of this possible expenditure, additional duties were imposed; but as the contingent expenditure was not created, the receipts of the year 1797 produced a surplus of upwards of \$1,900,000, which, in accordance with the law, was applied to the reduction of the public debt.

In the year following, the need of giving greater security to American commerce compelled the government to submit to heavy cost, both for military and maritime armaments. Stamp duties were now laid upon printed and written documents of various kinds; and at the same time there was also placed upon dwelling-houses, lands, and slaves a direct tax of two millions of dollars, which latter tax was apportioned among the States, according to the constitutional rule. A loan of five millions of dollars was likewise authorized; and this loan went to supply the deficit in the current expenses for the years 1798 and 1799, which was caused by the outlay for defensive operations by land and sea.

This loan of five millions of dollars is noteworthy as being the first in the United States that was negotiated of its individual citizens. The times looked unpropitious for its success; there was a near prospect of war, and no reason to look for any but the most limited assistance from the banks. In spite however, of this untoward outlook, stock, redeemable after fifteen years, was issued, bearing eight per cent. interest, which was the market-rate at the time. It was all readily disposed of at par. Additional stock on the same terms was issued to the amount of \$1,481,700. This latter was for the current service of the year 1800, and its sale realized an average premium of 5.6 per cent. Besides these two loans, certificates of indebtedness (known in the treasury records as "navy six per cent. stock") were issued for \$711,700, in payment of a number of war vessels furnished to the government in the year 1798. To secure the interest upon these new debts a further increase of the tariff duties was resorted to.

The restoration of peace to Europe, coupled with the settlement of our own difficulties with France, relieved the government of further financial embarrassment. A speedy reduction was made in public expenditures, especially in those connected with the military and naval establishments. The expenditure for the current service, including in the term all payments excepting those for the public

debt, was reduced from \$9,972,248, in the year 1800, to \$4,958,228, in the year 1802; while, owing to the same causes, the receipts from customs rose from \$9,080,932, in 1800, to \$12,438,235, in 1802. This last-named sum exceeded by \$1,200,000 the aggregate up to that time that had been collected in any one year from the customs and internal revenue both together.

Congress profited by this prosperous condition of the finances of the country to redeem the pledge given at the different times of contracting the public debt. By the terms of this pledge, every deficiency which might occur as to the provisions for paying the interest and principal, Congress had bound itself to supply. How very inadequate the sinking fund act of 1795 had proved needed no further demonstration than recent events. Its operation had been from the first limited to the debts existing on the 3d of March, 1759; and this restrictive feature in its scheme necessarily excluded from its provisions all subsequent debts. The Dutch debt also was placed in an equally improvident condition; for by their refusal to modify their contracts, or to make new loans, the foreign creditors had thereby defeated the sole provision made in behalf of their debts by the sinking fund act. As a consequence, a permanent and effectual enactment covering the whole of the public debt did not at this time exist. Nevertheless, the annual interest had been properly met, as also such portions of the principal as were absolutely demandable. And yet the mode under which these payments were made was irregular and unauthorized.

These irregularities, and others of greater moment, were the direct result of not ingrafting upon the original plan of the sinking fund such supplementary legislation as the public exigencies demanded. The auxiliary revenues, for instance, which had been especially created for the interest and principal of the new public debt, had never been pledged on the faith of the United States, as was the case with the other revenues; nor were they vested in the commissioners of the sink-

ing fund, under whose direction the law required that all payments on account of the principal should be made. Even this positive injunction came to be continually disregarded, by reason of large payments having at times to be made out of moneys independent of the sinking fund, and charged to the year in which they occurred. Furthermore, no imperative clause directing their payment accompanied the recent appropriations for the debt; and since these appropriations were not bottomed on any specified source of revenue applicable solely to the debt, they could claim no priority over appropriations for the civil, military, and naval expenses of the government. In common with these latter, they too simply rested upon any moneys in the treasury. It is clear, then, that these recent provisions were not in the nature of a contract with the creditors; and besides, like other ordinary enactments, they were liable to repeal at the pleasure of Congress, without involving any breach of faith. Nor was any security afforded by the appropriation of the surpluses of the revenue, even though vested in the commissioners, since nothing else was needed to defeat this provision than to make appropriations for other objects than the public debt.

The Dutch debt fared like the others, notwithstanding the duties of the year 1797 were expressly appropriated in payment of it. What these duties amounted to was not easily ascertainable; for, under the existing mode of ascertaining them, it was not practicable to separate, in the annual total, these particular *ad valorem* duties from the other proceeds of similar duties. Taking, however, a liberal estimate, the former were set down at \$500,000. This sum, when added to the revenue from the sale of the public lands, which was to be applied to the same object, produced no more than \$900,000. But it was now that the heaviest installments of the Dutch debt were beginning to fall due: they varied for the year 1802, and for the five years thence ensuing, from \$920,000 to \$2,220,000; averaging for each of these six years nearly \$1,600,000. The actual pro-

vision for these installments was therefore not only uncertain, but inadequate. As for the duties of the year 1800, any appropriation of them to the newly-made debts was rendered nugatory by the fact of those duties having been made applicable to the payment of interest on any part of the public debt. The duties of 1797 were limited in their appropriation to the Dutch debt and to the debts of the Bank of the United States, the appropriation to cease on their extinction.

To remove this conflict and confusion in the provisions relating to the public debt, the government enacted a new law on the 29th of April, 1802, which was designed to remedy the defects and supply the omissions of the sinking fund act of 1795. •The fiscal resources of the country were now subjected to a clear and definite survey, and a like scrutiny was applied in ascertaining the actual nature and extent of the national obligations.

Just previous to this reorganization of the sinking fund, the prosperous condition of the revenue had justified a repeal of all internal duties. These duties were peculiarly obnoxious, and had all along been regarded as hostile to the genius of a free people. Their tendency to multiply offices and to increase the patronage of the executive was another cause of objection to them. Besides, the established policy of the government was to abstain, whenever practicable, from exercising the right of taxation on subjects over which the individual States possessed a concurrent right.

The revenues which continued in force were the duties on tonnage and imported merchandise; the proceeds of the sale of public lands; the duties on postage; and the incidentals arising from fines, fees, and penalties, from repayments into the treasury, and from sales of public property other than lands. These several sources were estimated to yield yearly \$9,950,000. There were, besides, resources of a temporary character of over \$4,000,000; these consisting of the balance due on the direct tax, of outstanding internal duties, of the sums derived from the sale of public vessels, of the

shares of the Bank of the United States, and of the disposable balance of specie in the treasury.

Taking as a basis the estimate of appropriations, the annual permanent expenditures, leaving out those relating to the public debt, were found to require the sum of \$2,650,000. Deducting these expenditures from the annual revenue left a remainder of \$7,300,000. Now, to make all the payments actually due, during the years 1802, 1803, and 1804, on the interest and principal of the foreign and domestic debt would demand a sum equal to the above surplus. And no less a sum could be furthermore absorbed were the government to provide for all the payments for the eight years ending in April, 1810, which, according to its reserved right, it was at liberty to make. But the prospective employment of so great a fund as \$7,300,000 was in some measure, dependent upon the price at which purchases of the outstanding stocks could be effected. Considering, however, that the ability of the country to bear taxation was now increasing with its rapid growth in wealth and population, thus making the burden lighter year by year, the provision deemed necessary for the first three arduous years was accordingly extended to the term of the full redemption of the public debt.

Against every ordinary contingency to arise out of a possible fall in the current revenues below the estimates on which the appropriation for the public debt was based, the treasury was effectually provided. Certain eventual demands against the United States, arising under treaties with foreign powers, and amounting to several millions of dollars, were made a contingent charge upon the sinking fund. But, circumstances permitting it, these demands, together with the temporary bank loans, were payable as well out of any other moneys at the command of the treasury. The four million dollars of temporary resources were by this arrangement set free, to be drawn upon, if necessary in aid of the current revenues. As an additional precaution, authority was conferred on the commissioners of the sinking fund to extend, by

means of re-loans, the terms of payment of the Dutch debt, so as to equalize over the eight ensuing years the payments which fell principally on the first five years. This expedient, if made effectual, would go to reduce the payment in Holland from about two millions a year to one million. A million of dollars would in this way become disengaged, and might be employed in payment of the bank loans, or of any other part of the debt held and payable here in America.

The sum of \$7,300,000 was thus annually and permanently appropriated to the sinking fund, and vested in its commissioners, who were directed to apply it, whether by payment or purchase, to the further and final redemption of the public debt. Not only the reimbursement of the principal was placed under their superintendence, but also the payment on account of the interest and contingent charges. And it was made the duty of the secretary of the treasury to pay over this sum to the commissioners, in such amounts and at such times as a faithful and punctual compliance with the engagements of the United States might demand.

The sinking fund act of 1802 was a marked improvement upon that of 1795, in that it simplified a hitherto very complicated system of finance, thus making it fully adequate to its specific object. Not a single appropriation, not a payment belonging to the old fund, was either deranged or altered by its action. The reform was accomplished by kneading together into one consolidated mass the scattered and special funds already established, and then by adding to this total sum, out of the duties on tonnage and imported merchandise, sufficient to make up the designated amount of \$7,300,000. The actual appropriation added to the permanent and vested revenues of the old fund was about \$1,800,000.

By the act of November 10, 1803, six per cent. stock to the amount of \$11,250,000 was created, and made redeemable after the year 1817. This was in pursuance of a convention with France for payment in part of the purchase of

Louisiana. Upon this new burden being thrown upon the sinking fund, its resources became augmented to the extent of \$700,000 annually.

At first, there was no little misgiving as to the prudence of devoting so large a sum as \$7,300,000 to the use of the public debt. But this misgiving was speedily dissipated when it was considered that as for several years now the revenues were in excess of the estimates, the payments made upon the public debt were accordingly far beyond the amount of the appropriation. The rapid extinction of the debt ensuing thereupon hastened the arrival of the time when the application of the full amount of the fund would have to depend upon purchases.

In anticipation of this state of affairs, the laws relating to the purchase of the public debt were revised in the year 1806. All the previous acts had authorized purchases at the market-price, if this did not exceed the nominal value of the stocks. This authority, however, from the nature of the debt, proved to be nugatory. The three per cent. stocks, for example, were selling below their nominal value, but still at a comparatively higher and less profitable rate than the eight per cent. stocks, which were held above their nominal value. Now, however, the maximum price which the commissioners might in future give for the different species of stocks was absolutely fixed by law. For six per cent. stocks no more was to be paid than the nominal value of their unredeemed amount. In fixing the rate for the eight per cent. stocks, they were regarded as consisting of an annuity of six per cent. worth its par value, and of an annuity of two per cent. a year, which latter was to cease on the stock becoming redeemable. A premium was accordingly offered for them, equal to one half of one per cent. for every quarter remaining unexpired from the time of purchase to the 1st of January, 1809; this being the date when the eight per cent. stocks were payable at their nominal value, at the pleasure of the government. The purchase price of the three per cent. stocks was fixed at sixty-five per cent. of their nom-

inal value. Every other limitation upon the powers of the commissioners, whether as to the time or the manner of making purchases, was set aside, thus leaving them free to judge and act for the best interests of the public.

With a view to testing the efficiency of these new provisions, a proposal was shortly made for the purchase of the debt. The experiment did not prove successful. Of the old six per cent. and deferred stocks only \$17,517.61 were purchased; all other offers, amounting altogether to \$91,956, were made at rates above the market-price of the stocks. In the course of the years 1806 and 1807, somewhat over one million dollars' worth of eight per cent. stocks was bought; but the bulk of it was held back, notwithstanding the premium offered, until called in for redemption at maturity. The hope of hastening the reduction of the public debt by purchase was therefore soon abandoned, since the direct tendency of this policy was to raise the price of the stocks. It thus became necessary to find employment for more than three millions of dollars of the appropriation to the sinking fund, which in each successive year would otherwise remain unexpended.

The plan adopted was set forth in the act of February 11, 1807, by which it was enacted to change the terms of the six per cent., of the deferred, and of the three per cent. stocks. A proposition was submitted to the holders of the six per cent. and deferred stocks to exchange the unredeemed amount thereof into a common six per cent. stock, redeemable at the pleasure of the government upon public notice being given six months previous. It was stipulated, however, that the total amount of every new certificate should be reimbursed in a single payment. In thus having an investment not subject to partial payments on account, as was the case with the old stocks, there was an advantage in the view of the government. A more favorable offer was made for the conversion of the three per cent. stock, as its value was regulated to some extent by the obligation of the government ultimately to

redeem it at par. By this fact there was likewise conferred upon it somewhat of the character of a perpetual annuity, the principal of which was never to be redeemed. For these reasons, the three per cents had always been worth more, relatively to the interest received, than a six per cent. stock, the former never selling for less than sixty per cent. of their nominal value, when the latter was at par. Accordingly, the three per cent. stock, at the rate of sixty-five per cent. of its nominal value, was made convertible into a six per cent. stock, not redeemable until after the whole of the eight per cent. and four and a half per cent. stocks, as well as all the stock which might be created in exchange for the old six per cent. and deferred stocks, should have been reimbursed. Under the supposition that the plan of exchanging old stock for new was generally to be adopted by the public creditors, there was thus offered to the holders of the three per cent. stock at least eight years' immunity from redemption. The realizing during these years of a double rate of interest was, in the opinion of the government, considered equal to a redemption of more than seventy-two dollars, a price far above the highest this stock had ever reached.

To the foreign creditors—and these held over eleven millions of the three per cent. stock, and about fourteen millions of the unredeemed amount of the six per cent. and deferred stocks—was given the option of receiving their interest either in London, at the stipulated exchange of four shillings and ten pence sterling on the dollar, or at Amsterdam, at the rate of two guilders and a half current money of Holland for every dollar. Interest was not due abroad, however, until six months after the date it became payable in the United States; and it was also subject to a deduction of one half of one per cent., as commission to the bankers paying it. But the stocks bearing foreign-paid interest were convertible at any time into others, with the interest payable in the United States.

Subscriptions were received, both at home and in Europe, from July 1, 1807,

to March 17, 1809. Within this period, \$9,376,439.62 (nominal value) in six per cent. and deferred stocks were surrendered, for which were given \$6,294,051.12 in new stock denominated "exchanged stock;" and \$1,859,850.70 in new stock known as "converted stock" were issued in lieu of \$2,861,309.15, subscribed in the three per cent. stock. Of the exchanged stock \$168,464.90 were taken in Europe, and of the converted stock \$464,494.74.

Although the conversion of the old debt could show but this limited success, it enabled the commissioners of the sinking fund to do that which otherwise they could not have done, namely, to apply, from the year 1807 to the year 1812, the entire appropriation of eight million dollars to the redemption of the public debt. Before the year 1811 the whole issue of the exchanged stock was reimbursed, and during that year and the early part of 1812 the converted stock was redeemed. Meanwhile, all the other parts of the debt, both foreign and domestic, which the government was at liberty to discharge according to the contracts had been paid off.

We must here recur to the old revolutionary debt, which, liquidated and funded as it was under various acts of Congress, amounted to \$76,781,953.14. In this total is found included the funded interest, which had been suffered to accumulate from the date of the organization of the new government to January, 1791. As, however, this new government, not to speak of its want of a system of finance, had to begin its career without revenue or funds of any kind to meet the demands of even the ordinary civil list, it would seem impossible for it to have made an earlier attempt to pay regularly the annual interest.

Although the natural result of this delay in paying the interest in question was to increase the public debt, still there are several considerations which suggest an offset to this increase. The large arrears of interest, which had accumulated at the rate of six per cent. upon the old revolutionary debt, were of right demandable by the creditors in

cash. By the terms, however, of the new contract with them, that interest was now converted into a capital stock, bearing an interest of only three per cent.; and therefore the difference between the nominal value of that stock and an actual settlement in cash represented the gain to the government. Also, on the principal of the debt there was a reduction of interest from six per cent. to a rate equivalent to four per cent., according to the basis upon which the debt was readjusted. And again, owing to the fact that the interest on the debt did not begin to accrue until the year 1791, a large surplus of revenue was enabled to be collected up to that date, which, under a judicious law of Congress, was applied to the redemption of the principal of the debt, by means of purchases on the part of the government. As the public stocks were then selling below their nominal value, a saving of nearly fifty-four per cent. was effected upon a capital of \$957,770.65 invested. Furthermore, in so far as the purchased stocks consisted of six per cents and three per cents, they yielded an immediate annual interest of \$38,000, and a prospective interest upon the deferred stock of the same amount; all of which every year as it accrued was used in additional purchases.

Of the original revolutionary debt, \$33,825,188.86 remained unpaid on January 1, 1812. The whole of it might readily have been paid but for the internal disorders, as well as foreign entanglements of a warlike aspect, and but for the government's consequent inability to apply to its reimbursement all revenues over its ordinary expenditures. From this combination of untoward occurrences, a large increase of the original debt had become a necessity. And yet there were sums, if they could have been applied to the extinguishment of the old debt, whose total would have thereby reduced it to quite small and manageable proportions. There was, for instance, the item of new stock created to the extent of \$18,525,400, and none of it going to reimburse the old debt. Again, under the provisions of a conven-

tion with Great Britain of January 8, 1802, in relation to revolutionary debts known as "British debts," large payments, not appearing in the statement of the public debt, had been made out of the current revenues; these payments amounted to \$6,356,053.47, together with certain claims of American citizens upon the French government, which, in conformity with the Louisiana convention of 1803, the United States undertook to pay in addition to the direct payment to France for the territory itself. These items were adequate to reducing the old debt by January 1, 1812, to \$8,944,735.41.

There must, besides, be taken into account the assets of the government on the 1st of January, 1812, in cash or its equivalent, which were applicable to the face of the debt. These assets amounted to \$13,500,000, and consisted of the cash balance in the treasury, of outstanding unpaid revenue bonds, and of sums due on public lands sold to private individuals. The government was furthermore possessed of other property, which might be considered as additional items in the general account of debt, such as light-houses, fortifications, military and naval arsenals, with their stores and supplies, and more than one hundred and eighty-five sail of ships and armed vessels. The balances, also, which were rightfully due to the government from the debtor States should not be overlooked in this connection.

Notwithstanding the great enlargement of the public debt in the period from 1789 to 1812, the whole amount of it on January 1st of the last-mentioned year had been reduced to \$45,120,304.53, or less by \$31,661,648.61 than it was at the outset of the new government. The principal part of this reduction was effected after the year 1802; nor from that date was there any increase of taxation for the purpose. In fact, the prosperous condition of the permanent revenues permitted, in the year 1807, the repeal of the duty on imported salt.

The temporary revenues, however, were augmented in the year 1804. The piratical operations carried on by the

Barbary States brought our government, in that year, into hostile conflict with that power for their suppression, and a considerable fleet was dispatched to the Mediterranean. To defray the expenses of this expedition, an advance of two and a half per cent. was placed upon all existing *ad valorem* duties on imported goods; and an extra ten per cent. was chargeable against foreign bottoms. These special duties were known as "*Mediterranean duties*," and they were not to be removed until the ratification of a peace with the regent of Tripoli. In the year 1806 (when they were to expire by limitation), Congress voted two millions of dollars to enable the president to open negotiations for the purchase of territory belonging to Spain lying east of the Mississippi River. In order to meet this large appropriation, the *Mediterranean duties* were to continue in force for two years longer; and even before the expiration of this term it was found necessary to add to it, on account of threatened difficulties between Great Britain, France, and the United States, growing out of the position and claims of neutral commerce. The extension to the United States of the British orders in council, and of the Berlin decree of the Emperor Napoleon, compelled Congress, on the 22d of December, 1807, to pass an act laying an embargo upon all vessels of those two powers in the ports of the United States. This act was succeeded by another of March 1, 1809, interdicting commercial intercourse on the part of the United States equally with Great Britain, France, and their respective dependencies.

The warlike preparations necessarily accompanying these measures largely increased the expenses of the government, while the suspension of commerce following on the embargo and the non-importation and general non-intercourse acts caused a great falling off in the revenues. For the year 1808 they were not materially impaired, and for the

reason that, from the long credits given, the receipts of that year arose from the revenues belonging to the year preceding. But for the year 1809, the actual receipts of the treasury fell short of the current expenditures alone by upwards of \$2,507,000. To make up this deficit, and to provide as well for payments on account of the principal of the debt, recourse was had to the surplus revenue of other years, which had accumulated as a balance in the treasury. In the years 1810 and 1811, the receipts of the government, owing to a reduction of expenses in the naval department especially, once more rose above the expenditures.

At the close of the year 1811, the country found itself on the eve of its second war with Great Britain. This unfortunate but unavoidable event not only put a stop to the further rapid extinguishment of the public debt, but added to it enormously. The great reduction, however, which had up to this time been effected proved a seasonable and important advantage to the government in the coming struggle. Excepting the annual reimbursement of the six per cent. and deferred stocks, no further payments were due on the principal of the debt till the year 1818. Every portion of the debt which was redeemable before that year had already been paid off. The sum required for paying the interest and the reimbursement amounted to \$3,792,382; any surplus over this amount was by the sinking fund act of 1802 left applicable to the current expenses of the government. Of the eight million dollars' appropriation, more than \$4,200,000 had been liberated; and this amount constituted, therefore, a positive increase of revenue at the disposal of the national defense. The importance of this fact can be fully appreciated only in the light of subsequent financial difficulties, which of themselves sorely tested the energies and strained the resources of the country during the war of 1812.

John Watts Kearny.

GENESIS.

HIGH on the cliff that framed the shore
I clambered, — on the cliff that bore
Upon its naked crest and sides
The signs of early chafing tides;
Where sculpturing icebergs deftly made
The pictured mountain peak and glade.

The dull refrain of restless waves
With echoed chords filled crags and caves,
And symphonies that rose and fell
With flow and ebb of ocean's swell.
On high, a cloud majestic swept,
Athwart the sea its shadow crept.

Beneath the cliff, dividing land and bay,
In deep repose the darkened forest lay.
The noisy waters rolled in tuneful sound;
The voiceless woods were still with calm profound,
Save when a louder wave's impetuous rush
Came faintly swelling to the inner hush.

No human foot had ever trod
That still, secluded, distant sod;
No human voice had ever rung
Those wild and silent trees among.
The stranger isle, by man unknown,
Pillowed in waves, had slept alone.

Descending from the sunburnt height,
I sought the cooler, mellowed light
That lay within the verdant shade
And with the timid sunbeams played.
Here e'en the fierce sun's boldest rays
Entered abashed the leafy maze.

Upon a mossy mound, in thoughtful mood,
I lay reclusely shut within the wood.
The teasing winds the sleeping leaves awoke,
And through the dell their drowsy murmurs broke,
That fainter grew, and fainter growing died
As sped the winds to fret the distant tide.

I, gazing, lay, — my senses lulled
With odors sweet the air had culled,
And carried on her laden breast
As incense to her earliest guest, —
And saw, throughout, one breathing thing,
A butterfly on tinted wing.

The little monarch of the isle,
 Flitting here and there awhile,
 Poised on its purple throne, — a flower
 Beneath the fern leaves' shelt'ring bower.
 "Did Providence then mold," thought I,
 "All this to feed a butterfly?"
 "This sinless Eden but for that prepare?
 These harmonies to die on empty air?"
 "To form this spot no special plan was laid,"
 The answer came from sea and cliff and glade;
 "God sowed the seed of law in chaos' gloom,
 One seed fell here, — the isle burst into bloom."

Ernest Dale Owen.

SONGS AND ECCENTRICITIES OF BIRDS.

I OFTEN think how dreary the face of nature would seem, though the landscape abounded in all things that captivate the sight and the imagination, if it were not inhabited by birds, or if these birds were without songs. Yet it is not the melody of their voices that charms us, so much as their power to enliven the pleasant solitude of our woods and fields without disturbing our meditations. While there is sufficient melody in their songs to lull and amuse the mind, they have nothing, except in a few cases, of the formality of artificial music, which would fix our attention and interrupt our thoughts. The reader has undoubtedly observed, when employed in study, or in any pursuit that requires close attention, that there are certain sounds and combinations of sound that harmonize with our thoughts, and others that distract them.

We are seldom discomposed by the songs of birds; but this cannot in general be said of artificial music. If it is bad, while it is within our hearing we find it impossible to fix our attention upon our task; and if it is good, it disturbs the mind nearly in proportion to its formality. But if it is of such a character as we expect in a well-composed voluntary for the organ, having

no very conspicuous theme, and without symmetry in its modulation, though perfectly harmonized, we may pursue our task while hearing it even more fixedly than in perfect silence. Let the organist, in the midst of it, strike a measured strain full of expression, and our attention is diverted at once from our task to the music. All bad music is disturbing; but of good music that only distracts the attention which is extremely rhythmical or expressive.

If we carefully examine the subject, we shall discover this fact: that the music which occasions no disturbance of our thoughts, if good, is of a character similar to that of the warbling of birds. It agreeably fills the ear by a sort of running melody that has but little expression, and is yet without monotony. There is a certain style of eloquence that produces a similar composing effect, though not persuasive or convincing. A sermon must have considerable merit to operate as a tranquillizer; for nobody except a child or a dull person could sleep while hearing a bad sermon or bad music. A pleasant harmony of thoughts and style marks the sermon that puts men into a quiet slumber. If we were present while a pulpit orator and a good reader was delivering

a finely written discourse, without giving utterance to sentiments that were very tangible, we might pursue almost any train of thought while he was speaking. But let him occasionally make either a foolish or a keen remark, and our attention would be immediately diverted from our own thoughts. These quieting sermons are like a good bird song, or an organ voluntary.

All bird music, however, is not composing. There are some feathered songsters whose notes are rhythmical, and form an exception to the general warbling of birds. Everybody admires the song of the whip-poor-will; especially if no more than two or three are heard at the same time, and are widely separated. The whip-poor-will's notes are rhythmical, — they are measured music. Though they are delightful partly on account of this formality, yet on the same account they fix our attention, and like any other precisely measured tune would soon become wearisome. It is no paradox to assert that those tunes and those notes which are the most expressive soonest tire upon the ear. It is a happy circumstance for the lovers of nature that birds and insects and winds and waters are sweetly modulated without rhythm.

A part of the interest that attaches to the chickadee, the most noted and familiar of our winter birds, is proof that a song is not necessary to make the voice of a bird agreeable. All his notes are pleasant, and there is a great variety of them, but they are not measured or continuous. Their principal charm is derived from their association with the cheerful habits and sylvan habitats of this bird, his lively motions and interesting ways. The call note, from which he derives his name, is one of the most animated sounds that can be imagined. Chickadee-dee-dee is sure to be uttered, at irregular intervals of two or three minutes, by each individual of any small scattered flock that may be assembled near our windows.

Chickadees do not forage in compact flocks, like the sparrows and other gregarious birds, whose food, consisting of

the seeds of grasses and other herbs, is distributed profusely over almost every open field. The food of the chickadees, being wholly of insects and their eggs and chrysalids, which are lodged upon the wood and bark of trees, is not abundant in any place, and can be obtained only by diligent search. Chickadees are therefore obliged to scatter, like woodpeckers, because their food is scattered. We very rarely see more than two or three of them upon a tree at the same time. Their dispersion, however, is not the result of any concerted arrangement among the birds. They naturally pursue that course which is attended with the most success. But so invariable is this instinct that if a spot were covered with their food it would probably be visited by only two or three at a time.

Yet, though never associated in large companies, they do not like to be alone. While busy in their search for insects, they frequently utter the cry of chickadee, as boys will halloo, when a party of them are scattered over a whortleberry pasture. This cry, if heard, is immediately answered by other birds of the scattered flock. These calls and responses serve to notify them of each other's presence. If there should be no answer, the bird immediately flies to another tree, and repeats his call, until he hears a reply and is assured of the nearness of his comrades. Woodpeckers are much less noisy. They do not need so many notes of greeting and assurance, because their frequent hammering upon the trees answers a similar purpose. Nature bestows on birds and other animals only just such an amount of language as their wants and circumstances require.

The chickadee occasionally utters a plaintive strain, for which I have not been able to assign a motive. It consists of two notes, the first about a third above the second note in the musical scale. I am obliged to confess that I have not learned whether this strain is uttered in all seasons, or only in the spring and summer; but I suppose it to be the love-song of the male. Though it seems too feeble and wanting in ani-

mation for a love-song, who can say that the chickadee may not be a sentimentalist, and prefer to woo his mate with a plaintive note, instead of teasing her with volubility, like the bobolink?

We can seldom watch the chickadees, day after day, in summer, without hearing another strain, very different from either of those I have described. It consists of a low, subdued warbling, full of chattering notes variously modulated and rapidly delivered, without sufficient distinctness to deserve the name of a song. I cannot imagine what instinct or sentiment prompts the little bird to warble this peculiar melody. It seems to be a kind of soliloquy; for whenever I have heard it, the bird was alone, and half concealed among the branches of the trees. We might fancy him to be amusing a lonely hour, as a boy whistles when walking alone on a road. These several utterances of the chickadee entitle it to the character of a highly musical bird; and as it is a constant resident with us, and is in winter very familiar and vocal around our dwellings, I believe there is no songster in the woods that would be more painfully missed if its species were exterminated.

It is seldom that we hear the notes of the chickadee anywhere near the woods without discovering the downy woodpecker somewhere in the vicinity, distinguishing him by his speckled plumage, his scarlet crown, and his sudden and rapid movements. This little bird seems, as it were, a companion of the chickadee, though the two birds have probably no particular acquaintance with each other. In the lonely season of winter, birds of similar habits have a general inclination to associate, for mutual protection; they are cheered by hearing the voices of others around them. But there seems to be a sort of affinity between the small woodpeckers, the creepers, and the chickadees. They do not join company, but they keep within hearing of one another from a sociable feeling, of which they probably have no less than the gregarious species.

A singular habit of the downy woodpecker, and one with which all are fa-

miliar, is that which has gained him the name of "sap-sucker." He bores little round holes just through the bark of the tree, usually an apple-tree, not penetrating into the wood of the branch. These holes form a complete circle round the branch of the tree, about half an inch apart. No theory has yet been advanced that explains satisfactorily the object of the bird in making these perforations. The theory that they are made for the purpose of sap-sucking is after all the most rational one. Admitting this to be the true explanation, the cause of their arrangement in a circle is still a mystery. Our farmers were formerly very jealous of these little sap-suckers, considering their practice injurious to the health of the trees. A long series of observations has proved its harmlessness.

The gregarious habits of certain species of birds, and the more solitary habits of others, are the necessary consequence of their different ways of feeding. The insect-eaters among land-birds are seldom associated in flocks; but they are fond of company, and do not like to be alone. The granivorous birds, on the other hand, with a few exceptions, are gregarious. Such are the English sparrows and our snow-buntings; and it is remarkable that the bobolinks, which feed on insects during their breeding season at the North, are never seen in flocks until the autumn, when they are changed into rice-birds, and feed exclusively on seeds. During the time between early autumn and May they forage in flocks.

Compare in this respect our common robin and the red-winged blackbird. The robin is exclusively insectivorous; for the fruit he consumes is his *dessert*, not his subsistence, and he swallows no kinds of seeds. The red-wing, on the contrary, is omnivorous, and a greedy consumer of every kind of grain. Hence, robins are never seen in large or compact flocks. Seldom is a gunner able to shoot more than one or two of them at once, so scattered are the members of their small assemblages. Blackbirds, on the contrary, especially in spring and

autumn, are rarely seen except in compact flocks. They are so numerous that four and twenty blackbirds have often been baked in a pie, which were obtained by a single charge of shot. The cause of this difference in their habits is that robins, on account of their exclusive diet of grubs and insects, are obliged to forage singly; while blackbirds, who are voracious of every eatable substance that lies upon the ground, sometimes glean a whole field by marching in companies.

It is not every species of seed-eaters that assembles in compact flocks. The American goldfinch, or thistle-bird, and nearly all the finches are examples. Here it should be remarked that goldfinches are choice and dainty of their food, and do not look for seeds that are scattered upon the ground. They peck the seeds directly from the plant that bears them, and take off the shells, like a canary, before they swallow the kernels. In grass fields that have not been gleaned, a large flock of buntings would find ample forage for any single repast. But goldfinches must scatter, because the hemp, thistles, and other compound plants that afford them subsistence are distributed unequally, and seldom cover a whole field. The goldfinch hunts for his cereal food in the same way as the chickadee hunts for grubs and insects.

The goldfinch does not tarry with us all the winter, but he is often seen in the beginning, and is likewise an early comer in the spring. He stays as late as he can obtain a good supply of food. A snow-storm in the early part of November would drive all his species to the South. He is noisy, like the chickadee, and all his notes are musical. After the breeding season is over, the goldfinches continue to utter several melodious notes, and seldom pass from one place to another without piping a lively strain, evidently a sort of call note, like *pe, pe, pe*, accenting the middle syllable on every descent in their undulating flight. These notes have probably the effect of keeping the scattered flock together, or within hearing distance of one another. They produce to my ears

all the effects of a song, when numbers of the birds are assembled in a field, busy in pecking seeds from thistles, asters, and golden-rods, and constantly chirping as they fly from one plant to another.

The song of the goldfinch is very melodious, and deserves a higher rank than is usually assigned it. He is not an inveterate singer, and forfeits some of his reputation by singing fragments of tunes. He does not persist long enough to show us the extent of his capacity. We seldom hear him finish a tune, and he never devotes his time exclusively to song, nor sits, like the red thrush, on the same branch, singing half an hour without cessation.

The goldfinches have a singular habit of singing as it were in concert. An account of this peculiarity was first published by Mr. Augustus Fowler, of Danvers. The concert takes place only in the spring, before the birds have built their nests,—probably before they have mated. While chattering together upon a tree, where a company of them have assembled, as soon as they perceive the approach of a new-comer, especially if it be a female, they raise a simultaneous shout of song. This habit makes it probable that a feeling of rivalry inspires the males before they are mated, and that their shouting proceeds from the eagerness of each to attract the attention of the new-comer to himself. Out of this rivalry among the goldfinches springs a concert that seems like a premeditated performance.

These birds wait till the last of June before they build their nests. Their first broods of young, therefore, appear when the robin and song sparrow are bringing out their second family. Nuttall says, "This procrastination appears to be occasioned by a lack of a sufficiently nutritive diet, the seeds on which they principally feed not ripening before July." But no species of bird that carries food to its young in the nest feeds them with ripened seeds of any kind. Mr. Fowler's explanation is probably the correct one. He says they defer the building of their nests so that the young shall come

out just in time to be fed upon the seeds when they are soft and milky. Other species of seed-eaters feed their offspring upon larvæ, and the young birds do not use a diet of seeds until they begin to take care of themselves.

This delay in building their nests seems to be attended with some impatience on the part of the males. On this supposition only can I explain another of their peculiar habits. In my academic years, my study windows looked down upon a row of Lombardy poplars. These trees have a dense growth of the little upright branches which are very convenient for the nests of small birds. At that period, on different occasions, I have observed a male goldfinch, who, after building a nest in one of these poplars, has pecked it to pieces and built another nest with the same materials in its vicinity. The nest that was destroyed was not occupied in any instance; and the second one sometimes remained vacant. Perhaps the male bird amuses himself by such labors while his mate is sitting on another nest; or perhaps he is impatient to begin housekeeping, and prepares for it while he is not yet mated.

I have not seen any mention of this habit in our ornithological works; but I am happy to confirm my own observation by quoting an account of a similar fact which was related to me in a letter from Mr. Charles Mortimer, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He writes, "I discovered the nest of a yellow bird (goldfinch) in the upper branches of a brier willow, containing one egg. The bird appeared to be in the act of pulling the nest to pieces, which surprised me very much; and, pleased at the chance of procuring a specimen so easily, I at once concluded to remove the nest and egg, although they were somewhat dilapidated. The nest is exceedingly light, being built chiefly of thistle down, and outwardly of some coarser stuff, such as fibres of bark, flax, etc., to give stability and strength to the structure."

I believe it is a general opinion that the song of a bird is a disinterested effort on the part of the male to comfort his mate and assure her of his presence

while sitting on her nest. Certainly, the song produces this desirable effect; but this does not seem to be the motive of the songster. On the contrary, it is an outpouring of his impatience on account of her absence, and an effort to call some other female to join him. Though the male bird often takes his turn in sitting upon the nest during incubation, he is impatient while thus employed, and spends only a small part of his time in performing this duty. While his mate is sitting, he is evidently dissatisfied with her absence, and sings more loudly at that time than after the young appear, when his time is more or less employed in procuring food for them. Even in this respect he is not so diligent as his mate. If we watch a pair of robins when they have a brood of young to feed, we shall see that the female provides the greater part of their subsistence.

This disposition on the part of male birds to carry on a flirtation with some other female, while their mate is sitting, may be observed by watching one in a flock of common tame pigeons. While his mate is employed in her maternal duties, her lonesome partner resumes the same loud cooing that was heard while he was choosing his mate. The delight which he always expresses when some young, unmated female, hearing his call, alights on his standing place is very evident. That constancy for which doves have been proverbially celebrated is a trait of character which belongs only to the female.

The cries of all birds, as well as of other animals, serve undoubtedly a definite purpose in their economy. They do not, like boys, utter their cries to be amused at the noise they make. I have my doubts whether a bird ever sings or a cock ever crows for amusement. There is a purpose in all their notes and cries, though they may not be conscious of it. The cackling of a hen always disturbs the male bird; and the drumming of a partridge excites the wrath and jealousy of every male of his own species that hears it, and frequently ends in a fight. Birds in general utter very similar cries when they are captured; and it is re-

markable that courageous animals make a louder noise, when they are seized, than those of a timid species. There is no quadruped more courageous than the hog in its wild state. The instinct of this animal causes the whole herd to run to the protection of any one of its species when it is in danger, and the instinct of self-preservation causes the victim, when captured, to yell and make the loudest outcries. Sheep, on the contrary, when one of their number is attacked, do not turn to protect it, but run for their lives. The poor creature, therefore, though it makes some moans, utters no loud cries, which would fail to bring its fellows to its aid. Nature has therefore given to the sheep no propensity to disturb the forest with their yells, which would be of no avail to them.

Birds in general are more resolute in defending any one of their number, when attacked, than quadrupeds, and are consequently more vociferous when they fall into the clutches of a foe. But there are exceptions. I never saw a pigeon fly to the defense of another pigeon. When one is seized, the others fly about and show some interest and alarm, but make no attempts to relieve it. In accordance with my theory, a dove, when captured, makes but little noise, resembling the sheep in this particular. Almost all the gallinaceous birds, which utter the loudest screams when taken, are ready to risk their lives in behalf of any of their species. Indeed, it would not be far from the truth to say that the courage of any species of animals, at least of those which are gregarious, may be estimated as in a direct ratio to the noise they make when captured.

In the New England States there is no bird that sings regularly in the winter; but certain species may be heard occasionally in any month of the year. On the first day of October, 1876, I heard song sparrows in several different places, and a warbling vireo in the grounds near the Harvard Museum; and I once heard, during remarkably pleasant weather, a purple finch singing loudly on the 18th of February. Great Britain has several winter songsters; but the inhabitants of

New England would be surprised to hear the song of a wild bird after the first day of November. But when the autumn leaves are whirling around us, the lively call of the chickadee, the twitter of goldfinches, the scream of jays, and the shrill voices of woodpeckers are hardly less agreeable than the melodies of June.

Among the enliveners of winter I must not omit to mention the English sparrows, which have been very generally naturalized in this country. I looked upon the little strangers with great jealousy on their first appearance, and I cannot say that I am at present reconciled to them, except as an evil, like the white-weed and the wood-wax, that cannot be extirpated. To all except very young persons their noisy chattering wants the charm of early association to make it agreeable. Their notes are harsh and deficient in character, being only a garrulous chirping that indicates neither cheerfulness nor passion. I have often wanted to silence them when their unmusical voices have prevented my listening to some little musician high up in the elms.

I can see no good reason why these birds were brought into this country, especially when it was well known that they were considered a pest in Europe; nor can I imagine what advantage was expected to accrue to the public from the introduction of a granivorous species that consume insects only during their breeding season. I should have some respect for the enthusiasm with which they were received, if they had been English robins or redbreasts; and I still believe that if, before their importation, a similar enthusiasm had been awakened for the encouragement of native birds, several useful and interesting species might have been multiplied in every garden and orchard, and in all our public grounds.

As it happened, the popular enthusiasm was simply ludicrous. After our bluebirds, wrens, and martins had for many years diminished in numbers, from the want of boxes for their nests and homes, no sooner were these vulgar sparrows introduced than millions of boxes were supplied for their use, until every tree in our cities and their suburbs

was deformed by them. When I first observed all this my indignation was such as I should feel if some sentimental person had introduced a breed of prolific wood-rats to multiply and take the place of our squirrels. I predicted that our native birds that nestle in boxes and bird-houses would soon be extirpated by the sparrows; for, being winter residents, they would preoccupy all the boxes that would otherwise be used by wrens, blue-birds, and other interesting species of our own land. This misfortune has not yet happened, at least to any great extent. The species which have been most severely annoyed by them are the little fly-catchers that are so musical in our elms and other roadside trees.

My prediction failed to come to pass, because the enthusiasm which greeted the new-comers induced our people to furnish a greater supply of boxes for the sparrows than their numbers required. Our native house birds, therefore, which had always been neglected, were now more fully accommodated than at any time since our provident aborigines supplied them with hollow gourds. Consequently, these interesting birds have multiplied since the advent of the sparrows. For a few summers past the numbers of wrens, bluebirds, and martins have sensibly increased, if my observations are correct, in Eastern Massachusetts. I still fear that, as the sparrows multiply, my prediction may be fulfilled, when the boxes will be only sufficient to house the sparrows.

Their presence is certainly a bar to the multiplication of several admired and important species of our small birds. This is the opinion of those who have had the best opportunities, combined with an accurate knowledge both of insects and birds, to make correct observations of their habits. The public should not overlook the fact that *all our ornithologists entertain this opinion, and that there is not one who does not despise the sparrows as a pest.* The little vireos, of which there are two species that make their homes in the elms by our roadsides in preference to their native wood, are exceedingly annoyed by the sparrows.

They are entirely insectivorous, and are among the most useful birds that can be named. They are also charming songsters, and their singing season continues until the last week in August, after nearly all other singing birds are silent. Their notes are constant and delightful; but the sparrows allow them no peace, and will eventually drive them all away from our parks, gardens, and roadsides.

The horticultural services of the sparrows have been greatly overrated. Like almost all other species of small birds, they destroy a few canker-worms. If all the birds in the land fed exclusively on canker-worms during their season of depredation, they could not extirpate them. A hundred birds to every tree could hardly consume them. But no single species is known to make an entire meal of canker-worms. They all pick up a few, but never eat them greedily. The only times when these insect pests can be destroyed to any appreciable extent, by bird or man, are late in the autumn and early in the spring, when the perfect insects are crawling up the trees to deposit their eggs. But just at these favorable times, if my observation is correct, the sparrows do not touch them. They are seen then only on the highways, getting seeds from dirt heaps.

The greatest objection to the sparrows is not their direct agency in driving away our native birds. This is a trifle compared with the evil arising from their presence, which prevents our people from petting and encouraging our native species. There are several of these, some remaining with us all winter, that would multiply around our homes, and delight us with their notes and their interesting ways, if they should gain half the attention that has been given to the sparrows.

To save our native house birds from their encroachments, it will be necessary to construct some of the boxes in such a way as to exclude the sparrows. The holes should be made, in order to protect wrens and swallows, of just sufficient dimensions to admit these small birds, so that the sparrows, which are larger, cannot enter them. This expe-

dient would not help the bluebirds or purple martins, which exceed the sparrows in size. But the bluebird is a bold, pugnacious little fellow, and would be able to keep possession of a box, if he should once obtain it. The same may be said of the purple martin. Yet I am not sure of the ability of either bird to eject a pair of sparrows.

I think all attentive observers must have seen that the English sparrows are surpassed by our native kindred species in alertness and activity, and that they are less sleek in their plumage and graceful in their shape. This is, in a measure, the result of their partial domestication.

But it is a fact that the seed-eaters in general are not so trim and beautiful in their form as the insectivorous birds. Let any one compare, for example, the English sparrow with the vireo, as these two birds stand in opposite extremes in all respects. Observe how cylindrical the vireo is in his shape, and how lithe and graceful in his movements. When he flies he moves without apparent effort, while the sparrow flits as if his feathers were not sufficiently compact. It is a pity that we have exposed these elegant and graceful birds and sweet singers to the danger of extermination by a race of European scavengers.

Wilson Flagg.

A TENNYSONIAN RETROSPECT.

It must come with a shock of surprise to most readers to learn that on the 5th of August of this year Alfred Tennyson reaches his seventieth birthday. Some of us can remember when *The Two Voices* and *Locksley Hall* and *In Memoriam* struck a sympathetic chord in our fresh souls, and placed their author, for us, on the highest pinnacle of fame; and it seems as if it were only yesterday that this impression was made. He has led his own and our generation with such success, he has so voiced its moods, he has so imparted to men his own moral conquests and spiritual victories, that we cannot think him old, or easily estimate our indebtedness to him. No poet of the age has been so intimately associated, recluse as he is said to be, with the thoughts and feelings which throb in the life of the time. He has interpreted the nineteenth century on its social and spiritual side, with sufficient breadth to take in its many-sided activity, and with sufficient sympathy and insight to give a manly tone to its spiritual character.

Looked at from his seventieth birthday, Tennyson has survived many repu-

tations which for the moment were as brilliant as his own. It is not necessary to dwarf others to make him great, but some who began with him have already disappeared. Alexander Smith and Philip James Bailey awakened expectations which they did not fulfill. His friend, John Sterling, has utterly faded out of sight as a poet, and lives only because Thomas Carlyle wrote his biography. Algernon Charles Swinburne, though a much younger man, has so divided his strength between prose and poetry that his fame is at a stand-still; and much as we delight in Browning, he has never mastered his idiosyncrasies sufficiently to give us the full strength of what is in him. Clough and Arnold are rather the exponents of a phase of thought than the inspired interpreters of life. When compared with his contemporaries, Tennyson may be said to have failed again and again in what he early aimed at, but with every new volume he has shown a clear advance upon what was his best before. His genius was at first as wayward as Browning's, but he has had the patience and industry to overcome the obstacles which stood in

the way of success, and has shown himself worthy to be not only the first among his peers, but the poet laureate of his time.

Yet the growth of his reputation has been slow. He was a poet from his eighteenth year; he is the third of seven brothers, all or nearly all of whom have written poetry; indeed, he inherited the gift: his father, Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, the rector of Somersby, a small village of less than a hundred inhabitants in Lincolnshire, where Alfred was born August 5, 1809, was something of a poet, painter, architect, and musician, and also a considerable linguist and mathematician. Dr. Tennyson believed in home education, and for the most part prepared his brilliant son for Cambridge at the rectory. He died in 1830. The poet's mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Fytche, herself the daughter of a clergyman, died in 1865, in her eighty-fourth year. Early in 1827, when Alfred and his brother Charles were at the Louth grammar school, they prepared for the press a volume of juvenile poems, written from the age of fifteen upwards, which was published at Louth, in the spring of that year, under the title of *Poems by Two Brothers*, for which the book-seller in the town gave them ten pounds. The title-page bore the modest motto from Martial, *Hæc nos novissimus esse nihil*. The poems were one hundred and two in number, written in all kinds of metre and on all sorts of subjects, — classical and modern strangely alternating. The youthful authors duly loaded nearly every poem with foot-notes, and headed them with quotations from Latin and English authors. There was a trace of Byronism in the volume, and the preface declared that the pieces "were written, not conjointly, but individually, which may account for their difference in style and matter." The Tennysonian touch is traceable here and there, but the poems have wisely been excluded from the later collections. Soon after the publication of this anonymous volume the two brothers matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in the summer of 1829, they formed a friend-

ship with another young student of the same college, Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of the historian. Hallam was a year younger than Tennyson. In 1829 they both competed for the chancellor's gold medal, each writing a poem on *Timbuctoo*. Tennyson won the medal, though the story goes that the prize fell to him by a blunder, a mark intended to express wonder being taken to denote approval. The poem was in blank verse, and was the first production to which he set his name. Thackeray, his fellow-collegian, was then editing a small satirical paper called *The Snob*, in which he was testing his strength for satire, and wrote a burlesque of Tennyson's poem.

John Sterling and Frederick Denison Maurice had barely left Cambridge when Tennyson took up his residence at the university. They belonged to the famous debating society called the Union, in which Tennyson and the kindred spirits he drew about him found a congenial sphere for airing their opinions, and it was nothing extraordinary when the chancellor's prize poem appeared, to find an appreciative notice of it in the *Athenæum*, with which Sterling and Maurice were connected. They said: "We have never before seen one of [these prize poems] which indicated really first-rate poetical genius, and which would have done honor to any man that ever wrote. Such we do not hesitate to affirm is the little work before us." The poem is well worth studying as a step in the development of Tennyson's genius, and is easily accessible. His university life was marked by much jollity at times, by considerable earnest study, and by pleasant communion with men afterwards great. His companions were John Mitchell Kemble, well known for his Anglo-Saxon researches; the late Charles Buller, to whom Carlyle was once tutor; Richard Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton; Richard Chenevix Trench, the present Archbishop of Dublin; James Spedding, the biographer of Bacon; the late Dean Alford, of Canterbury; the late Rev. William Henry Brookfield, in whose memory Tennyson has written a touching sonnet; and Charles Merivale, the

present Dean of Ely and the historian of the Roman Empire. As a college pastime, Lord Houghton used to have charge of private theatricals, in which Hallam and Kemble sometimes took a part, and at which Tennyson was doubtless present. On Friday, March 19, 1830, they performed *Much Ado about Nothing*, with Milnes as Beatrice, Kemble as Dogberry, and Hallam as Verges.

Up to this point Tennyson had put his name to almost nothing. The anonymous productions of a school-boy of eighteen and the prize poem of a Cambridge under-graduate had been his only ventures into print. The first volume to which he affixed his name, entitled *Poems chiefly Lyrical*, was published by Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, London, in 1830. It had been intended as a joint publication, similar to the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth and Coleridge, containing the poems of Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam, but Hallam's father induced them to abandon the plan. Almost at the same time a small volume of poems by his brother Charles, who had been Alfred's literary partner in the venture of 1827, entitled *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces*, was published at Cambridge. The two volumes were reviewed together by Leigh Hunt in the *Tatler*, and one of the poems, the *Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind*, this gentle critic commended as "such as Crashaw might have written in a moment of skepticism, had he possessed vigor enough." He awarded the palm of merit to Alfred, though Archbishop Trench, thirty-six years later, said that Charles's volume contained "sonnets of rare and excellent workmanship." The late Dean Alford rejoiced in both volumes. In his diary of October 12, 1830, he wrote: "Looked over both the Tennysons' poems at night; exquisite fellows. I know no two books of poetry which have given me so much pure pleasure as their works." Later in the same October, he writes: "Met Tennant, Hallam, Merivale, and the three Tennysons at Alfred Tennyson's rooms. The latter read some very exquisite poetry of his, entitled *Anacæona* and *The*

Hesperides." A writer in the *Westminster Review* said that in the *Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind* there was "an extraordinary combination of deep reflection, metaphysical analysis, picturesque description, dramatic transition, and strong emotion." Young Hallam said the poem was "full of deep insight into human nature, and into those particular trials which are sure to beset men who think and feel for themselves at this epoch of social development." But Professor John Wilson, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in May, 1832, treated the young poet as the pet of cockneyism, and representing that his friends were attempting to make too much of him, said: "The spirit of life must be strong indeed within him; for he has outlived a narcotic dose administered to him by a crazy charlatan in the Westminster, and after that he may sleep in safety with a pan of charcoal." When his next volume appeared, in 1833, the poet repaid his debt to the critic:—

"You did late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle blame with praise,
Rusty Christopher.
When I learnt from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame,
Mussy Christopher;
I could not forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher."

The *Literary Gazette* of that day could find nothing better to say of Tennyson's poems than that they were "silly sooth."

His second volume of poems appeared in the winter of 1832, Edward Moxon being the publisher. It was of one hundred and sixty-three pages, and the title-page bore the mark 1833. It contained, among less notable poems, *The Miller's Daughter*, which is said to have made the author poet laureate, *Ænæon*, *The Palace of Art*, *The May Queen*, *New Year's Eve*, *The Lotus Eaters*, and *A Dream of Fair Women*. The book was sent to Coleridge, who thus expressed himself: "What I would, with many wishes of success, prescribe to Tennyson—indeed, without it he can never be a poet in art—is to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two

well-known and strictly defined metres, such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or the octosyllabic measure of the Allegro and Penseroso. . . . As it is, I can scarcely scan his verses." Excepting a few poems which were added to this volume in the reissue of 1842, among which may be included *The Two Voices* and a poem entitled *The Lover's Tale*, quickly suppressed and just now republished, nothing had come from Tennyson's pen which Arthur Hallam had not probably seen.

The poet now published substantially nothing for ten years. His friend Hallam traveled on the Continent for his health in 1833, and died that year away from home. It is not easy to trace Tennyson during these years. Like every other brilliant collegian, he found his way to London. He and a well-blacked meerscham are said to have been well-known companions in Fleet Street. He became a member of the Anonymous, since then the Sterling Club, and moved in a circle which contained Allan Cunningham, Thomas Carlyle, William Ewart Gladstone, John Stuart Mill, William M. Thackeray, John Forster, John Sterling, Henry Lushington, Walter Savage Landor, and Macready the actor. Part of the time he lived at Little Holland House, Kensington. He was not married till 1850, when he purchased the estate of Farringford, and left his home at Twickenham, made "twice classic" by his residence there, for the Isle of Wight, taking thither a lady from his own native county of Lincolnshire, Miss Emily Sellwood, as his bride. In *Memoriam*, *The Princess*, *The Idyls of the King*, and some parts of *Maud*, were thought out, to some extent fashioned, and even completed, during this quiet season. The poet was advancing in spiritual development from *The Two Voices*, through the passionate impulses of *Locksley Hall*, to the noble, calm, and restful strength of *In Memoriam*, which Mr. Gladstone has pronounced "the richest oblation ever offered by the affection of friendship at the tomb of the departed." Few men have ever given themselves more devotedly to their work

as an art. Tennyson had made so many ventures up to 1833 in all sorts of metres that, notwithstanding the beauty of some of his lyrics, he often seemed like a spoilt Keats, because he had reached no settled style of his own; but it is evident that his critics have never been more severe in their judgments of his work than he has been himself. He has spared no labor to produce the best that is in him, and at an early date wisely withdrew his immature work from the world. His poems have been touched and re-touched, not indeed always for the better; and whatever stood in the way of his success as a poet was resolutely overcome. The nerve and courage to keep silent for a decade can be understood only by those who know the irrepressibility of genius, but in these years of silence he laid the foundation of his fame.

In 1842 Tennyson was ready to meet again the public which ten years before had greeted him with admiration and ridicule. His title-page read: "Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. In Two Volumes. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1842." The first volume contained two divisions, — a selection from the volume of 1830 (many of the poems untouched, and none having received more than a few verbal alterations), and some dozen poems from the volume of 1832, almost entirely rewritten, together with six or seven new pieces, written, with one exception, in 1833. The second volume was filled mostly with poems entirely new. They passed through four editions, bearing the dates of 1842, 1843, 1845, and 1846, and were incorporated into one volume in the fifth edition (1848). The eighth edition had been reached in 1853. They were at once republished in this country by the house of Ticknor, Reed and Fields, and Alfred Tennyson was welcomed by acclamation on both sides of the Atlantic as the first poet of the century. He stepped forth as one who had nothing of juvenility in him, and the choicest spirits of the age began to chant his praise. Wordsworth in 1845 wrote to Professor Henry Reed, of Philadelphia, "*He is decidedly the first of our living poets*, and I hope will live to

give the world still better things." Poe said, "I am not sure that Tennyson is not the greatest of poets." Margaret Fuller wrote in 1842, "I have just been reading the new poems of Tennyson. . . . In these later verses is a still, deep sweetness; how different from the intoxicating, sensuous melody of his earlier cadence! I have loved him much this time, and taken him to heart as a brother." Lowell said that "it may be a generation or two before there comes another so delicate thinker and speaker as Tennyson;" and Emerson was heard to say that "Tennyson is endowed precisely in points where Wordsworth wanted. There is no finer ear, or more command of the keys of language."

It was about this time that Tennyson resided at Twickenham, the country-seat of Pope a century before, and William Howitt, in 1847, thus sketched him: "It is very possible you may come across him in a country inn, with a foot on each hob of the fire-place, a volume of Greek in one hand, his meerschaum in the other, so far advanced toward the seventh heaven that he would not thank you to call him back into this nether world." Henry Crabb Robinson gives a glimpse of him in his diary of January 31, 1845: "I dined this day with Rogers. We had an interesting party of eight: Moxon, the publisher; Kenny, the dramatic poet; Spedding, Lushington, and Alfred Tennyson, three young men of eminent talent belonging to literary young England, — the latter, Tennyson, being by far the most eminent of the young poets. He is an admirer of Goethe, and I had a long *tête-à-tête* with him about the great poet. We waited for the eighth, a lady [the Hon. Mrs. Norton] who, Rogers said, was coming on purpose to see Tennyson." Mr. Charles Knight, who had the privilege of meeting the poet at the chambers of his friend, John Forster, in Lincoln's Inn, has a word of reminiscence: "There I first met Tennyson, and there Carlyle. In familiar intercourse, such as that of Mr. Forster's table, Mr. Tennyson was cordial and unaffected, exhibiting, as in his writings, the simplicity of a manly

character, and, feeling safe from his chief aversion, the *digito monstrari*, was quite at his ease." Arthur Hugh Clough and Francis Turner Palgrave have also given delightful glimpses of their friend, but the facts of his literary history are chiefly to be found in the clever little volume *Tennysonianana*, attributed to Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, which has very recently appeared in a second edition.

An incident of this period is the unprovoked attack upon Tennyson by Sir Bulwer Lytton. In 1845, the poet, as a compensation for some claim his family had on the crown, was placed on the pension list by Sir Robert Peel for an annuity of two hundred pounds. This induced Bulwer, in an anonymous satire which appeared early in the following winter, entitled *The New Timon*, to speak of Tennyson's poetry as "a jingling melody of purloin'd conceits," "patchwork pastoral," "tinsel," and the like, and to state in a foot-note that the poet himself was "quartered on the public purse in the prime of life, without either wife or family." Tennyson retorted in some bitter lines, entitled *The New Timon and the Poets*, which appeared in *Punch*, February 28, 1846, signed Alcibiades, and closed with the stanzas: —

"You talk of tinsel! Why, we see
The old mark of rouge on your cheeks.
You prate of nature! You are he
That split his life about the cliques.

"A *Timon* you! Nay, nay, for shame!
It looks too arrogant a jest, —
The fierce old man, — to take his name,
You bandbox! Off, and let him rest!"

In the next number, Tennyson resumed the subject, in a gentler mood, closing with the lines: —

"And I, too, talk and love the touch
I talk of. Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is kindly silence when they bawl."

It is said that Bulwer afterwards regretted his wanton attack.

Though the date of the composition of *The Princess* cannot be assigned, it did not appear until 1847. It has been altered, enlarged, retouched, through five successive editions, until the original

sketch differs as much from the present text as the first rough draught of Hamlet differs from the Hamlet "enlarged to almost as much again as it was." The intercalary songs were not added in the third edition, and the title *The Princess, A Medley*, came still later. In the second edition it was dedicated to Henry Lushington, between whom and the poet a cordial intimacy had existed since 1841. In *Memoriam* followed *The Princess* in 1850. On the 23d of April, in the same year, Wordsworth died, and on the 6th of March, 1851, at the queen's levee at Buckingham Palace, "Mr. Alfred Tennyson was presented, on his appointment to be poet laureate." The warrant for his choice was dated November 19, 1850, and the appointment was everywhere commended as having been given to the man who best deserved it. It is interesting to know that when Tennyson was presented to the queen he wore the identical clothes, buckles, stockings, and sword, which Wordsworth had worn years before when he was presented on a similar occasion. B. R. Hayden says that Moxon, the publisher, had hard work to make the dress fit the author of *The Excursion*. "It was a squeeze, but by pulling and hauling they got him in." We are not told how it fared with Tennyson, who is himself by no means a small-sized man; but it is certain that he honors the post of poet laureate even more than it has honored him, and has by no means

made it a sinecure. His noble *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* was first published on the day of the duke's funeral, in 1852, and has since had more than the usual amount of revision and alteration.

At this period Tennyson may be said to have reached his maturity. In *Memoriam* opened to him a new career, and, though originally printed without the author's name, was felt by every one to be the great elegiac poem of the age. It is not a new metre which Tennyson here introduced, Ben Jonson having employed the same in an elegy, in his *Underwoods*; but the later poet has employed it for a vaster work. The American like the English edition of *In Memoriam* was published anonymously, and many a young student like myself in those years drank deeply from this wonderfully interpretative poem without knowing who was its author. His later and more complete writings need not here be dwelt upon. *The Charge of the Light Brigade* was first printed in the *Examiner*, December 9, 1854; *Maud* and other Poems came out in 1855; the *Idyls of the King* were published in 1859; the date of *Enoch Arden* is 1864; *The Holy Grail* and other Poems appeared in 1869; *Queen Mary* belongs to 1875; *Harold* to 1877; and the rumors are constant that dramas and lyrics and ballads are still to come from the same hand. Probably what is in print is but a small share of what he has written.

Julius H. Ward.

RECENT NOVELS.

MR. HASSAUREK's very praiseworthy *Secret of the Andes*¹ sets one thinking about the whole matter of historical fiction. Nobody, perhaps, disputes that in its higher or poetical form it includes most of the immortal work of the human

imagination; and it might be thought superfluous to mention the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, the *Book of Job* and the *Nibelungen Lied*, and the principal pieces of all the greatest dramatists. But even prose historical fiction, at its very best, must outrank the cleverest pictures of contemporary manners, for it bespeaks

¹ *The Secret of the Andes. A Romance.* By F. HASSAUREK. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1879.

in the writer a more difficult exercise of a less common order of faculties. The fame of Walter Scott is only now beginning to emerge from those rising mists that are apt to cloud a great reputation during the first generation or two of its posthumous being; but even we, the children and grandchildren of those who watched open-mouthed for the Waverleys as they came, can shrewdly guess that his work will last in the very form which he gave it, as will not, for example, that of the well-beloved Anthony Trollope, so like Scott in the easy simplicity of his methods and the prevailing sweetness of his humor. Thackeray touches his highest level in *Henry Esmond*; Dickens in the serious portions of the *Tale of Two Cities*; Charles Kingsley in *Hypatia* and *Amyas Leigh*; while George Eliot's *Romola* and Scheffel's *Ekkehard*, over and above their æsthetic value, are monuments of the unflinching application to this branch of literary art of the sternest and most labor-exacting principles of modern historical research. The German, for a wonder, disguises his learning more gracefully than the English writer. It is rather with Scheffel, in his beautiful romance, as it ought always to be in such a case, the sunken, yet all the more impregnable foundation of a romantic superstructure: but either of these memorable books is a better help to the comprehension of a bygone epoch than the blind and pompous histories of the eighteenth century; quite as much so as any of the preëminently picturesque histories of our own time, like Carlyle's and Macaulay's and Prescott's; little less so than the massive and legitimately splendid work of any of the long list of so-called "brilliant" contemporary historians, Kinglake, Motley, Taine, Froude, and the rest. No one of these men would have deigned to apply for material to anything short of those "original documents" of which we hear so much; but the moment they pass beyond mere transcription and compilation, the moment they begin to select and fuse and recast, the element of the historian's personality enters in, and his work becomes, in a degree, one of the imagination. No

two men can even read the same record any more than two can see the same picture. Take an instance fresh in the memory of us all: —

Mr. James Anthony Froude has written a book on the *Life and Times of Thomas à Becket*, and Mr. Edward Freeman has replied to that book in an essay of equally majestic dimensions; and both Mr. Froude and Mr. Freeman recall to our minds and, in fact, themselves respectfully refer to, a very learned and elaborate essay on the same subject, published twenty years ago or more in one of the British reviews, and written, if we are not mistaken, by Dean Stanley. Each of these names is of course a guarantee for literary ability, thorough research, and fine workmanship. All three quote constantly and copiously the records of the twelfth century, and profess to draw their deductions from these alone. All have apparently spent days and nights in Canterbury cathedral, in order to familiarize themselves and their readers with the scene of the final tragedy, so little altered in seven hundred years. And the result is that we have three distinct and incompatible Becketts, each drawn in a masterly manner, and with very full and imposing accessories. One is the most illustrious hero of the church militant, an august martyr equally intrepid and holy; and another is a violent and treacherous prelate, an eternal disgrace to his sacred calling, whose vices and crimes are offset only by a doubtful modicum of physical courage; while the third is a compound of the two characters, or rather a compromise between them, quite as clearly individualized as either, whom, on general principles only, we conclude to be the most probable of the three. The original documents have told these three different stories to as many men, trained in the same methods of study, and of nearly the same intellectual calibre. The truth would seem to be that the author's individuality must needs color any narrative that has life, as the blood must color any organism that has life. Nay, is the personality of the author eliminated from the original documents them-

selves, — the monkish chronicles, the private letters, the reports of state trials, which last can hardly, in the nature of things, take place, unless partisanship is in full blast?

There is, then, no clear dividing line between romantic history — that is to say, any history which is sympathetically and dramatically written — and historical romance. They are not identical, but they melt into each other. The same order of faculties is required for both, and a very high one it is. Authentic success in either of these closely contiguous departments of literary effort is about enough to satisfy the most towering literary ambition.

But if the best historical fiction is so great a thing, it follows that a historical novel must be, in all respects, a profound and splendid performance, — must be super-excellent, in fact, in order to be of any account at all. And this brings us back to *The Secret of the Andes*. Mr. Hassaurek doubtless wept in his youth over Prescott's Atahualpa, but, to his honor be it said, he did not stop there. Most of us wept and were done with it; he must resolutely have applied himself from that time forward to all the known sources of information about that strange and heart-piercing tragedy, the Spanish conquest of Peru. Nor did he even pause at the death of Atahualpa, as any one content with the mere passive gratification of a spectator at a drama would certainly have done. He patiently followed the fortunes of the suffering remnant of the native race under foreign rule, and grasped the most elusive traditions concerning the last shadowy representatives of the Incas. His appointment as minister to the neighboring republic of Ecuador afterwards enabled him to study on the spot the magnificent natural scenery surrounding those remote but memorable conflicts and convulsions; and this part of his work has been done so faithfully that he succeeds in evoking, even in his readers' minds, a tolerably distinct vision of Quito and the mountain monsters that overshadow it from age to age. Then, selecting as the time of his romance a pe-

riod about sixty years later than Pizarro's conquest, and as its occasion the last combined revolt of the native Spanish Americans and the oppressed and virtually enslaved Peruvians against the officers of his most Christian majesty, Philip II., and the powerful tory party, an alliance which it was proposed romantically to consummate by the marriage of some distinguished young Spanish American to the granddaughter of the last Inca, he undertakes the no less than stupendous task of peopling this half-barbaric scene with imaginary characters, and of realizing to a modern mind the incidents of that sanguinary and desperate struggle. And his work is done well, — even strikingly well. His style is moderate and manly, yet capable upon occasion of a flush of color and a ring of pathos. His characters are firmly outlined and discriminated: the doubting Carrero; the daring Sanchez; Valverde; the cold and wily, yet superstitious, Dolores; the degraded, yet always dignified, Indian nobles; the singular and would-be supernatural, yet ever human and feminine, heiress of the Incas. The hardest problem of all in such an attempt, that of making people so alien and remote both in time and place *talk* with simplicity and animation, has been almost triumphantly solved. We listen without impatience, and upon the whole we believe. Then, too, the story interests, and its end is long kept doubtful. The action is tolerably rapid, and where the incidents are unavoidably ghastly they are reservedly and poetically treated.

From the very nature of Mr. Hassaurek's subject, we are perpetually reminded of Amyas Leigh, and we almost take it for granted that the comparison must be disastrous to the later tale; but in the last two books of *The Secret of the Andes*, the author reveals rarer powers than he had let appear at first, — rarer, perhaps, than he knew that he possessed; and among them, the power of closely analyzing a complex and vacillating character, and of bringing forcibly home to the understanding of his readers, in his condensed history of a wretched

marriage, the sort of unsuspected retribution for halting honor which is forever being wrought out, under cover often of external circumstances the smoothest and most splendid. To the sensitive victim of such a long-protracted punishment it is perfectly intelligible that the swift act of barbaric vengeance which finally closes the tale, and closes it in a highly dramatic and even thrilling manner, should have been almost joyfully welcome.

Yet another effort to "call spirits from the vasty deep" of the past arrests our attention for a moment by its literary respectability and some other qualities.¹ It would be hard to imagine anything more subduing in the way of a title-page than this: *The Puritan and the Quaker: A Tale of Colonial Times*. "*The cheerful sage, when solemn dictates fail, conceals the moral counsel in a tale.*" That the sage who is impelled by a concern to revive and illustrate the sourest, if not the saddest, episode in our bleak early history should also be a "cheerful" sage looks improbable; but we acknowledge, when we have read his book, that he has not described himself unfairly. His so-called "moral counsel" is chiefly, as they say, "retroactive," and consists mainly in an onslaught upon the character and administration of Governor Endicott, conducted, however, with much spirit and ability. There is some slight ingenuity in the plot of the story, a considerable variety in the characters, and an air of philosophic impartiality in the controversial parts, which does not, however, prevent all the author's justice being assigned to his Puritans, and all his mercy to the Quakers. A Quaker he evidently is himself, at least by sympathy and descent; but let us say in passing that he makes a great mistake when he condescends tamely to grammaticize the talk of the peculiar people. A part of the extraordinary charm which the dialect of the Friends always possesses upon cultivated lips is due to the pleasing shock afforded by the tranquil violation

of a primary law, to a sense of emancipation and exhilaration, — a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland buoyancy which one feels at finding one's self in a beautifully ordered world, where a verb agrees with its objective case in number and person. The substitution of the biblical and heavy *thou art for thee is* makes the whole thing insipid.

The talk of those characters in this book who are not Quakers is often uncommonly good, — quaint, as befits the time, but forcible, and sometimes humorous. The author has, however, a queer habit of breaking short off in the midst of some of his most secular and successful scenes, and relapsing, in his proper person, into those "solemn dictates" which we were assured in the beginning had been found to fail him: into orders in council, *procès verbal*, and all the rawest of the raw material of history. The author of *The Puritan and the Quaker* withholds his name, but copyrights his own book, which somehow has always a disinterested and determined air; and he writes his native tongue with great purity and scholarly finish, and reveals in the exquisite captions to his chapters perfect familiarity with the rarest riches of old English poetry.

Singularly enough, but well for those who want to know all there is to be known of a very sorry subject, the appearance of this romance is almost precisely simultaneous with that of Mr. Pike's interesting biographical sketch, *The New Puritan*, where we learn, on the soundest of evidence, that there was at least one Puritan in these dismal parts who had the courage and good sense lustily to protest against the senseless and brutal persecution of the Quakers, as afterwards against the deeper horrors of the Salem witchcraft.

Half-way between the historical novel and the novel of pure amusement comes the story of to-day, written with the serious intent to illustrate some phase of civilization, or promulgate some theory or doctrine; and of such, and one of the best of its class, is *Falconberg*.² Its

¹ *The Puritan and the Quaker*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

² *Falconberg*. By HJALMAR H. BOYSEN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

author, Professor Boyesen, is as truly Norse in nature as in name. He is tenderly loyal both to the romantic Norway of the Old World and the new Norway of our Western wilds, the "*parcam Troiam simulataque magnis Pergama*." But he is likewise conscientiously and rather pathetically resolved to cherish in himself and his compatriots that shy and difficult grace, a sentiment of American citizenship. His novel, *Falconberg*, is intended to illustrate the birth and growth of that sentiment in a foreigner; the conversion, so to speak, and baptism in the Mississippi of the children of the fiord. The story is that of Einar Falconberg, a young Norwegian of fashion and family, the son of a bishop, who is wild and extravagant in college, as the sons even of bishops will sometimes be, incurs heavy debts, forges his reverend father's name, and flies to America. A brother of his father has been living there, since Einar's infancy, as pastor of the Norwegian settlement of Hardanger, and to this settlement the refugee makes his way, but takes the precaution to change his name, and does not reveal himself to his uncle. This is so bad a beginning for a young man's story that it is a little hard to feel all the fond admiration for the handsome and polished exile which the author evidently expects of us. Still he wins our regard in spite of his weakness, and his character is very consistently maintained. So are those of all the chief men in the book: the sagacious and stout-hearted father of the settlement, Nordrud; the kindly, scientific recluse, Van Flint; and Einar's pompous and pig-headed, but sanctimonious uncle. The women of the story are much less successfully drawn; perhaps a man of a preëminently chivalrous and romantic spirit is never apt at analyzing women's characters. At all events, Professor Boyesen's heroine, Helga Raven, is a kind of featureless goddess, tolerably distinct as to her golden hair, but otherwise impressively vague. Old Mrs. Raven, Helga's mother, "the widow of a royal Norwegian government officer," as she used invariably to describe herself, although a

mere supernumerary, is much the most clearly individualized of them all. The philosophy of the book, the ethnic considerations, and the political reflections are sound, and often admirable. The love is gracefully delineated. Two girls fancy that they have lost their hearts to the scapegrace hero; two men are almost sure that they adore the semi-translucent heroine; but the two of these half dozen *inamorati* who are necessarily left out of the final matrimonial arrangements acquiesce in their fate with the most amiable alacrity, and seem to conclude, upon the whole, that things have fallen out better than they had planned them.

In Mr. Boyesen's romances all is moderate, gentle, genuine; the occasional wit quiet; the style invariably limpid, and frequently suffused with a soft and dreamy grace. The sole inaccuracy of construction which we have detected is that he occasionally lets slip that shibboleth of the sentimentalist, the use of the adverb *so* without a correlative clause: "All was so hushed, so solemn, so gently subdued." (Full stop.) On the contrary, one would have to look far for a more precise and felicitous use of words than may be found in the following passages: "There the doctor, clad in a linen coat of immaculate whiteness, was squatting among his flowers, *his countenance distorted by an intense grin of earnest preoccupation*. . . . The slim crescent of the moon floated along the eastern horizon, pouring forth no profusion of light, but still remotely pervading the atmosphere with its softly luminous presence. The larger planets shone with a misty halo, while the unseen myriads of the heavens were but indistinctly defined through the gauzy woof of cloud which radiated from the zenith downward, like a vast aerial cobweb. The fields, already nipped by the autumn frost, showed a long, bleak stretch of neutral brown, shading where a rising hillock caught the misty moon rays into a ghostly, bloodless green."

The examination in serious fiction being over, we have space to remark upon a couple of mere *divertissements*. The

First Violin¹ and Airy Fairy Lilian.² The former — one of the better of those books which are agreeable to read chiefly because they have evidently pleased the author so thoroughly in the writing — is a musical novel, but not as deeply, darkly, and distressingly musical as some. It seems to have been written rather out of yearning love than exhaustive knowledge of the divine art, and one who has attended the Harvard Concerts with but moderate assiduity ought to be able perfectly to understand its phraseology and allusions. It is perhaps a little affected to employ a phrase of Bach or a strain of Chopin for the caption to a chapter, but not very much more so than to use the refrain of a Spanish ballad or a bit out of a Greek play. Like most books of its class, this one is false to fact, and so far pernicious, in that it represents the artist heroine as passing at a bound, and while she is yet, we believe, in her teens, from student exiguity and obscurity to an unqualified public success, and so to fame and wealth; and any enthusiastic girl, with a clear voice, who feels her ambition kindled by the vision of this triumph, would do well slowly to re-read the stern and weighty chapter in Daniel Deronda in which Klesmer advises Gwendolen about her projected career. But the heroine of *The First Violin* is, happily, no more sealed to art than was Gwendolen, and her love story is romantic and more than fairly interesting. As in *Falconberg*, the plot of the tale turns upon a forgery, which, in this case, the hero did not really commit, but only suffered vicariously for an inferior being who did; and if the philosophic author of *Falconberg* seems, in the abundance of his charity, to treat his hero's transgression of the law rather too leniently, the equilibrium of our moral sense ought certainly to be restored by the terrors of that civil and social death to which Eugen is calmly abandoned by his strenuous family. It is the crime of Von Francius and Adelaide to which the author of *The First Violin* appears inclined to be almost more than merciful. But

the character of Von Francius is subtly drawn, and even the prostrate adoration of his biographer does not divest Eugen of his rather sorrowful but entirely manly fascination.

Airy Fairy Lilian is the foolish title of a triumphantly foolish book. The young person of that name whom Tenyson celebrated in one of his younger and greener lyrics was not, if we remember rightly, a very marked or sterling character, but she was weighty and, as the author of *Avis* would say, "poised" compared with the heroine of this profitless tale. Yet, as a would-be wise man, at a party, will shamefacedly excuse himself to Juno and Minerva, and find his account for the evening in a long and beaming interview with the slightest and sauciest *débutante* present, provided only she have a *je ne sais quoi* of grace and archness and mignonnette-like prettiness, so we must confess to a sneaking fondness for Lilian and her light-minded but evidently veracious historian. The witchery of a naughty little belle — a very naughty, and not at all clever, and not particularly refined little belle — is rarely more effectively reproduced than in this gossamer chronicle; and when, in the short waits between the acts of the farce, we again catch an echo of the words of George Eliot, they sound like the tolling of nothing less heavy than a minister-bell: "What, in the midst of this mighty drama, are girls and their blind visions? They are the yea and nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affection."

Lilian is an egg-shell at the very best, but a deplorably pretty effect is produced by pairing her with her twin cousin and perfect likeness, the Guardsman; and if you had chanced to overhear the following dialogue between two beautiful youth of nineteen, a boy and a girl, you would have giggled with weak gratification, and you do no less when, with abundant self-scorn, you peruse it in print.

¹ *The First Violin*. By JESSIE FOTHERGILL. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879. Leisure Hour Series.

² *Airy Fairy Lilian*. A Novel. By the Author of Molly Bawn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

"Look here, Lil, don't you have anything to do with that man. He is n't up to the mark, by any means. He is too dark, and there is something queer about his eyes. I saw a man once who had cut the throats of his mother, his grandmother, and all his nearest relations, and his eyes were just like Chesney's. Don't marry him, whatever you do."

"I won't," laughing. "I should hate to have my throat cut."

"There 's Chetwode, now," says Taffy, who begins to think that he is a very deep and delicate diplomatist. "He 's a very decent fellow, all round, if you like."

"I do like, certainly. It is quite a comfort to know Sir Guy is not indecent."

"Oh, you know what I mean, well enough. There 's nothing underhand about Chetwode. By the way, what have you been doing to him? He 's awfully down on his luck all day."

"I?" coldly. "What should I do to Sir Guy?"

"I don't know, I'm sure; but girls have a horrid way of teasing a fellow while pretending to be perfectly civil to him all the time. It's my private opinion," says Mr. Musgrave mysteriously, "and I flatter myself I'm seldom wrong—that your guardian is dead spoons on you."

"Really, Taffy"—begins Lilian, angrily.

"Yes, he is. You take my word for it. I'm rather a judge in such matters. Bet you a fiver," says Mr. Musgrave, "he proposes to you before the year is out."

"I wonder, Taffy, how you can be so vulgar!" says Lilian, with crimson cheeks and a fine show of superior breeding. "I never bet. I forbid you to speak to me on this subject again. Sir Guy, I assure you, has as much intention of proposing to me as I have of accepting him, should he do so."

"More fool you!" says Taffy, unabashed. "I'm sure he 's much nicer than that melancholy Chesney. If I were a girl I'd marry him straight off."

"Perhaps he would not marry you," replied Lilian, cuttingly.

"Would n't he? He would, like a shot, if I were like Lilian Chesney," says Taffy positively.

"Like a shot? What does that mean?" says Miss Chesney, with withering sarcasm. "It is a pity you cannot forget your school-boy slang, and try to be a gentleman. I don't think you ever hear that decent fellow, Sir Guy, or even that cut-throat, Archibald, use it," etc., etc.

This may not have been worth doing, but it is done precisely as well as possible, and the Lilian and Taffy of the present treatise are no more like the Molly and Teddy of the author's last than one school-girl and one freshman are, seemingly, like another.

Of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's earlier stories,¹ reprinted since the great and richly merited success of *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, not much need be said. They are curiously devoid of merit, or even of what is usually called the promise of merit. They are hackneyed in plot, cheap and sickly in sentiment, and lavish of millinery. When one thinks of the strong and highly-wrought, yet simple, symmetrical, and peculiarly noble romance which has lately made this author famous, one wonders how or why she should so resolutely, one might almost say perversely, have reserved the power that was in her. These effortless and frequently silly tales are not merely immeasurably inferior, but totally unlike in character, to her serious work. It is all very well for the author of *Airy Fairy* Lilian to give the whole of his mind to the study of a peacock's feather,—and peacocks' feathers, as we know too well, constitute, just now, a distinct and rather extensive branch of art,—but Mrs. Burnett has shown herself capable of the more difficult achievement of drawing to the life an eagle upon the wing.

When the versatile author who calls herself Henri Gréville first became popularly known among us by her gay little story of *Dosia*, some slight surprise was felt that the possessor of a talent which,

¹ *Kathleen Mavourneen. Theo. Pretty Polly Pemberton.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1879.

however fascinating and amusing, appeared, to judge by that book only, extremely light should have won a prize from the august and difficult French Academy. Yet even in *Dosia* it was impossible to mistake the graceful and dexterous handling of the proficient, and here and there that intangible, indefinable something which we call the sign of reserved power.

After *Dosia*, a dozen or so of Madame Gréville's earlier and later romances were given us in breathless succession. Their very multitude confused their effect and made an impression of overproduction, and of that reckless affluence which almost always means waste and early exhaustion. Nor can any one of these crowded publications be said to have gone a great way toward fulfilling the promise which we vaguely felt to have been offered us in *Dosia*, although they all, in a rather remarkable variety of tones, repeated it. It is otherwise with the latest, *Markof*,¹ which to our thinking sets its author in the very front rank of contemporary novelists.

Markof is a story of Russian home and artist life: simple, and still dramatic; deeply discerning, yet unfailingly delicate, a little sad, and not a little droll; a scrupulously fair and faithful, yet friendly and hopeful study. Of course, as the complement of this eminently courteous and sympathetic picture of life in what we have come to regard as the native country of the monstrous and mysterious, we see always the relentlessly sombre showing of the overmastering Tourgénéff. The echo of that joyless voice, drily denouncing judgment, is always in our ears when there is talk of Russia; but somehow, the stiller, smaller voice which speaks in *Markof* is so well modulated and sane and clear that it carries more of conviction than the prophet's thunders.

The light in which Madame Gréville sets her scene is a deal more like the sweet, diffused light of heaven and common day than the lurid atmosphere of the cynical master. It is true that along

with a large and very tenderly assorted variety of fine and generous types of character, some of Tourgénéff's more sinister ones appear, — and notably that of the ruthless siren who has gradually become to our minds the complete epitome of all that is most fiendish in womanhood. In Tourgénéff, as we know too well, she is wont to have her own malignant way. She is the mechanical goddess of the nether world, who appears to restore and confirm the kingdom of chaos, where a feeble order had striven to assert itself. But in *Markof*, though the egotistical and super-impressible nature of the artist hero might have been expected to render him an easy prey, the bad goddess, though she triumphs for a space, is foiled and humiliated in the end. Two honest loves, in fervid alliance, fight gallantly for the soul in danger, and effect its rescue: the touching, self-annihilating love of the artist's hunchback brother; the more sorrowing and discerning, but ever pure and purifying, passion of the gentle but admirably high-spirited Hélène. We grumble, when the fight is won, that Hélène is too good for Démiane; but the author's skill has sufficed to show us in the latter just one of those men who will be good themselves under the influence of a better woman, and no otherwise. And it is to be observed that, in real life, such unions appear to be, of all others, those in which a woman is most sure to be humbly and profoundly happy, — whereby aliens are certainly cheated of their right to complain.

Markof is full of what we receive unquestioningly as "local color;" that is to say, of strange half tints, which assuredly never rested on any sea other than the Caspian, or any land save that of the Czar. Almost all the minor characters are interesting, and one is entrancing, and we see him far too little, — an archimandrite (whatever that is) of the Greek Church, in whom there is a divine mingling of modesty and majesty; as full of human sympathies as of angelic aspirations; of the utmost punctilio of the man of honor side by side with the utmost self-surrender of the devotee.

¹ *Markof, the Russian Violinist*. By HENRI GRÉVILLE. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

The Colonel's Opera Cloak¹ is irresistibly suggestive of a shawl-strap, a luncheon basket and an umbrella, and the agonizing cross-lights of a parlor-car. Hardly a half day can be wiled away in its perusal, but that fraction of time will go agreeably rather than otherwise. The book is laughable, and reads like a professed humorist's deliberately exaggerated

ed, but not particularly ill-natured, narrative of facts. The manner is like Miss Alcott's, and it therefore goes without saying that, along with an abundance of unfastidious fun, there are good feeling and common sense, very life-like and often lively talk of average people, and some love-making of a plain, wholesome, innocent and quotidian sort.

A LESSON IN A PICTURE.

So it is whispered, here and there,
 That you are rather pretty? Well?
 (Here 's matter for a bird of the air
 To drop down from the dusk and tell.)
 Let's have no lights, my child. Somehow,
 The shadow suits your blushes now.

The blonde young man who called to-day
 (He only rang to leave a book?—
 Yes, and a flower or two, I say!)
 Was handsome, look you. Will you look?
 You did not know his eyes were fine,—
 You did not? Can you look in mine?

What is it in this picture here
 That you should suddenly watch it so?
 A maiden leaning, half in fear,
 From her far casement; and, below,
 In cap and plumes (or cap and bells!),
 Some fairy tale her lover tells.

Suppose this lonesome night could be
 Some night a thousand springs ago,
 Dim round that tower; and you were she,
 And your shy friend her lover (Oh!),
 And I—her mother! And suppose
 I knew just why she wore that rose.

Do you think I'd kiss my girl, and say,
 "Make haste to bid the wedding guest,
 And make the wedding garment gay.
 You could not find in East or West
 So brave a bridegroom; I rejoice
 That you have made so sweet a choice" ?

¹ *The Colonel's Opera Cloak.* Second No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.
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Or say, "To look forever fair,
 Just keep this turret-moonlight wound
 About your face; stay in mid-air:
 Rope-ladders lead one to the ground,
 Where all things take the touch of tears,
 And nothing lasts a thousand years"?

Sallie M. B. Piatt.

"NOBILITY AND GENTRY."

THE word "gentleman" is peculiarly English. In other languages it has counterparts, but not equivalents. Although its application has been widened even in England during the last century, the core of its meaning has not been changed. To this, rather, there have been made additions, as the suburbs have been added to old London; but the city is the city still. It is in the English of England only that the word has this inner steadfastness; for, as I have had occasion to say before, when writing upon another subject, in "America" this word is entirely without meaning unless we know the person who uses it; and generally, too, we must know the occasion of its use and the persons before whom it is spoken. A gentleman is properly a man of gentle, or genteel, birth and condition; and this sense remains fixed in the word in England, although it has there, besides, all the varieties of meaning and of use that it has in the United States. When the gentlemen of the county are spoken of, or the gentlemen of England, not every man is meant, nor even every respectable, educated, and decently behaving man. There is implied a certain condition in life, a certain social position, which may or may not be accompanied, but which generally is accompanied, by a certain degree of wealth. But an English gentleman in his completeness is much more than this, even if he is lord of thousands of acres upon which his forefathers have lived for centuries. Earl Dudley, writing to the Bishop of Llandaff in 1821,

said of Mr. Stuart-Wortley (a political opponent) that on an occasion of much public importance he "spoke as became a great English gentleman;" and the Emperor Nicholas said that to be an English gentleman was his highest ambition. Now the earl and the emperor had something much more in mind than the visible position of a man whose forefathers had been "spacious in the possession of dirt." It was an idea of a man of independence, of probity, of a high sense of honor, of courage, of personal dignity, of good breeding, and of some knowledge of the world and of books. The ideal English gentleman adds all these to the position which is given him by his birth and his estate; and it is because it is acknowledged that, in theory at least, gentle birth in England, and the condition of life by which gentle birth is usually accompanied there, tend to foster all those fine qualities of manhood, and because they are expected of a man in that position, that the word gentleman has come to be, of all words that can be applied to a man, the most gracious and the most comprehensive of all that is admirable and lovable and of good report, and that it has come to mean something that is not always found under the coronets of earls or the crowns of emperors.

A complete English gentleman is thus one of a class composed of the most admirable and enviable men that can be found or imagined. It is not in human nature that the whole of a large class, or even the great majority of a large

class, should be men of such completeness; but such is the model which the man aspiring and honestly striving to be an English gentleman has before his mind's eye.

Besides this name and notion of the individual gentleman, there is in English, for the class or body of which he is one, a name, a word, which has neither counterpart nor equivalent in any other tongue, — *gentry*. This word means, first, the condition in life of a person gentle by birth and breeding; as when Mrs. Page says to Mrs. Ford, in regard to Falstaff's love-making, "And so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy *gentry*." Next, and as now most commonly used, it means the whole body of those who are distinguished from people below them in rank by being of acknowledged gentle, or (to use again an old fashioned word) genteel, birth and condition, and from those above them by not being noble according to the English rating of nobility. For in England nobility is a dearer possession and is more charily bestowed than it is in other countries that have an established aristocracy. English literature is thorny with slighting allusions to French and Italian counts and German barons; and the sharpness is not the mere sprouting of prejudice or of arrogance. In England nobility means very much more than it does on the continent of Europe. Not that English nobility is more ancient, more important in history, or more splendid in associations than the nobility of France, of Spain, of Italy, or of Germany. On the contrary, any one of the latter countries can show a roll of nobles who, in the antiquity of their titles, the grandeur of their positions, the importance of their actions, and the vastness of their possessions, far surpass the existing nobility of England, which, with few exceptions, is comparatively of recent origin and of minor historical dignity. The superiority of English nobility consists, first, in the fact of its limitation to peers of the realm, who have a seat and a voice in the House of Lords; and, next, in that this rank and position is, practically, always the accompani-

ment, the token, the splendid witness, of large landed possessions and correspondent political and social influence.

An English nobleman is a great landlord. The tillers of thousands of acres, the dwellers in half a dozen or a dozen of villages, occupy their land and their houses by his sufferance, — because they pay him rent. The exceptions to this rule are so few that they are of no significance. Macaulay and Disraeli are the two most eminent examples of comparatively landless men who have been ennobled in England. For Marlborough and Wellington great estates were bought. And as to Macaulay and Disraeli, it may be safely assumed that if they had had children, or expectation of children, they would not have been made peers. Peerage merely personal and not hereditary is scouted by the House of Lords; and an hereditary lordship without an income to support the dignity, and without landed property, is abhorrent to Englishmen, or, what is worse, ridiculous.

In the history of England, one fact is remarkable in regard to its social aspect: there has never been that hatred of the nobility by the common people which has been so often manifested in other countries, and which in other countries has been the cause of so much political disturbance. The common people of England have always been proud of the nobility; and they may even yet be said to be proud of them. The liberals, the very radicals, are opposed to nobility rather in a theoretical way. I did not hear a word among the lower classes and the lower middle classes of disrespect toward the nobility as a class, or of dislike of noblemen as nobles. It should be said, however, that I saw less of the lower middle class, that is, of small shopkeepers and of artisans, than of any other, — much less than I saw of the peasantry and of the corresponding classes in the towns. This is natural. A stranger, not in the condition of the former, is by force of circumstances thrown among the upper middle classes, and, if he happen to have acquaintances in it, among the aristocracy. Among the farmers and the peasantry he may go if he will; but dissimi-

larity of habits makes intercourse with the classes just above them constrained and without interest, and even access to them difficult. And these people, — the lower middle class, — notwithstanding their great numbers, are of the least importance in the organization of English society. They have no apparent influence upon it, and do not represent it in any way. This will be apparent from the consideration of the fact that they furnish neither private soldiers nor officers to the army, and, with very rare exceptions, no scholars to the universities, no members to the learned professions, and it need hardly be said, with exceptions of like rarity, no members to Parliament.

This lower middle class, however, shares with the lower classes — the lowest — a feeling toward the aristocracy which is the result of a peculiarity in the constitution of English nobility, — a peculiarity which is as old as England itself. The commoners of England have never been overridden by an army of nobles. In other countries all the sons of noblemen have been and are noblemen, and the land has swarmed with counts and barons, who assumed the bearing and had the privileges of nobles, who held themselves aloof from all intercourse with those of inferior birth, and disdained to give themselves to any useful occupation. It is not so in England, and, for centuries at least, it has not been so. There the son of a nobleman of the highest rank is a commoner before the law; and, except by courtesy, he has neither title nor privilege.¹ He has the advantage of his connection, which is of course very great, and which gives him position and opportunities the value of which can hardly be overestimated. But before the law he is only a commoner, like a shopkeeper or an artisan; and any one of these may, if he will, enter upon the unequal contest with him for any of the good things of life, or even

for its high places. And unequal as the contest is, men from the lower classes have risen, as we all know, to the highest places in the English social scale, — to the bench, to bishoprics, to the wool-sack, to the peerage. It is the consciousness of this possibility, the consciousness of the limitation of nobility and its privileges, the consciousness of the established rights and recognized power of the commons, which has kept the nobility of England so long in its eminent and (with allowance for the evils and the defects almost inevitably consequent upon an aristocracy) its admirable position. English landlords are generally respected, often liked, and not rarely loved by their tenantry. English noblemen are looked up to and treated with willing deference by all below them in rank, unless by their own conduct they forfeit respect and deference. No Englishman hates them because they are noble.

Because, however, there are no nobles in England except the peers, the members of the House of Lords, it does not follow that there is no other aristocracy. An English gentleman — using the word in its proper English sense, already set forth — is noble. The gentry of England correspond to the *petite noblesse* of other countries which have an aristocratic society. Many an English gentleman, a mere commoner, whose forefathers have been commoners time out of mind, is tenfold a more important personage in every respect than hundreds of Continental counts and barons are. He has birth of which he is as honorably conscious, perhaps as proud, as any count or baron of them all; he bears arms which his forefathers have borne for centuries; and, more than all, he lives in the house and is lord of the acres which have been in his family for generations. In the observation of English society, it must be constantly borne in mind that, although only peers are noblemen, the English gentry are a kind

¹ The accomplished author of that very clever and delicate caricature, *An International Episode*, has, in a moment of forgetfulness, erred on this point. Lord Lambeth, although as the eldest son of a duke he was by courtesy a marquis, was really a commoner; and, being neither a peer nor a member of the

House of Commons, he was not a legislator at all, hereditary or otherwise. His reply to his fair Yankee captivator's question as to his speaking in the House of Lords should have been that he had no right even to enter that house, except as a stranger.

of nobility, and that in any other country having an aristocracy they, or at least the greater part of them, would be ranked as nobles. Mr. Stuart-Wortley, whom Lord Dudley wrote of as a great English gentleman, was soon afterward raised to the peerage as Lord Wharncliffe. By this he gained a step in rank; but he hardly gained in importance in Yorkshire, where his family had been seated as great English gentlemen for five centuries. He was rather made a peer because of that very importance, and because of his course in Parliament.

The present nobility of England, as I have before remarked, is not an old nobility. Very few English peers bear titles which have been in their own families more than three hundred years. This is through no fault of theirs; nor is it by reason of any incapacity of England to breed a grand and enduring nobility. But nobility is, after all that may be said, only a matter of hereditary landed wealth, and of the importance and the opportunities given by such hereditary wealth. Therefore, where inheritance fails, no less than where wealth fails, nobility, dependent upon the union of the two, is extinguished. The noble Norman possessors of England, and such Englishmen as they had gradually admitted to their order, killed each other in the Wars of the Roses. If they had been "Americans," and each party had regarded the other as "Indians," they could not have more thoroughly improved each other off the face of the earth. Consequently, the Tudor kings of England had to make an almost new nobility. But it was not until the second Tudor king, who was so afflicted with wives, took into the possession of the crown all the land of the abbeys and monasteries throughout the kingdom that the new royal family had on hand a good stock of the material for new noble-making. It must be confessed that they were not allowed to be slack in the labor of their vocation. Would-be noblemen fell upon their monarch like robbers upon an unsinging traveler. Favorites, courtiers, soldiers, eminent lawyers, asked for land and for titles, for abbeys, for

priories, for manors. They begged for them; they importuned, they intrigued, for them; they offered themselves souls and bodies in exchange for them. The lands and the houses most of them got, and many of them got the titles. Such a swarm of human harpies was never let loose upon a country as that which ravaged England from 1540 to 1600. It is to this rapacity, this gathering of the vultures over the carcass of the Roman church, that most of the oldest noble families in England owe their possessions and their peerages. Some of those highest in rank owe their coronets to the efforts made by that estimable monarch, Charles II., with the aid of Barbara Palmer, Louise de Quérouaille, and Nell Gwynn, to increase the nobility of the kingdom. Those three ladies (the first two were made duchesses, respectively, of Cleveland and of Portsmouth) did their best to prevent the race of dukes from dying out in England; and verily their representatives have done likewise unto this day.

Many more modern noble houses owe their rank to the needs of Sir Robert Walpole and other ministers for votes in the House of Lords. Many peerages were bought, outright, from James I. and his successors. Nor has the fashion of getting them by some such influence entirely gone out, it would seem, even in the present day. Baron Stockmar tells of an application to him by a man eminent in the literary world (could it have been Bulwer?), who offered him a very large sum of money if he would support his petition to be made a peer. The baron gave the application such a reception as it deserved. A man in his position in the court of Henry VIII., Edward IV., Mary, James I., or the earlier Georges would have taken the bribe, and perhaps have obtained the title. Clarendon, who recorded what he knew, tells us that even poor Charles I. in the extremity of his distress, and Charles II. when in exile during the Commonwealth, were tormented by importunities for titles. It is not thus that the untutored mind imagines the growth of an old nobility. But it is thus that the greater

part of what is called the old nobility of England came into being. To this rule there are some admirable and many respectable exceptions, to specify which would be both superfluous and invidious.

Admitting, however, that the origin of few — comparatively few — noble houses in England could be remembered by an honorable man with pleasure, does it follow that the English nobility is to be regarded and estimated from the point of its origin? I think not. The ancestors of most of these noblemen got their lands and their lordships in the manner which was the fashion of their day. The matter would not be at all bettered if the old Norman nobility had survived. In the eleventh century the fashion of getting lands and lordships was by conquest; in plain words, by forcible robbery. Then the great man was the strong man. In the condition of society at that time, it was inevitable that the strong should take and keep. Dugdale¹ quotes from the record of an old trial, or examination, in which a certain baron of Norman descent is asked by what title he holds a certain manor. Whereupon *produxit in curiam gladium suum antiquum et evaginatum*, etc., — he produced in court, unsheathed, his ancient sword, — and said that this was his title; that his ancestors had come to England to conquer it for themselves and for their children, and that they had conquered it, and that their children meant to keep what their fathers had taken. Plain speaking, but the simple truth. These men got their manors, in virtue of which they were summoned to Parliament as barons, by seizing them violently, slaying or driving out their old owners, and holding the land by force of arms. Those of some hundreds of years later got theirs by the arts of courtiers, by favoritism, by importunity, by intrigue, or as soldiers, or as lawyers, in reward for services which would not be thought very admirable by Englishmen of to-day, or even perhaps tolerable, unless they were performed in India or in Africa.

Some of those of a century or so later got theirs because some half dozen women bore illegitimate children to a king of England: those of yet another century because they served the ends of an unscrupulous prime minister. But however this may be, it happened long ago; and the present fact to be considered is that their descendants are in possession — legal possession — of the lands and the titles. This being the case, they must be regarded, and they will be regarded, as to their estates and their rank, just as if they had bought the one with money, and won the other from a grateful king and people by an exhibition of all the ennobling virtues in the service of their country. As to personal character and conduct, it is they, not their forefathers, who must be judged by the standards of to-day. What does it matter to an anxious mother that the man proposing for her daughter is descended from a pretty actress? It is not unlikely that among his married ancestresses there were women far less estimable than she in every way; and the present fact is that he has forty or fifty thousand acres, and is a duke, and that he is just as likely to be a decent man and a good and loving husband as if all his foremothers had been she-dragons of chastity. Of what moment is it to his friends, his political associates, his tenantry, how his ancestor got his title and his lands two hundred or three hundred years ago, or what were the personal traits of that ancestor's character? Hardly more than whether his ancestor was tall or short, or whether his lady-mother's nose was snub or aquiline. He has full possession of his rank and his estates, and it is not his ancestor or ancestress whose personal character concerns us, and who is to be tried by our moral standards. If we are to go into the origin of titles to possession which are centuries old, we shall oust more than half the peoples and governments of Europe and America. A consideration of these facts may modify the views of some who seem to think

¹ Or perhaps Camden. It is twenty years since I read the passage, and I have not the book now, or time to go to the Astor Library. I am quite sure as

to the passage, and it makes little difference whether the authority is Camden or Dugdale.

of nobility as if it were born full-grown out of the chaos of the dark ages, and of others who regard every nobleman as a robber and an oppressor, because he did not buy his estate at an auction.

The relative degrees of rank in the English nobility, and the position of the members of noble families and of commoners who bear titles, are so frequently misapprehended by people in general, and even misrepresented by accomplished writers, that I shall venture to set them forth succinctly, even at the risk of seeming to offer needless instruction to many of my readers.

The various ranks of noblemen now in England are, beginning at the lowest, baron, viscount, earl, marquess, and duke. Every peer is a baron, and every baron is a peer. The House of Lords is, and has always been, an assemblage of the barons of England. A baron being in the old feudal sense of the word a man who is lord of certain manors, and who, upon the summons of his sovereign, must take the field at the head of a body of retainers, the title is a generic one for noblemen of all ranks. Thus Magna Charta was extorted from King John by certain barons; but they were the most important and powerful noblemen in the kingdom. A man summoned to Parliament by writ was summoned as baron of a certain lordship in land which gave him his title, or one of his titles; and a man who in modern days is raised to the peerage is made a baron, whatever other and higher rank may be bestowed upon him. But the title baron is never used in England in addressing a peer. On the Continent it is used in speech and in writing; and barons are baroned from morning till night by every person who addresses them. In England the word used is simply "lord;" and this is applied to all peers below the rank of duke, except in formal addresses or other documents, or "in print," when there is some reason for particular distinction.

The next step in nobility is to the rank of viscount, which, however, is not an old title in English nobility, and, like marquess, is not regarded as particularly English. A nobleman raised from the

rank of baron to that of viscount still retains his baronage. Thus if a gentleman were raised to the peerage as Baron Stratford, he would be called Lord Stratford; and if he were afterwards made Viscount Avon, he would be called Lord Avon, but he would still be Baron Stratford as well as Viscount Avon. This adhesion of the inferior titles (except in certain cases of limitation by patent) continues as the nobleman rises, if he should rise, to the highest rank; and if our supposed example were made Earl of Coventry, then Marquess of Coventry, and finally Duke of Warwickshire, he would be baron, viscount, earl, and marquess, as well as duke; and he might also be a baronet; and all his titles would be mentioned in an account of his rank in the peerage.

Earl is the oldest of English titles, and of all titles is the most thoroughly English. There are barons, viscounts, marquesses, and dukes in other countries, but earls only in England. I am sure that I cannot be alone in finding a peculiar charm and attractiveness in the position and title of an English earl. He has the rank which was once the highest in the land, and which is still high enough to be of great distinction, while it is not one which must be kept up with a great deal of splendor, and his title is one peculiar to his country. I know that if I were an English earl I should not receive with any great thankfulness an offer to make my wife into a "female markis," especially if my earldom were one around which was a cluster of pleasant historical associations; for example, the earldom of Warwick, or that of Derby.

Marquess, which means lord of the marches (that is, borders), is a title unknown in England before 1385. The first English marquess, Robert Vere, had an Irish title, Marquess of Dublin, which was bestowed upon him by Parliament at the pleasure of Richard II. It was rarely bestowed afterwards, until the last century. Its chief advantage seems to be that it affords the crown, or the crown's advisers, a degree of nobility to which they may raise an earl without making him a duke. Dukes are in-

tended to be very rare birds indeed. To be raised to a dukedom, a man must be enormously rich, and have very great connections. A marquess, although next him in rank, may be a long way behind him in these respects.

Duke, the title of the highest rank next to that of the princes of the blood royal, is the third in antiquity in England as a title of honor and dignity. As the name of an office, *dux*, it was used in very remote times all over Europe; but the first English duke was Edward the Black Prince, whom his father made Duke of Cornwall; whence the oldest son born to the reigning monarch is born Duke of Cornwall, but not Prince of Wales, the latter title being afterward conferred upon him.

A duke is the only English noble who is usually addressed by his title. It is proper, in addressing him at the beginning of a conversation, or after a break in it, to say, for example, "Duke, will you be kind enough?" etc.; at other times, it is almost needless to say, he is addressed as "your grace," in the use of which title much want of discretion and self-respect may be shown. But no other nobleman is commonly addressed by his title, as marquess, earl, or viscount. All from baron to duke are addressed simply as "my lord;" and in the use of "your lordship," although it is legitimate, there is a peril similar to that in the use of "your grace."

This phrase, "your grace," is called the style of a duke, who is formally addressed on letters and otherwise as His Grace, the Duke of, etc. The style of a marquis is the Most Noble; that of earls, viscounts, and barons, the Right Honorable. But, except in the case of a duke, who is supposed to be a very awful and inapproachable person, friends, in writing to each other, usually omit these styles, and address the marquess or earl of —, or, more generally, use simply Lord.

This is an end of nobility, except that nobility which comes of office, as in the case of bishops, the lord chancellor, and certain judges, which, except in the case of the lord chancellor, is not nobility at

all. All other titles are merely what are called courtesy titles borne by commoners, or titles of knighthood, the bearers of which are also commoners. The son of a duke, a marquess, or an earl bears the second title of his father, by the courtesy of the crown. A duke, as I have already remarked, is also an earl, a viscount, and a baron, and generally, but not always, a marquess; a marquess is also an earl and a viscount and a baron, and so on. The eldest son of a duke bears, therefore, as his courtesy title, that of his father's marquessate or earldom. For example, the Marquess of Hartington is a commoner, just like John Smith; and he is a member of the House of Commons, which he would not be if he were really a marquess. But by courtesy he is called by the second title of his father, the Duke of Devonshire. But the Duke of Norfolk's eldest son is not by courtesy a marquess, but an earl, — Earl of Surrey; because the dukedom of Norfolk is older than the day when the fashion of making English marquesses came into vogue, and his second title is Earl of Surrey, which he would not have made marquess for any sum of money that could be offered him. The younger sons of dukes and marquesses (although of course commoners) are called Lord, and their daughters Lady. Thus the eminent statesman who for forty years and more was known to all the world as Lord John Russell was only a commoner, and would have been described in a legal document as the Honorable John Russell, commonly called Lord John Russell. His "lordship" came to him only by courtesy, because he was a younger son of the Duke of Bedford. He was made a peer in his own right, as Earl Russell.

It should be mentioned, however, that there may be and have been lords in the House of Commons who are noblemen, bearing their titles not by courtesy, but by inheritance or patent. These are Scotch or Irish peers. To sit in the House of Lords, a peer must be a peer of Great Britain, or of the realm, as it is called, unless he is elected as a representative peer from Scotland or Ireland.

All English peers are peers of Great Britain; but Scotch and Irish peers are not so, unless in addition to their Scotch and Irish peerages they have an English peerage. Thus, the Duke of Argyll, a Scotch peer, sits in the House of Lords as Baron Sundridge and Hamilton in the peerage of Great Britain, and the Marquess of Drogheda, an Irish peer, as Baron Moore of Moore Park, Kent. Lord Palmerston was an instance of a nobleman's being in the House of Commons. He was third Viscount Palmerston in the peerage of Ireland; but he was not only English (he was of the family of Sir William Temple), but the most English of Englishmen. He was elected member for the Isle of Wight in 1807, and sat in the House of Commons for nearly fifty years, during which time he was twice prime minister. He was one of the most powerful of British subjects: he made peers of Great Britain, and bishops and archbishops; but he himself never rose in rank, or even became a peer of the realm, but passed his political life in the House of Commons.

The presence of a Christian name after the title Lord is in itself evidence that the bearer of the title is not a nobleman, not a peer, and also that he is a younger son of a duke or a marquess. And so also Lady Marys and Lady Sarahs are not peeresses, but the daughters of earls, marquesses, and dukes. For the sons and daughters of viscounts and barons bear no courtesy title, but are styled Honorable. This title Honorable, which is made ridiculous in the United States by its bestowal upon every man who fills, or has ever filled, one of our million public offices, however petty, is little used in England, except as a token of noble descent; and it pertains, as I have remarked, as well to women as to men, which is also true of Right Honorable in case of peeresses or the daughters of dukes and marquesses. This is shown by an old poetical satire, *The Metamorphosis of the Town*, 1731, upon the fancy costumes worn then on the Mall:—

"Look, yonder comes a pleasant crew
With high crowned hats, long aprons, too,
Good, pretty girls, I vow and swear;
But wherefore do they hide their ware?
Ware? what d' ye mean? What is 't you tell?
Why! don't they eggs and butter sell?
Alas, no y' are mistaken quite.
She on the left hand, dressed in white,
Is Lady C——, her spouse, a knight;
But for the other lovely three
They all Right Honourables be."

This Lady C——, although she was my Lady, was a commoner, and the wife of a commoner. A knight baronet, or a simple knight, who may be an alderman, a painter, or a musician, is called Sir, and his wife is called Lady, just as any peeress is, under the rank of a duchess. Baronets are peculiar to England. They are commoners; and yet they have an hereditary title. The title was originally sold by James I., who invented it for the purpose of raising money by its sale to quell a rebellion in Ulster; whence all baronets bear the red band of Ulster in their shields of arms.

Knighthood is not hereditary; because it is always conferred upon the bearer for services or qualities personal to himself. It was originally a very great honor, and one which noblemen did not always bear, but, bearing, always greatly prized. The Black Prince himself, the heir apparent to the throne, did not "win his spurs," the token of knighthood, until the battle of Cressy.¹ If conferred upon the field of battle, knighthood was a great distinction, and gave its bearer precedence before other knights not so created. But gradually it sank in estimation, because of the reasons for which it was bestowed. In Shakespeare's time it was given "on carpet consideration," and from that time it became more and more common, until now it is the lowest and least regarded of all tokens of social distinction. It has, however, one remnant of its original value: it belongs to the person, and must be won. But one of the acknowledged gentry of England would not receive with pleasure a proposal that he should be knighted, except, indeed, in the form of being made, for conspicuous

¹ I have found so many intelligent persons in error upon the point that I am sure I shall be pardoned for mentioning that Edward of Woodstock was a

fair, blue-eyed man, with light hair. It was his armor that was black.

merit in the public service, a Knight Commander of the Bath; for that a simple gentleman should be made a Knight of the Garter is quite inconceivable. The garter is reserved for noblemen of high rank; and during the last century and a half it has been worn by many dull and sordid and even base creatures, who had no claim to it but large possessions and great parliamentary influence.

Baronetcy, however, and even simple knighthood are prized for one reason, — precedence. There is in precedence a fascination which even the sturdy manliness of the so-called Anglo-Saxon mind seems unable to escape. To have the right — a right recognized on all formal occasions — to take place before some one else is one of the most highly-prized privileges of rank. It cannot be regarded as a magnanimous ambition; and to see how much this is thought of tends greatly to diminish respect for an aristocratic organization of society. The disputes in regard to it which are recorded here and there in history; the bitter heart-burnings about the right to certain seats or places in court; the painful consideration of the grave question as to whether a royal or a princely personage is to take two steps forward or three in receiving a certain guest, or in what exact order some half a dozen others are to be placed at table, or which of two ambassadors is to be received first, and with what ceremonies, and so forth, and so forth, seem to be the mere magnification of frivolity and fiddle-faddle. Courtesy is the flower of good-breeding, the rich, fine bloom upon the fruit of the highest culture; but between courtesy and etiquette the difference is so great that they have really nothing in common. Courtesy is perennial, immortal; but etiquette is but the artificial manufacture of social pedantry, and changes not only from generation to generation, but sometimes from one year to another. The etiquette of precedence in England is a puzzling and intricate subject, which is in the hands of heralds and masters of ceremonies. It is regulated with an elaborate minuteness which is ridiculous, I am sure, even to many of those in whose favor it is established.

That the royal family should have precedence of all others; that dukes should have precedence of marquesses, marquesses of earls, and so forth; and that a line should be drawn somewhere, from below which people cannot go to court, seems sensible and right in an aristocratically constituted society. But when members of the same family are broken up into classes of precedence, and separated, and we are told that the eldest sons of dukes take precedence of earls, while the younger sons of dukes (all the sons being commoners, it should be remembered) come after earls and the eldest sons of marquesses; and when we find a specific place assigned to the eldest sons of the younger sons of peers, and another much lower to their brothers, the younger sons of the younger sons of peers, we must feel a little pity for grown men who are pleased at walking about in such filigree go-carts.

The complication resulting from this minute dissection and distribution of precedence has its liveliest illustration in the case of the female members of noble families, who generally take this matter of precedence most to heart. Thus, all the daughters of a peer have the rank of their eldest brother during the life-time of their father. All the daughters of a duke, therefore, rank as marchionesses; and this rank they retain, unless they are married to peers, in which case of course they take rank as peeresses. But if some of them should thus become countesses, viscountesses, or baronesses, and one of them should marry a commoner, whether a baronet or a coachman, she, as a duke's daughter, would still rank as a marchioness, and, although a commoner, take precedence of her peeress sisters. Her marriage to a commoner does not lower her in the scale of precedence, or raise him. Tittlebat Titmouse thought that when he married the Lady Cecilia he would be Lord something or other; but he found that it was not so; and other Titmice have been similarly disappointed. And can we forget "*The Countess of Warwick and Mr. Addison*"?

Precedence in England extends even into the servants' hall and the kitchen.

This is manifested every morning. At family prayers all the house servants attend, just as they used to do here in families in which that domestic discipline was kept up. A row of chairs is placed for them in the breakfast-room, and they enter and take their seats. The head of the house reads prayers and the lesson of the day, or some other part of the Bible. I observed that the servants in each house always entered in the same order, the housekeeper marching at the head of the line, and taking the seat farthest from the door. And it was, I am sorry to say, rather funny to see some dozen or more of them pound solemnly in and plump stolidly down upon their seats. After prayers are over, they of course rise and go out. But I saw that they did not go out in reverse order, the one nearest the door going out first, as would have been natural and convenient. They rose, stood in a line, and then the housekeeper went out first, followed by the servant next her; and thus the line doubled upon itself, the file thus telling itself off, so that the one who entered the room last left it last. The order of entering and leaving was the same. On speaking of this, I was told with smiles that precedence was strictly observed among them; that in the servants' hall the housekeeper took the head of the table, the butler the foot, and that the servants, upper and under, had places strictly assigned to them according to the dignity of their positions. What is the order of their sitting or of their going the lord of precedence only knows; but I suppose that the my lady's maid sits on the right hand of the butler, and my lord's own man on that of the housekeeper. At dinner they sit together at the common table down to chace; and the upper servants only rise and go in state to dessert in the housekeeper's room. The upper servants are those who have servants under them; an upper servant never wears livery. When visitors at a great house bring servants with them, the guests in the servants' hall are formally assigned places strictly according to the rank of their master or mistress. I learned also that

servants do call each other by the titles of their masters and mistresses, and that this incident of "high life below stairs" is no fiction. A nobleman told me, with much enjoyment of the joke, that when he was going about, a young heir expectant, and by courtesy Viscount —, he often heard the servants at the country-seats of his friends address his valet by his own title. He also heard something which he found much "jollier":—

There was a certain lady, a dowager peeress, no longer young, but rather youngish, who had an own man, a confidential servant, who was her factotum. One day my friend heard some of his own servants call out to this man by his mistress's title, and ask him to go somewhere or do something with them; to which he replied with a languid air, "Oh, I can't. I've got to take my old woman into the city to look after the stock-market. You know the old girl likes that sort of thing." He intimated with much glee that if Lady —, who was very airy and coquettish, had heard the words "old woman" and "old girl" she would have taken measures to have that man speedily poisoned. He told the story with so much mischief in his eye that I wonder that he refrained from telling it to the lady herself; but that would have been inhospitable and unkind; and that he should be either unkind or inhospitable it is quite impossible to believe.

This same gentleman also once unconsciously illustrated to me one trait of English aristocracy which is in many respects admirable, — independence of the opinion of others. He is of a family eminent for ability as well as for rank. When he was in New York, some twelve years ago, I had the pleasure of knowing him well, and one day I took him to see Miss Hosmer's statue of Zenobia. After we had looked at it for a while in silence, he turned to me, and quietly said, "Who was Zenobia? I don't know." Another nobleman of the same rank passing a day or two at my house, I had occasion to tell him that he would do well to change his drawers

for a thicker pair. "Drawers!" he replied, "I never wear them;" at which I was somewhat surprised; but he continued, "People tell me that it's not a nice habit not to wear drawers; but I can't see that it is n't nice; and as I don't like them, I don't wear them." Although I could not sympathize with my guest in his taste, I could not but like his independence of Mrs. Grundy. But what matter is it to a man who is an earl and a deputy-lieutenant of his county, with two seats, a town-house, two or three livings, and the control of a seat in Parliament, if Mrs. Grundy does whisper and sniff! He can afford to set her and her cackling at naught. The immunity of such a position has, on the other hand, its evil tendencies with evil men; but it leads, on the whole, to independence of personal character, which is an English trait.

Outside the circle, hardly below the rank, of the recognized gentry of England is the large, respectable, and all-powerful body known as the upper middle class. Of this there is of course a considerable number who are members of the various professions; but the greater number are merchants or manufacturers, or are connected with trade in some way. Those of them whom I had the pleasure of meeting did not in any way justify the pictures of them that we find in plays and novels, which, according to my observation, are not truthful representations of a class, but caricatures of individuals. I found these gentlemen, as a class, so intelligent and so well informed that I should hesitate in placing the merchants of New York, or even of Boston, as a class, in comparison with them. Many of them live in great luxury and with a splendid display; but very many who have wealth live, although in the height of comfort and elegance, more modestly, as, in their opinion, becomes their station. One of these, who lived in a cluster of spacious, elegant villas, with fair grounds about them, said to me, as we strolled past a very large house, "Mr. — has offended the taste of his

neighbors. He has built himself entirely too great a house for a man who does n't keep horses. A gentleman in England is a man who has horses and hot-houses." Now he himself had neither horses nor hot-houses, although he could well afford to have both; his plate bore a crest to which his right was undoubtedly, and he was a man of importance in an important place; besides which, he was certainly one of the best read and most thoughtful men I ever met, and a man of sterling character and high self-respect. But, being all this, he yet recognized with content his well-defined place in society. This cheerful recognition of place, even by those who are inferior, seemed to me remarkable. I spoke one day to a peeress of high rank in regard to what I had heard from some of her friends of the feeling of some members of the royal family about the marriage of the Princess Louise. "To be sure," was her reply, "how could it be otherwise? I suppose they feel very much as we should feel if one of our own rank should marry an upper servant." And this of the heir of MacAllum More, whose rank and family had been far above hers for centuries! It illustrated the same point that one day a peer replied to his wife, who said that a certain estate that was for sale would hardly find a buyer at the price asked for it, "Oh, my dear, you may be sure that the price will be paid by some opulent shopkeeper." If my host had brought out his coronet and set it solemnly on his head, he could not have more impressively asserted his rank; and the succession of *ops* in the last words of his reply seemed to give him great pleasure. They lingered upon his lips, and were uttered with unction.

Briefly, although the government of Great Britain is practically republican, and although the complaint there is that year by year their institutions are becoming more and more "Americanized," rank and precedence are still the coveted prizes and the paramount influences of English society.

Richard Grant White.

A WORD TO PHILOSOPHERS.

EVOLUTIONISTS, so apt
With your formulas exacting,
In your problems so enwrapt,
And your theories distracting;

Webs of metaphysic doubt
On your wheels forever spinning,
Turning nature inside out
From its end to its beginning;

Drawing forth from matter raw
Protoplasmic threads to fashion
What creation never saw, —
Mind apart from faith or passion,

Faculties that know no wants
But a logical position; —
Intellectual cormorants
Fed on facts of pure cognition, —

Like Arachne's is your task,
By Minerva's wisdom baffled:
Defter weavers we must ask,
Tissues less obscurely raveled.

Larger vision you must find
Ere your evolution plummet
Sound the abysses of the mind,
Or your measure reach its summits.

Not from matter crude and coarse
Comes this delicate creation;
Twinned with it, a finer force
Rules it to its destination.

All beliefs, affections, deeds,
Feed its depths as streams a river;
Every purpose holds the seed
Of a fruit that grows forever.

Souls outsoar your schoolmen's wit,
In a loftier heaven wheeling;
Lights ideal o'er them flit,
Every thought is winged with feeling.

Conscience, born of heavenly light,
Mingles with their lofty yearning;
Fantasy and humor bright
Cheer their toilsome path of learning.

Poesy, with dreamy eyes,
 Lures them into fairy splendor;
 Music's magic harmonies
 Thrill with touches deep and tender.

Love, that shapes their mental moods,
 Offers now its warm oblations;
 Now the heart's dark solitudes
 Glow with solemn adorations.

Vain your biologic strife,
 Your asserting, your denying;
 Ygdrasil, the Tree of Life,
 Flouts your narrow classifying.

Every living leaf and bud,
 On its mighty branches growing,
 Palpitates with will and blood
 Past primordial foreknowing.

Your dissecting-knives can show
 Less than half these wondrous natures;
 In these beating hearts there glow
 Flames that scorch your nomenclatures.

Lights that make your axioms fine
 Fade like stars when day is breaking;
 Splendors, hopes, and powers divine
 New-born with each day's awaking.

Raise your scientific lore;
 Grant us larger definitions.
 Souls are surely something more
 Than mere bundles of cognitions.

Take the sum, — the mighty whole, —
 Man, this sovereign Protean creature;
 Follow the all-embracing soul,
 If you can, rough form and feature.

Whence it came in vain you guess,
 Where it goes you cannot measure;
 And its depths are fathomless,
 And exhaustless flows its treasure.

And its essence holds the world
 In abeyance and solution;
 For the gods themselves are furled
 In its mystic involution.

Christopher P. Cranch.

STORY-PAPER LITERATURE.

THE Yates boy, aged fifteen, desired to run away. He confided the intention to his sister, and she naturally conveyed it to his parents. His father summoned him before him, and said, "There is no need of your running away. If you will let me know any town or village in the country to which you desire to go, you shall be set down there with your trunk. I will give you a sum of money, furthermore, to find some kind of occupation, so that you may know by actual experience the value of the good home you have left." The offer was declined, with abashed thanks. It was not what his imagination pictured. He waited, and after a little time turned up missing, as the saying is, with two guns and a pointer dog. He returned from Chicago broken with ague, but departed again for the Cuban war, and has not since been heard of. His escapades were laid, with a show of reason, to the sensational romances, in which it appeared he was much absorbed.

Such stories are common. One day, it is three boys who are arrested at Paterson on their way to Texas, on the proceeds of a month's rent they have been sent to pay, but have appropriated instead. Another, three Boston boys do us the honor to believe that more adventures are to be found in New York than at home, and arrive with a slender capital of four dollars and a half to seek them; are robbed of even this by more knowing gamins of the place, and spend several nights in the station-house before they can be reclaimed. Again, a group of runaways is found behind a New Jersey haystack playing poker, with a knife and a revolver before each one, as the custom is with all well-regulated desperadoes. A late boy-murderer confessed that he had wanted to hide in a cave and prowl and kill, and that he believed he got the idea from his reading.

This last extreme is rare, and the

imaginings which go to the others are of an unwaveringly logical kind, which amounts to want of balance. A grain of common sense keeps down the imitative impulse in the majority of cases. They feel that, fine, and possibly veracious, as it all is, it is not, somehow, exactly adapted to their personally taking a part in it. We outgrow it, — for I make no doubt there are those who read this who have known something of the feeling from their own experience; and it would be a poor reader indeed who had had no amicable relations with pirates, avengers, dead-shots of the plains, and destroyers in his youth. We go to our counting-room, our machine-shop, our corner grocery, our law office, as the case may be. We shoot nobody at all, and do our plundering, if plunder we must, within the law, decorously, by light weights and short measures, by managing a company or borrowing of a friend. The remembrance alone survives as a source of the very general enjoyment that is got out of mock heroics.

But let notice be given that it is not an especially humorous point of view that is sought for the story-paper literature. It is an enormous field of mental activity, the greatest literary movement, in bulk, of the age, and worthy of very serious consideration for itself. Disdained as it may be by the highly cultivated for its character, the phenomenon of its existence cannot be overlooked.

The taste for cheap fiction is by no means confined to this country. America leads in this form of publication in the kind of papers mentioned; but romances that do not appear to be of a greatly higher order are almost as profuse with the venders of reading matter at Paris, Turin, or Cologne as here, and not a daily paper on the continent of Europe, in any language, but has its scrap of a continued story, its *feuilleton*, in every issue.

Our story papers, damp from the press and printed very black, upholster all the news-stands, but we shall study them in a more leisurely way at a stationer's. Shall we choose this dingy one at the Five Points, where the grocery and wood and coal business is combined with the other; or this pretentious store under a lofty new tenement house in the German quarter, with the joints already warping apart, the paint blistered, and a plate-glass window cracked by uneven settling? Let it be rather one of the stuffy little, but more prosperous, ones of the up-town avenues. Some late numbers dangle from the edge of the low awning, under which it is necessary to stoop. A bell attached to the door jingles sharply. The interior is festooned with school satchels and jumping-ropes. Mother Carey's, Mother Shipton's, the Egyptian, the Hindoo, and the Golden Wheel of Fortune dream books, the Wild Oats, the Larry Tooley, the Eileen Alanna, the Love Among the Roses, song and dance books, in gaudy covers, ornament the window, among the tops and marbles.

The story papers, the most conspicuous stock in trade, are laid out on the front counter, neatly overlapped, so as to show all the titles and frontispieces. Ten are already in, and more to come, — the Saturday Night, the Saturday Journal, the Ledger, the Weekly, the Family Story Paper, the Fireside Companion. Near them on the glass case, in formidable piles, are the "libraries." These are, omitting the prominent examples which do the same sort of service for standard works, pamphlets reprinting at a dime and a half dime the stories which have appeared as serials in the papers. There are papers which, finding this practice a diversion of interest, distinctly announce that their stories will not reappear, and that their fascinations can be enjoyed only at original sources.

No far-reaching memory is needed to recall when the Ledger was the only journal of this kind. Its notorious prosperity gave rise to a swarm of imitators, eager to share the profits of so good a field. New York is still the great point

of supply, but Chicago and some other Western cities have begun to find their account in similar publications for their tributary territories. As the new aspirants arose, it was necessary for each to set up its own peculiar claim to favor. One assumes to be the exclusive family story paper; another offers its readers microscopes, chromos, and supplements; others provide the fullest contents; others go upon the reputations of writers whose abilities to captivate are known: Colonel Tipton Slasher will write — Mrs. Jennie Sarah Ringwood, whose power of passion development — Max Shorthorn, without a peer for pungent humor and drollery — A brilliant corps conceded to be, etc., etc. It would be a mistake to suppose there are not distinctions of reputation here, as among their betters.

But that was a splendid new department opened when it was observed where the most ardent class of patrons came from. They are boys. We may observe it ourselves, if we will give a little heed to the progress of the traffic on publication days. A middle-aged woman, with a shawl over her head and a half peck of potatoes in a basket, stops in for one; a shop-girl on her way home from work; a servant from one of the good houses in the side streets, come on her own account, or possibly for a school-girl mistress. But with them, before them, and after them come boys. They begin to read already as they walk away, and thread the streets without heeding their bustle. To-morrow the elevator boy will have the latest number of Cloven-Hoof the Demon, as he rides you up and down at the hotel or the business block. It will be hidden under many a jacket in school-hours. A shock-headed boy from the streets — his case has not heretofore been made public — set by a family to tidy up their cellar for the spring, was found perusing it, seated on a broken stool, and reaching vaguely for such things as might be in the neighborhood in the mean time.

The adventures in the adult papers were not beyond the capacity of the boys; but one, and then another, con-

ceived the idea of conciliating their especial interest by making a paper for them, till this branch, with its *Boys' Journal*, *Boys of New York*, *Boys of America*, *Boys of the World*, *Young Men of New York*, *Young Men of America*, has become rather the larger of the two. The heroes are boys, and there are few departments of unusual existence in which they are not seen figuring to brilliant advantage. They are shown amply competent as the *Boy Detective*, the *Boy Spy*, the *Boy Trapper*, the *Boy Buccaneer*, the *Boy Guide*, the *Boy Captain*, the *Boy Robinson Crusoe*, the *Boy Claude Duval*, and the *Boy Phoenix*, or *Jim Bludsoe, Jr.*, whose characteristic is to be impervious to harm in burning steamboats and hotels, exploding mines, and the like.

Occasionally, girls are similarly engaged, as the *Girl Brigand* and the *Girl Dead-Shot*, but are so few as to indicate clearly how very much less reliance is placed upon patronage from this quarter. The girls, in fact, are under closer supervision, and are apt to have duties for their leisure hours in the household. They have less pocket money, and few of the ready means of replenishing it at a pinch of their enterprising brothers. With their slight experience with fire-arms and rough riding, too, it can hardly be supposed that the *Girl Brigand* appeals to them with the fascination that might be exercised by something more nearly within the ordinary possibilities of imitation. They must even be puzzled somewhat at such ideals, and wonder at the boys' admiration of them.

Still, there are not wanting some efforts to attach their interest, also, to stories of a more likely character. Such a one is *The Adventures of Fanny Larkhall* at an Academy for Young Ladies. The air of liveliness in the paper from which this is taken is raised to the highest point by printing each sentence in a separate paragraph. This young girl of twelve is first introduced as leaving her arithmetic lesson to go skating clandestinely in Central Park. "Ma knows," she remarks, "that I have no talent

for arithmetic, and she might encourage what little ability I have in some other direction." She is sent to boarding-school on the Hudson River, not far from a school at which her brother is a pupil. The teachers at both schools are very ridiculous in their appearance, and "mean," tyrannical, and downright wicked in their characters, all of which is of course to be resisted. Miss Larkhall is in the habit of saying "*biz*" for business, "*sassy*" for saucy. She will "get square" with her teachers, and if they want her they must come to her. At the end of a column of slangy impudence and defiance, ranking under her keen sense of injustice, she asks, What had she done wrong? Why was she being punished?

It may be said at once that the juvenile branch of this literature is the worse. Very much of it is bad without mitigation. There is certain trouble in life for the girl who follows this model, and grows up and marries one of the boys similarly inspired. It falls upon teachers and parents first, then upon themselves. Instructors in some of the schools report that every third boy reads such literature, and that he is the hardest to deal with. It is in him to resist something, to dare something, in his modest way. Prevented from engaging in hand-to-hand conflicts with howling savages, he can yet, if circumstances be favorable, break his teacher's watch-chain. The *Boy Scout* or the *Boy Phoenix* would never have thought of doing less. They are not indisposed to philosophize themselves about their reading. They say, "It makes you brave."

The lesson of the necessity of a complete armament is so well impressed that it is not strange it is remembered by any setting out on their adventures. The whole vast action pivots, as it were, around the muzzle of an extended revolver. Every frontispiece shows a combat. Here is a milder one, however, in which a pirate, with a curious taste in bricabrac even for his class, is quaffing a draught from a goblet made of a jeweled skull.

"With a well-directed blow Reming-

ton stretched the villain at full length upon the floor."

"With a grating curse, the dying wretch thrust a revolver against the Avenger's breast, and fired."

So the legends read, and so, by hecatombs, goes the carnage on. I estimate that in this pile of dime and half-dime libraries under my hand there are not less than ten thousand slain. It is in detail, too, and not mere generalizing with grape and canister. It is a low estimate, no more than fifty to a book. In this first random chapter come riding seventy road agents into a town. They slay eighteen of the residents, and are then slain themselves, — all but one, who is, by the orders of a leader named Old Bullwhacker, immediately strung up to a tree, and pays the earthly penalty of his crimes. And in the next — it is a romance called *Deadwood Dick on Deck*; or, *Calamity Jane, the Heroine of Whoop-Up* — we find a young man, named Charley Davis, dashing around a bend, bestriding his horse backwards, and firing at five mounted pursuers. They were twelve originally, but he has gradually picked off the rest. He is joined by *Calamity Jane*, a beautiful young woman, who carries a sixteen-shot Winchester rifle, a brace of pistols in her belt and another in her holsters, and between the two the pursuing five are easily disposed of. Here are a hundred dead in two chapters only, and the list of the doomed — amongst them a character named *Arkansas Alf*, the *Danite Ghoul*, who richly deserves it — is far from exhausted.

The fierce rivalry between numerous competitors tends to two results. The first is an increase in the number of the serial stories. Two are found to be carrying *eight serials* each at a time. Two others have seven each; another six. None have less than five. What an enormous voracity is here! Overlapping as they do, a new one commencing as an old one finishes, how does the subscriber ever escape from their toils? It seems as if, unless he would forego from one to seven eighths of the value of his money, which is not a pleasant thing to do in

the most prosperous circumstances, he must be interlocked with his journal as fast as if in the arms of an octopus.

The second is the increase in sensationalism. The earlier stories were more honest and simpler. Here, now, is a unique combat, — marine divers fighting over a corpse, with knives, under water. But does anything else that is new remain? It would seem as if the last limit had been reached. After the enormous carnival of red brotherhoods, border phantoms, ghouls, demons, sleuths, ocean blood-hounds, brotherhoods of death, masked terrors, and reckless rangers, all done with the poor facilities that poverty-stricken human language affords, one could well expect to find these authors in a gasping state, reduced to the condition of the cannibals of the Orinoco, who could only go up to the hills, and say to their deities, "Oh!"

The same is true of the illustrations. From the point of view of art, so far as art can be considered in them, the earlier were the best. The older representations, sometimes lightly and sketchily printed, of life on the plains and spirited combats, the bold young scouts in their fringed leggings, the lithe heroine, captured or saved, twisted across the back of a galloping steed, were not always without a certain grace in the attitudes. The modern vie with one another in lurid horror and repulsiveness. The *Boys of New York* has a great cut occupying three fourths of its folio page. It is done in harsh ruled lines, like the most frigid kind of mechanical drawing, and printed black, black, to be visible from the longest possible distance. Coarse as it is, it breathes the essence of madness and murder. The artist should draw none henceforth but demons. Two frightful desperadoes, dark like negroes, with gleaming eyeballs and mustaches of the stubby, thick, jet-black, gambler pattern, are fighting with knives (having fallen out between themselves) in a moving hotel elevator, in which they have taken refuge to escape two detectives in chase. One detective, bounding up the stairs, appears, with a ghastly face and cocked revolver in hand, at one of the openings,

as they go by. The other — the boy hero, who is not like a boy, but some strange, brawny ape — is seen clinging, with shrieks, to a ring in the bottom of the elevator, which he has clutched the better to follow them, in danger, now that he has mounted, of falling from exhaustion into the black abyss below. It haunts one. It is a nightmare.

The means taken to bring the papers to notice are often as enterprising as their contents. Copies of the opening chapters are thrown in at the area railings, and printed, regardless of expense, to pique curiosity, in the daily papers. The attention of the households of upper New York was widely awakened recently by an invitation telegram, sealed and addressed, the envelope and message-blank exact, saying, "*The child is still alive. You are personally interested in all the details of A Sinless Crime, to appear in to-morrow's —.*"

The villain in the story papers, as often as it is indicated clearly who he is, has no redeeming traits. The idea of mixed motives, still less the Bret Harte idea of moral grandeur illuminating lives of continuous iniquity, through their sharing a blanket or a canteen at the end with emigrants delayed in a snow-storm, has not penetrated here. It is no ordinary crimes the villains meditate, either. Murder might almost be called the least of them. The only merciful drawback to their malignity is their excessive simplicity. They go about declaring their intentions with a guilelessness often worthy of positive sympathy.

An elderly Washington aristocrat in a frontier town applies to Deadwood Dick, on the first interview, and with no assurance at all of his identity, to commit three murders for him at fifty dollars apiece. Deadwood Dick is the recipient at the time of an income of five thousand dollars a year from property in the mines (which he knows) and is also an intimate friend (though this he does not know, not being informed till the interview is over) of the parties in interest. He offers the contract the next moment, however, to another, with whom he is equally straightforward and confiding.

He is found soon after knocking at the door of a cabin where a heroine is inclosed, with the request to be let in, or he will butcher her directly, and is warned away. He hires an emissary to blow up a mine, which is done, though the people whose destruction was intended escape, and are informed of it. It certainly speaks well for the peaceable disposition of the settlement — in the Black Hills — that after this and much more he continues to reside at the principal hotel, and even appears at the head of a vigilance committee to make his intended victims further trouble. The persecuted hero, like ourselves, is surprised at this. To let us all know together how it could have been so he explains: "Money is the root of all evil, and with some of it I bought over those present to assist me in putting an end to you."

The good, on the other hand, are known to be good by a constant insistence upon it. We cannot doubt what we are so often assured of. It is generally necessary for the proper complication of incidents that appearances should for some time be much against them; but how immaculate they shine out in the end! The authors are often put to severe straits to bring this about. It is the difficult point of plot-making. How can it be that they seem bad enough to lay themselves open to all this tribulation, when they are in fact so good? Credulity and gentlemanly indulgence are much needed to accept the explanations vouchsafed. A hero is occasionally even so thoroughly involved that he has no idea of his own innocence. The crimes imputed to Sandy Beverly are murder and forgery, particulars about which, it would seem, there should be a tolerable degree of certainty in one's own mind. But he swoons when he learns that he has not done them. "The news of his innocence was too much for him to bear." It is made clear to him by the detective, in the *dénouement*, in this wise: —

"Some years ago you were a clerk in a banking house of which Cecil Grosvenor was president. You had a small fortune of your own, and, knowing this, this man Grosvenor invited you to his

grand home, which was graced by a beautiful and aristocratic daughter. Here you were led into dissipation. Once started, you had no control over yourself. . . . You awakened to the fact that you had squandered all your available resources, and forged your employer's name to the tune of five thousand dollars."

"All true," Sandy replied, his head bowed and face pale.

"Elise Grosvenor hurled this gross charge in your face as you were riding along the shore of the Potomac. At the time you were, as usual, full of liquor. The taunt maddened you. You drew a pistol and fired at her. . . . You saw the frightened steed of Elise Grosvenor plunge over the dizzy height. . . . You were never afterwards seen in the East. . . . Six months ago I assisted in a raid on a dance-house in Kansas City. . . . I copied down her dying confession. She was Elise Grosvenor, once the Washington belle. She had been rescued, and with her own consent carried in a yacht to New Orleans. . . . In her confession she declared you innocent. She and a companion had forged the checks and given them to you to cash, which you did without knowing of your sin."

The heroines have for the most part, like full-private James, no characteristic trait of any distinctive kind. She is very beautiful; she often has hair "purple-black" in color, and always "great" eyes of some of the desirable shades; but generally she is simply a precious bundle of goods to be snatched out of deadly perils, and plotted and fought about. She has little actively to do but clasp her hands together, and little to say except "Oh, how can I repay you, my noble, my generous preserver!" She dispenses with chaperonage in a way the first society can never be brought to approve of.

Vast ingenuity is used in supplying motives to the "sleuth-like" personages so numerous engaged throughout the narratives in persistent schemes of vengeance. The original grievance is often found to be very slight. Nor can we believe that the following is always so seriously meant as it is said to be. The "lu-

man blood-bound" and "destroying angel" — there is the remarkable phenomenon in one case where "his heart was as white as his face with rage, as he grasped his bowie and followed on the stranger's track" — is continually letting his victim give him the slip without reason. "See here! if you do that again," he seems to be saying, or, "If ever I set eyes on you once more, it will be the worse for you." The plots in fact do not hasten to their conclusion, but are dragged back and detained from it. Time after time the occasion for the avenger to do whatever he is going to is flagrantly then and there, but he does not do it.

As to their constructions, vast as the ground the stories now cover, they are few and simple. This is constant: that the villain gets himself into trouble by loving the heroine, who cares nothing about him. The hero lays himself open by stepping in, in the nick of time, to protect her from consequent schemes of vengeance. Now it is in a Fourteenth Street tenement house, now in a palace in Russian Moscow, now in mediæval Venice, and again at ancient Palmyra; but the repulsing with scorn, the protection, the schemes of vengeance, and their coming to naught are everywhere the same. It sometimes seems hard upon the villain. Everything is against him from the first. She very often has no cause of complaint in the world, to begin with, but an "instinctive repulsion. But once rejected, he has cause enough, it may well be believed.

The "woman scorned" is his counterpart, and the second great source of trouble. She appears in the midst of marriages, in the stories in which she takes part, and forbids the bans, so sure as the marriages are set to take place. With the unscrupulous guardian, who has the keepers of insane asylums to aid him in his projects; the persons changed at birth, or returning thirty years after they were supposed to be lost at sea; the reprobate father or brother arousing acute jealousies by being taken on his clandestine visits after money for a lover, I have mentioned most of the essen-

tial elements. Generally, in the shorter stories, of which each paper contains a number besides its serials, there is a great deal of Cinderella business. Poor and plain nieces or wards marry the fine gentleman, in spite of the supercilious daughter, after all.

It is not exalted game to pick to pieces works from which not too much is expected at the best, and the plain road has by no means been abandoned in search of absurdities. But the surprising thing to learn is that there is really so much less in them than might be expected. The admiration grows for the craving which can swallow, without misgiving, so grand a tissue of extravagances, inane-ness, contradictions, and want of probable cause. The stories are not ingenious, even, and ingenuity was perhaps supposed to be their strong point.

It is not that they do not give epigrams, bright conversations, penetrating reflections. We can recollect when we skipped all that in the best of books, and desired only to rush headlong on with the movement. Poe, Cooper, Féval, Collins, Charles Reade, have written stories in which what the people do is of very much more interest than what they are; but in these is a kind of fatality; events hold together; they could not have been otherwise.

Though written almost exclusively for the use of the lower classes of society, the story papers are not accurate pictures of their life. They are not a mass of evidence from which, though rude, a valuable insight into their thoughts, feelings, and doings can be obtained by others who do not know them. The figures are like to nature only as much as those drawn without models by an inferior artist are. The product is dried and hec-tic. The writers do not seem to be telling anything they have seen and known, but following, at third and fourth hand, traditions above them which they have read. The most enlightened field of the novel is social history, — to portray James K. Jackson and Elizabeth May Johnson in relation to their surroundings and times, as the formal historians do Napoleon Bonaparte and Katharine of

Aragon. This is a field into which they very superficially enter. Perhaps they consult their popularity in not doing so. A considerable part of their audience is not reflective. It has rather simple wants and aspirations. Lack of culture is a continuous childhood. A statement is enough; a demonstration is not necessary. It is only a tyrannical employer or an unprincipled guardian who prevents the attainment of perfect happiness. Do readers wish for profound and intimate observations made about them which they never think of making about themselves? George Eliot says of a heroine that she is "ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent;" Mrs. Ringwood, that she had a blue silk dress and a perfect form.

The Spotter Detective, or the Girls of New York, seemed to promise a glimpse into social life. John Blaine, a strangely handsome man, escapes from Sing-Sing prison. He had been sentenced for assault with intent to kill, but this was only because "he had not a hundred thousand dollars at his back to buy corrupt judges and jurors." Three beautiful young ladies, in entirely disconnected situations, and a lunatic on Randall's Island are greatly affected by the news. The lunatic at once returns to his senses, goes to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and demands in what is a fairly amusing passage, "Young man, I'll trouble you for that package I left in your safe. Room 440."

"It was another man that had 440 last night, and I never saw you before," the clerk replies.

"Oh, I did n't say it was last night. It was before your time. Look back eighteen months; say, two years ago." He had been stopping there, it seems, when suddenly seized with lunacy.

He receives his package, which contains five thousand dollars, and then becomes the Spotter Detective. The convict is described as being "a gentleman born." "Not that some feudal despot in the olden time had laid a knightly sword upon the shoulder of an iron-handed soldier stained with gore, and bade him, 'Rise up, Sir John Blaine.'

No! John Blaine's father was a seaman bold, whose boast in his cups was, 'A wife in every port;' his mother a poor, weak girl, a child of Erin's green isle, the daughter of a buxom dame, who kept a sailor boarding-house." He makes his mysterious escapes, and keeps up the chase by concealing himself in the apartments of the three beautiful girls by turns. What is the secret of his mysterious power over them? Aha! that is the point! Well, they are in one way and another his daughters. One resides in an elegant mansion on Madison Avenue; another boards — young, single, blazing with diamonds, and moving in the finest circles, though quite unattended — at the Hoffman House; the third is a sewing-girl. The book is peculiar in not making it clear whether the characters are to be considered depraved or not. Most of them have the look of it, as the convict Blaine; a card sharper, Captain O'Shane, and another who is at the beginning a tramp as well, Captain Blackie; and the guardian, Elbert van Tromp. The latter agrees to secure his lovely ward and cousin in marriage to Captain Blackie in consideration of a commission of fifty thousand dollars on her fortune. There is no reason in the world, as he is young, handsome, and a "lady-killer," why he should not take her himself with the whole million, but he prefers this method. The marriage is solemnized, Blackie having, however, reformed. John Blaine kills the honest Spotter Detective, and gets clear, and no poetic justice at all is done. Two interwoven young millionaires fall in love with two working-girls, whom they meet at a glass-blowers' ball, visit them at their apartment, where they keep house together, and marry them. The influence of this part must be in the direction of an easy making of acquaintances, which by no means always turns out so happily.

There are a great many poor persons in the narratives, and the capitalist is occasionally abused, showing that an eye is kept on the popular movements of the day; but poverty is not really glorified. The deserving characters are al-

most sure to be secretly of good families, and in reduced circumstances only for a short time. Ordinary origin and a humdrum course of life at honest, manual labor are not much wanted even here. The names are selected for their distinction with as much care as those of fashionable New York up-town hotels. The responsiveness of the faces of the characters, particularly the bad ones, who ought to be more hardened, to their emotions is one of the points to note. They turn "sickly yellow," "ghastly pale," and "white, rigid, and haggard" with extraordinary frequency.

The literary influences descending from above are chiefly those of G. P. R. James, Lever, Captain Marryatt, Bret Harte (for material), Ouida, Miss Bradton, the books Handy Andy, Verdant Green, Valentine Vox, and the *Memoirs of Vidocq*, — all of course immensely diluted and deteriorated. Dickens, too, is discernible in names and a whole ragged school of characters whose aspiration is to get something to eat. The faults of style are a superabundance of adjectives and bad grammar. There is the general merit, on the other hand, of short and clear sentences, in deference to readers who wish the fewest possible obstacles between themselves and a direct comprehension of what is going on. If any one expression of those that are popular is more common than another, it is the word "erelong" in concluding paragraphs. Its use helps to give a kind of rhythmic flow to the long-continuing movement of the narratives: "And erelong Reginald DeLacey Earls court [or Cuthbert Ravenwood Leigh] was on his way to Grangerfield Manor."

However much it takes from others, the story-paper literature is found to have two departments, distinctively, of its own. They are of a surprising character. The first is the utilization, by paraphrasing them, of pieces which are having a successful run at the theatres. The *Two Orphans*, *Divorcee*, Under the *Gas-Light*, and other such have appeared in this way. Reversing a common process, they are not "dramatized

for the stage," but narrativized for the story paper.

The other is more curious still, and a model in boldness to over-timid romancers at large. It is the actual introduction of living persons, whose names and addresses are in the directory, selected from any that may be prominent before the community. Sometimes the adventures in which they figure are said to be facts, but oftener they are as the chronicler pleases. He handles them with a freedom like that with which Scott used mediæval history. Oakey Hall; the handsome actor, Montague; Mabel Leonard, the child actress; Jim Fisk; Captain Kelso, of the central police station; Aristarchi Bey, the resident Turkish minister, are among those who have figured in this way.

The exhibition of the latter diplomat must be surprising to any of his friends who may chance to fall in with it. He is no longer the handsome and courtly favorite of civilized social circles whom the newspaper correspondents represent, but a barbarous bashaw of the most conventional type, a perfect Blue-Beard. He makes frequent use of "*Allah il Allah*" and "*Bismillah*," and calls people "Gaiours" and "Christian dogs" at the Astor House. He desires to include among his wives Miss Pearl Carlin, who is brought to his notice at New Haven, where he is having fire-arms manufactured for his government. But her affections are fixed on an honest mechanic, and though he offers, after the well-known Oriental fashion of computing, "as many thousand dollars as there are days in the year" for her, she refuses him in scornful words, which are greatly to her credit.

"What! a horrid old Turk, with a gray beard like a goat! Let him go and buy his Georgians and Circassians. I would n't have the monster if he were rolling in money. I am an American girl, and don't let him forget it."

This seems "racy" enough "of the soil" almost to satisfy the critics who are in search of that quality.

Another story, taken at random, opens with the opening of a village school in

the frontier settlement of Fort Dodge. "Behind the desk Cyrus C. Carpenter presided with that calm, manly dignity which in after years distinguished him in the gubernatorial chair of the State." The trait of modernism is further shown in keeping nearly as close to the current matter of popular interest as the third edition of the evening paper. The rage for walking matches was not over before it had its appropriate serial, Bob Anderson, the Young Pedestrian. He went into scientific training, and backed himself to walk to St. Louis in a given number of hours. Evil-disposed parties secretly started at the same time to try various murderous schemes, by way of saving money they had bet against him. The first was the letting loose on him of a raging bull-dog, foaming mad. He vanquished it, and no doubt all his other perils in turn, but at this point the present writer left him.

There is a popular impression among people who attach weight to the expression, "truth stranger than fiction" (as though it were not truer, of course), and appreciate too little the difficulty of making something out of nothing, that the material is chiefly matter of pure invention. Such is not the case. The writers keep scrap-books of all the horrible circumstances coming under their notice, and put them together to suit. It is all in the papers. The liveliest ingenuity cannot stimulate the novelist to the desperate inventions of beings whose whole existence is at stake.

The fault is simply with the taste of such material, its exclusive and fatiguing bent towards the unusual and terrible. "This is positively too ridiculous," as the man is said to have said coming home to dinner, after an annoying day in his business, and finding his whole family lying murdered. It is a catalogue of wild "sensations," which writers of a better grade are chary in dealing with, but in themselves they are true enough. Who will invent the Bender family, the Cox-Alston duel, Charley Ross, or that Chicago suicide who died by poison, shooting, hanging, setting his clothes on fire, and drowning in a

bath-tub all at once, at the Palmer House?

And now, having begun to say something in their favor, let us see if anything more can be said. There are story papers and story papers. It may be that those of the cheapest and flashiest order have been too exclusively dwelt upon. Those popular novelists, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Ann H. Stephens, and May Agnes Fleming contribute Heart Histories, Deserted Wives, and Brides of an Evening to the story papers, and shall one disparage what is found on the table of so many boudoirs, far indeed removed from the lower classes? Some reprint as serials, with their own matters, standard productions, like the Count of Monte Cristo, the Memoirs of Houdin the Conjuror, and Tom Cringle's Log. Others give away Shakespeare's Sonnets and the Bab Ballads for supplements. In general, in the libraries good literature is beginning to mingle among the bad in a very curious way. Robinson Crusoe, very much mangled, it is true, at half a dime, may be found in the Wide-Awake Library, sandwiched between Bowie Knife Ben and Death Notch the Destroyer.

This is a phase of the subject which would bear working out by itself. Perhaps it offers a solution of the problem how the literature of the masses is to be improved. Would the adults take Charles Reade, Hardy, Wilkie Collins, Dickens, Victor Hugo, and the boys Scott, Bulwer, Manzoni, G. P. R. James, Irving's brigand tales and Conquest of Granada, Poe's Gold Bug and Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym, if they were as cheap as the others? Is it simply and only a question of cheapness, and has the taste of the audience of story-paper buyers been maligned?

These papers have editorial pages in which a variety of good advice is printed, calculated to counteract, if attended to, though it may possibly be neglected by those whom it could most serve, the unsettling influence of the body of the contents. They aim at the good graces of the family. There is a department of "answers to correspondents," embodying

information on manners, morals, dress, education, the affections. Edith F. is informed that too many rings on the fingers are vulgar; Emma D. that pie should be eaten with a fork; and L. M. that there is no such thing as love at first sight. Any young lady, it is tartly said, to whom a young man should propose marriage at first sight would endeavor to restrain his impetuosity for a day or two, so as to discover from what lunatic asylum he had escaped, and have him returned to his keepers. There are short essays and reflections on housekeeping; the care of children; the advisability of cheerfulness and economy; of going early to bed and of rising early; even, somewhat strangely, on moderation and taste in reading. They are trite and Tupperish, but one learns these things somewhere for the first time, and then they are strikingly novel. Who was the profound writer in whom they were new to us? How could we know he took them from predecessors who originated them not far from January 1st of the year One?

In considering the real influence of these papers it must be reckoned, not upon those who have outgrown them, and been led by the study of better things to see their absurdity, but on those who remain immersed in them for lack of better ideals, or leave them only to read nothing at all. They are by no means needed to account for an adventurous spirit in human nature. Robinson Crusoe ran away to sea in the year 1632, when this kind of literature could have been very little prevalent. But they certainly foment it to the utmost. The first condition of a happy existence is the ability to support *ennui*. But the personages here are never exhibited attending to the ordinary duties of existence. Embarked in the chase for some lost child, abducted heiress, or secreted will, they rush hither and thither, without ever stopping, around the world, and around again, if need be; and when it is done they fall into a state of inanition, or at least they would, only at that very moment the story is done, also. The labors and sacrifices demanded are of too ex-

treme a type to be valuable as examples. The heroes and heroines would die for each other at any time, but which would curb his temper in a provoking moment; which would get up first and make the fire, in case there were no servants? — but there always are servants, in troops.

Still, the best of the story papers reward virtue and punish vice. Their dependence upon the family keeps them, as a rule, free of dangerous appeals to the lower passions. Ranging over all countries and periods, they convey considerable information about history and foreign parts into quarters where very little would otherwise penetrate. They encourage a chivalrous devotion to woman, though they do not do much towards making her more worthy of it. The story papers, then, — it is not here a question of those that have been said to be positively bad, — are not an unmixed evil. The legitimate charge against them is not that they are so bad, but only that they are not better.

The great question is, Are they better than nothing? There are persons who read neither story-papers nor anything else. They are no doubt exemplary and

superior in many relations of life, prudent in matters of sentiment, cool in business, with the extra time for use that might otherwise have been expended in flights of the imagination; but let us believe that they have secretly their follies, too, as much as if they believed in pirates, hidden treasures, and destroyers.

The taste for reading, however perverted, is connected with something noble, with an interest in things outside of the small domain of self, with a praiseworthy curiosity about the great planet we inhabit. One is almost ready to say that, rather than not have it at all, it had better be nourished on no better food than story papers.

But it is a pity it is no better. This is the last, as it was the first and the continuous reflection from a view of the enormous extent of this imaginative craving, and the means by which it is ministered to. There ought to be in it information of worth; a separation of sense from nonsense; characters which, without preaching, should remain in the memory, as a stimulus to better things in trying times.

W. H. Bishop.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE head of a great university has lately ventured publicly to assert that only one thing is essential to culture, and that that one thing is a thorough and elegant mastery of the mother tongue. If we mark well the exact sense of the word *essential*, and remembering to insist that other knowledge is important and all knowledge desirable, the truth of the statement may be conceded. The Greeks, the most polished people of antiquity, studied no literature beside their own, and learned no alien tongue for any literary purpose. The French, the most polished people of the present, and the only modern people

whose literature is read by all others, possess to a remarkable degree the same self-sufficing characteristic. These two notable facts in the history of civilization support President Eliot in his unexpected and audacious confession. We believe that he is right, whether he speaks of the culture of a nation, or of that of an individual. Nor is the knowledge which he praises merely a grace: it is a means toward soundness of judgment; it is a help to pure reason. Obviously, the man who always chooses words with precision and arranges them with lucidity will argue more accurately than the man who expresses himself

vaguely and blindly. "Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man," said Bacon. Yes, if the writing itself is exact, but not so certainly otherwise.

Now, if this knowledge of English is thus essential, why not teach it? Is it a prominent branch of education in our universities? Not at all: not in Harvard and Yale, I am sure; probably in no other. It is a humble attendant on other studies, counting almost as a supernumerary. There are professorships of rhetoric and of English literature, but they are held in light esteem, I believe, by the other chairs of the faculty, and they are allowed to demand but little of a student's time. Their courses are made so easy that the idle seek them as "optionals." Only think of their being classed as *optionals*, when their proper result is an *essential*! Oh, but the students are supposed to know English when they enter college. Are they? Ask the disgusted professor of rhetoric. He will tell you that in nine tenths of the exercises submitted to him spelling and grammar and construction are all at fault. And to correct this disgraceful ignorance, there are six or eight "compositions" a year. There should be several times as many. In learning to write well there is but one secret of success, and that is frequent, laborious practice, coupled with assiduous correction. I venture to assert that the journeymen printers of our land write more fluently and grammatically, on the average, than the seniors in our universities. Why? Not through superiority of intellect, certainly; not because they know Greek and Latin and mental philosophy; solely, because the handling of English is their daily work.

Obviously, there must be more writing than there is in our schools and colleges, or we shall continue to lack President Eliot's essential to culture. Other studies must cede some ground to this one; and to that end there must be fewer enforced courses. Every one who knows the college youth knows that he is harassed with many text-books, and that he ends his four years with but a

smattering of various branches of knowledge, having learned no one thing thoroughly. He must have time for his compositions, or he cannot do them well. Nor should he be called on for much original thought, — a frequent error of the professor of rhetoric. No profound or unusual subjects: only such as the student can write about readily; only topics within easy reach for one of his age and information; translations; sketches of personal adventure; renderings, in one's own words, from well-known authors; epitomes of professional lectures, or of text-books, even; replies to the effusions of brother students, — such themes as these should be conceded. The object is to bring about much writing, much handling of the mother tongue, much of that practice which makes perfect. The professor of rhetoric should remember that other professors reveal metaphysics, the lessons of history, and the secrets of political economy, and that his business is strictly and exclusively to teach a fluent, correct, and graceful use of English.

But if all this is done, other studies will be neglected. No doubt of it, and of course it is a pity; but still no doubt we must make a choice. Either a poor instruction in English and a smattering of many things, or a fairly good instruction in English and a smattering of fewer things, — that is our dilemma. But is it worth while to make a nation of good writers? It has certainly been worth while to have Greeks and Frenchmen; the world has judged that they deserved a great deal of attention. "Ah, my Athenian friends, see what I am doing to win your praise!" said Alexander, as he plunged into the Granicus.

— A favorable sea occurred, and we witnessed the most extraordinary sport, Hawaiian surf-bathing; and I venture to describe it here, especially as I have never met with a description of it which was not erroneous, and showed clearly that the author did not accurately observe or comprehend it. Senator Wilkes speaks of the bather as coming in *on the top of the wave*. This would be an utter impossibility; for should the bather once

get on the crest of the wave, he would, in spite of all human effort, be thrown forward and submerged immediately.

The wind was light, but immense seas were rolling in through the broad opening into the bay, in front of which was our place of observation. To our left was a broad area covered with large volcanic rocks, extending almost half a mile into the bay. Near shore the tops of many of these appeared above the water, the depth of which gradually increased seaward. As the big seas chased each other in from the open ocean, the west end first reached this rocky bed; and the moment the bottom of the wave met the obstruction its rotary motion was checked, and instantly the comb on the top was formed, so that the foamy crest seemed to run along the top of the wave from west to east, as successive portions of it reached the rocky bottom. By this, also, the easterly portion of the wave was retarded in its progress towards the shore, while to the west it dashed forward in its unchecked career. The effect of this was to bend the wave into a crescent form. To our left, over the rocky bed, perhaps half a dozen of these huge crested waves would be chasing one another, the most advanced being the least perfect in form, till finally they became quite broken down, and dissolved into a vast field of white foam, in the midst of which the great volcanic boulders showed themselves.

Three bathers appeared, stripped to their breech-cloths, each with his bathing-board, which was some three quarters of an inch thick, about seven feet long, coffin-shaped and rounded at the ends, and chamfered at the edges; it was fifteen inches wide, at the widest, near the forward end, and eleven inches wide at the back end. When I examined them carefully, after the sport was over, I observed that one of these boards was considerably warped; but its owner said that that did not injure it for use. The bathers started out, their boards under their arms, in this seething sea of foam, among the rocks, where only an expert, familiar with the ground, could avoid being dashed to death in a moment;

sometimes wading, and sometimes swimming, and sometimes stopping on high rocks to study and take advantage of the situation, till they reached the regular wave formations, when they struck out on their boards, diving under the waves they met, making their way rapidly outward and towards the west end of the breakers. Here they remained floating on their boards, till an unusually large and regular wave approached and commenced breaking, its great foaming crest arching over in front, the milky foam falling upon the front declivity of the wave several feet above its base. This was the condition desired by the surf-bathers. One instantly dashed in, in the front and at the lowest declivity of the advancing wave, and with a few strokes of hands and feet established his position, and then without further effort shot along the base of the wave to the eastward with incredible velocity. Naturally he came towards the shore with the body of the wave as it advanced, but his course was along the foot of the wave and parallel with it so that we only saw that he was running past with the speed of a swift-winged bird. He nearly kept up with the advance of the breaking crest, which progressed from west to east as successive portions of the bottom of the wave took the ground, as I have above described.

So soon as the bather had secured his position, he gave a spring, and stood on his knees upon the board; and just as he was passing us, when about four hundred feet from the little peninsula where we stood, he gave another spring, and stood upon his feet, now folding his arms upon his breast, and now swinging them about in wild ecstasy in his exhilarating flight. But all this must be enjoyed rapidly; for scarcely a minute elapsed from the time he started till he was far away to the right, where he abandoned the exhausted wave, and with a few vigorous strokes propelled himself into shallow water, when he waded ashore with his board under his arm, and came up to us as calm, at least, as those who had witnessed his wonderful feat.

Not every attempt to take the wave

was a success. Several times the bathers seemed to be drawn up the front acclivity of the wave, till brought within the reach of the comb, when the attempt was instantly abandoned; they dived under the wave, and soon came up quite beyond it, and waited for another on which to make the passage.

The bathers themselves were quite unable to explain what it was that propelled them with such astonishing velocity along the foot of the wave. The inclination of the board to climb up the acclivity—if indeed such is the case—when the wave is rolling towards the bather, and so producing a current downward, seems contrary to what we should expect. This propulsion parallel with the wave, I think, occurs only when a comb is breaking on the top of the wave; and then it is that the base of the wave in front is most distinctly defined, while the face of the unbroken swell is very irregular and much deformed. That there is a rapid current rushing along at the foot of the wave at right angles to its general course I cannot believe. A block of wood thrown in where the bather started would no doubt simply rise up over it and be left behind, again to surmount the succeeding wave; it certainly would not dart off, almost like a flash, and maintain its position in front of the wave. The only solution of the phenomenon which I will venture to suggest is that by placing the bathing-board at a certain angle to the direction of the moving water in the wave an impetus is given to it in a direction not in accord with the impelling force, as by trimming the sails of a ship so that the wind will strike them obliquely the vessel is propelled in a direction different from the course of the wind. If the results are more marked than we should expect from the cause suggested, I may say that we are not sure that we are acquainted with the force and direction of all the currents which accompany a wave of the sea. At all events, I hope that what I have said will induce others to give a more satisfactory explanation of the striking facts which I have detailed. I do not think it will prove more difficult of explanation than

is the action of the boomerang from the hands of the Australian native.

—I sometimes think that an interesting chapter might be written on the influence of cities upon undomesticated birds and other animals. Every great human hive has a sub-life of this sort, which has learned to find in turmoil and preoccupation a greater security than in the remotest recesses of the woods and fields. Hence arise changes of habits which are worth noting. It is interesting, too, to trace the distribution of species and their interaction on one another under these new conditions.

Of late, there has been a very lively tilt of champions on the subject of the merits and demerits of our little cockney immigrant, the English sparrow; and the question whether he does or does not drive some species of native birds away from our cities has been discussed in all its bearings; but none of the contestants, I believe, have suggested that he may be the means of bringing other feathered denizens among us. Yet this last is certainly the case.

For a number of months, at least, a pair of sparrow-hawks have adopted as their hunting-ground the populous Corinthian capitals of the east front of the general post-office building in Washington, decidedly the busiest and noisiest spot in the city. These birds, ordinarily considered our wildest, as they undoubtedly are one of our most beautiful and graceful, species, have evidently learned that the uproar below has no dangers for them, and that the human forms around and beneath them are after other prey. In truth, very few persons seem to notice them. They will swoop after the skurrying sparrows within a few feet of a constant stream of foot-passengers and rattling vehicles, and between the stories of well-filled rooms of the department building and the private offices opposite. Very often the smaller birds take shelter in the crevices of the marble foliage which crowns the columns, and the hawks follow them. It is curious to watch the chase as it winds from one refuge to another, now a-wing and now a-foot, wile encountering wile, the keen

persistence of hunger and sport overcoming the hasty expedients of terror. And all the time the drama of a larger life goes on side by side with it, unnoted.

In this same neighborhood I have noticed for some years an eccentric night-hawk (the "bull-bat" of this latitude), who habitually comes out at midday, or earlier, and flies about with his shrill cry in the most irregular and innovating way, even when the sun is shining brightly. Perhaps he has been repeatedly driven at unseemly hours from his abode in some dusty collection of governmental archives, until his habits have grown a little disorderly. This habitual appearance of the bird in the brighter hours of the day is certainly a citified practice. At least, though fond of watching, shooting, and eating them, I have rarely noticed the habit in the country.

There is also a certain sparsely settled tract of the city, not far from the War Department and Observatory, which supports a wild quadrupedal population, rather meagre in numbers, but probably never wholly exterminated. When the river is frozen over, foxes, rabbits, and other animals cross by night on the ice to the shore at this point, and reluctant pets seeking escape from the heart of the city often reach the same spot. When a thaw comes they are securely bottled in the space between the river and the blocks of buildings, and forced to make the most they can of the scattered gardens, deserted kilns, commons, flats, tow path, and unfinished "improvements." I have witnessed a lively and successful fox-hunt in this locality, which made up in zeal for whatever it might lack in system or skill; and dwellers thereabout inform me that they occur quite frequently. Rabbits are killed there every year, and sometimes in rather considerable numbers. I have heard also of the capture of an opossum. It would be instructive to notice what changes the habits of these wild creatures undergo in their new and strange home.

—I do not find Rosamond "shocking" or "obnoxious." Doubtless, the reason of this lies in the fact that I am a woman. I should be sorry to be a

woman and not stand up for my sex. I think a man's ideal of woman is higher than a woman's. I think a woman's ideal of man is higher than a man's.

The case of Rosamond, which is a typical case, is not shocking, but it is lamentable. If Rosamond had been the conductress of that train,—as in the good time coming she will be,—the conductor, being then only a male passenger, would have become interested in the pretty young conductress as foolishly as, in the other case, she did in him. His imagination would have been kindled as readily as hers was. The only difference would have been that he, being a man, and brought up to face the world and fight its battles, would have gone coolly to work to find out all about that fascinating young conductress,—whether she were married, whether she were engaged, whether she had a rich maiden aunt who was likely to die soon. If the road were clear, he would have given his imagination full swing; otherwise, he would simply have indulged in a mild flirtation, keeping his imagination ready for a more eligible opportunity.

Poor Rosamond, not trained to manage either a railroad train or her imagination, suffered the consequences.

—The paragraph in the Contributors' Club relating to the story of Rosamond and the Conductor, published in the March number of the *Atlantic*, caused several of your readers to turn again to the pages that at the first reading had provoked much comment. Contrary to the experience of your July contributor,—presumably of the sterner sex,—I found the ladies inclined to take a harsh view of Rosamond's conduct, which their brothers lightly passed over as a bit of girlish romance and harmless folly. That such a story could have been written (and well written, too, as the fact that the heroine does not altogether repel and disgust the reader proves) is a striking commentary on American manners and morals. It is our national boast that our girls can be trusted to take care of themselves anywhere, and that the surveillance considered necessary in European countries is with us unnecessary. But

the character of Rosamond seems to point to opposite conclusions. We have here a young lady "spending her time in fond and tender feelings towards a man whom she knows absolutely nothing about, and who may be the worst scamp that ever walked." Beside this hypothetical drawback, there is the real and tangible one, that she has placed her regards on one whom she considers a social inferior, and whose affection, even if she succeeded in winning it, she would be ashamed to acknowledge. By her own admission, she is not a "silly girl of sixteen," but a woman who acts deliberately and reflects carefully, "accustomed to pretty distinct mental conversations," and, moreover, of a somewhat analytical turn of mind. "It's fun to watch myself and see what I'll do." That it did not turn out such "fun" as she anticipated was assuredly no fault of hers. When, at last, she learns that the conductor, of whom she has "thought almost constantly," whose note (drawn from him by a most pitiful trick) she had in a "sudden impulse of tenderness laid softly against her cheek," is a married man, she feels a "wild and ungovernable rage, like a passionate child whose toys are rudely snatched away." Poor Rosamond! Says a somewhat severe critic (feminine), "Rosamond's only salvation was the fact that her fancy chanced to fall on a gentleman and man of honor, rather than the reverse." That such experiences are not common we devoutly hope. But who can tell? The Rosamonds are not the ones to divulge their heart troubles. It has been claimed as one of the chief advantages of education and culture that they assist in disciplining and guiding the affections. Have we overestimated their efficacy in this respect?

— What has become of the mad dogs? In their absence let us calmly consider a few facts, and ask ourselves whether ignorance and superstition have not something to do with increasing their number and magnifying the dangers accompanying their malady. Dogs are sometimes afflicted with a distemper: when young, they frequently have fits, running wild,

with glaring eye and frothing mouth; when old, they have attacks of paralysis, and are reduced to a stupid, inactive condition,—both of which ailments have been called *rabies*. It is a common superstition that should a dog go mad after biting a person the latter will also fall a victim to rabies. Dogs suffering from wounds may take cold, and, inflammation setting in, the nerves become affected, spasms ensue, saliva is emitted, water is avoided, the whole appearance of the animal suggesting "madness." Persons taking cold in wounds have suffered in a precisely similar manner. The effect is the same in lock-jaw; only that a wound from a rusty nail may, with inflammation from a cold, produce a stronger affection in the region of the throat. The end of many diseases which afflict humanity is attended with spasms, saliva, and other symptoms of "hydrophobia." A few incidents will illustrate: Some years since a man in Dorchester was bitten by a cat, another in Boston by a rat, and several others by rabbits, the bites producing spasmodic symptoms in all the victims. Mad horses and cows have been known, their disorder (frothing at the mouth, etc.) being doubtless caused by a poisonous shrub eaten with hay. A father, bitten by his child, from whose throat he attempted to remove a diphtheritic formation, died from the wound. A blacksmith of Roxbury sprained his ankle while attending to a horse; he took cold, inflammation ensued, then violent spasms and paroxysms at intervals for a week preceding death. The newspapers of 1878 reported that "last March, in New York, Mr. J. Russell was bitten in the hand by Thomas Kelly, while quarreling with him. Since then, his finger, then his hand, then his arm, were successively amputated." He finally died from the effects of the bite. Had these animals and persons been bitten by dogs, they would undoubtedly have been reported as victims of rabies.

Last autumn, a young lawyer of New York was ferociously bitten by a large dog, while entering the premises guarded by the faithful animal at night. He took care that he caught no cold in the wound,

and therefore no harm came of it. A lady of Cambridge, bitten by a black and tan pet last winter, took similar precaution with like result. A dog trainer of New York, whose intelligent experience was of long standing, did not believe such a disease as canine madness existed. He was bitten, and, while suffering from the wound, his attendants called the malady hydrophobia; it was, in reality, delirium tremens. Watts, of Boston, who has had great experience with dogs, never yet discovered evidence of this so-called disease. It is true that cases have been reported in the medical journals, but generally with a protest from eminent authorities. One instance is that of a woman whose malady was hastily set down by the physicians as hydrophobia. They were deceived by a chronic case of hysteric fits. Hunters and sportsmen who have reared numberless dogs, and who have been bitten by them under various conditions, attest that no positive evidence has yet been produced to show that virus ever emanated from a canine's mouth. The writer, during his life, has been surrounded by different species of dogs; his children and friends, as well as himself, have often been bitten by them, sometimes severely; but by the exercise of every precaution against taking cold no ill results have followed. If a wound be severe, first cauterize it, if possible; however this may be, the application of a poultice of flaxseed and slippery elm saturated with laudanum will remove all irritation.

— A contributor in the March number of *The Atlantic* desires to know how the professional author works, meaning the writer whose daily bread depends upon production and publication. I am certainly not a distinguished author, — probably not nearly so well known to the public as my fellow-contributor. Twenty years ago I had published three novels in England and America, and seemed likely to be very successful; then I took up a very different profession; but within the past three years I have come back (with genuine pleasure, I must own) to literature; no longer, however, with the early hope of snatching

prizes, but with the intention to do faithful work for needful pay. One of my engagements is on a daily paper. For it I produce an article averaging half a column every day. I also have on hand at all times articles for magazines, both English and American, translations, stories, serial and otherwise, novelettes, and small poems. Besides these I have my "natural profession," which is wife and mother. What your contributor wants to know is how I can carry these things all on in my head at once, and by what process I make up my raw material. I do it, I believe, by systematic work, and by avoiding that confusion which causes mental strain. Moreover I live in the country, with pure air and sunshine; liable, of course, to homely interruptions, but those generally brief and of the household kind. In my unmarried days, while a member of a family that had no cause to make itself uncomfortable by early rising, I took — as I think Sir Walter Scott did — a long, dawdling dressing hour in which to arrange the day's writing. I wrote with all my family around me, joining in general conversation, and ready at any moment to break off. I kept note-books, into which I entered anything — original, suggested, or suggestive — which I thought would work into my story or magazine article, and I kept in my desk some stimulating book, which, if I did not feel up to concert pitch, would generally raise me to it. Nowadays the conditions are changed; with a family breakfast at 7.15 A. M., husband and boys to send off to counting-room and school in a neighboring city, and the dislocations of domestic service to provide for, I am not likely to enjoy much *dolce far niente* at my toilette; still, I contrive before rising to get time enough at least to arrange my article for the day. I have always the plot of one novel, one story, and one magazine article sketched out in my mind, and what I hear, read, and see I fit into it. I commonly, too, keep rough note-books with this object. I generally begin to work at nine o'clock, and stop at three P. M. I *never* write after dinner. During

the evening I usually, as I sew, select the next day's subject, and sketch it in my mind. The following morning I look up my authorities, compose and copy my article, verify what I have written, and lay it aside. I always write rough copy. It is to authorship, I think, what basting is to the sewing-machine. I am then ready to turn to other work. Of the composition of a story I can tell little. I get the germ, and by degrees it forms itself, till it is about as distinct to my mind as a novel picked up and read hastily is to the mind of the ordinary reader; that is, I have clear ideas about the plot, the main points, the best scenes, and the purpose of the story. Then I divide it into chapters, and work out each one pretty steadily. Each day of course suggests new similes, ideas, developments of minor points, etc., but I keep in the main to the first sketch. I have at all times several subjects for which I lay aside references as I meet with material. One peculiarity I observe about my stories: the names somehow evolve themselves to suit my characters, and if by any accident I am forced to change a name I never recover my familiarity with my personage. The great authors I have known personally have had different ways of managing their work, — most of them far more dilettante than mine; but then they were working for the great prizes in literature, an aim of course much nobler than my own.

— I have a serious complaint to make against a great many of the story and novel writers. It is that they misconceive love in such a way as to vitiate the whole substance of their story. It needs no novelist to tell us that love in its highest form is rare in the world. So all the best things are. But is it so rare as story-tellers in general represent it to be? Perhaps they do not mean so to represent it; perhaps they think their lovers really love, but if such is their notion they are mistaken. This misrepresentation of love is continually met with in stories. In Mr. Black's *Madeap Violet* the two lovers, who are both intended to be above the average in intelligence and sentiment, and who are said to have

felt a profound kinship of spirit, act directly in opposition to common sense and to faith in each other. When a third person tells the man that the girl does not love him, he believes her, and gives up the poor girl, who, on her side, with rather more naturalness, thinks she has been mistaken as to his feeling for her; whence ensues separation, wretchedness, death, madness, and everything that is perfectly unnecessary. It might be objected to me here that love is not a matter of reason; that people act from impulse, not from calm reflection on what is wisest and best to do. But is there no instinct, no intuition, in love? Love is not a rational conviction, true; it may subsist between two people who may often try each other's affection by many human weaknesses; but the one thing it cannot live without is trust. If *Drummond* and *Violet* had known each other as those do who truly love, if they had felt that intimate union of heart and soul which is the essential joy of love, how would it have been possible for them to misunderstand each other, to think for an instant that a third person could tell one more about the other than each already knew far better? Of course, if people in novels loved in the true fashion, there would be fewer stories written; and to my mind this would be no loss, for when I find the hero and heroine behaving in this manner I simply incline to shut the book, and say, Oh! they did n't love, then, after all, and there is no further interest in them. Of course, I wish to be understood to speak only of a love avowed and understood. While love is in its beginning or passing through the earliest stages of growth, it may be blown upon by many a chill wind of doubt or misunderstanding, and checked or spoiled of its fruition.

— I have been told by Danes and by Norwegians that nothing so annoys them as to be addressed by foreigners in German. They warmly resent what they consider the implied imputation, — that their states are but flyers to the German kite, and their language but a dialect of that of their southern neighbors. Now the resemblance between the two

things may be far-fetched, but I never read of foreigners as Monsieur This and Herr That and Signor Theother, of the Duc de X and the Marchese de Y, without experiencing a similar feeling of exasperation in the interests at once of national respect and of literary good sense. No reader of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* knows foreigners otherwise than as M. le duc de Wellington, or M. Charles Sumner. It is assumed, and with reason, that foreigners appear in French books precisely on the same footing as in Paris drawing-rooms, and it would sound ridiculous enough to a French ear, the conversation being in French, to lug in foreign titles like Herr and Mister; nor, I suppose, would Mr. Taine or the Count of Paris expect to be addressed in England except as Mister and Count. Yet, till the recent conquest of France, not merely French, but all foreigners except Italian singers, were invariably spoken of in English journals with the prefix "M." Now, however, we hear of Signor Sella, of Herr von Sybel, even of "Herr" Tizka; what the Hungarian title may be I do not know, but surely no one in Pesth would address the prime minister with the German Herr. Mr. Freeman somewhere deservedly compliments Lord Macaulay for the respect for his mother tongue, shown in never allowing himself to talk of the Duc (or, still worse, the Duke) de (say) St. Simon. But why should this reasonable and proper zeal for linguistic purity stop with titled personages? Why should we not all say (as, I am glad to see, some already do) Mr. Thiers, Mr. Tourgénéff, Mr. Schmidt? With regard to titles, however, I am of opinion that the rule should be disregarded when, as sometimes happens, our language fails to translate a foreign word. We are all familiar with the procession of the English peerage, duke, marquis, earl, etc., and are aware that a peer's eldest son bears, "by courtesy," his father's second title. Then we have the word "prince," meaning a younger son of a royal family. Now in France this system only partially obtains, and elsewhere not at all. The highest title of the old French nobility is

duke, the second marquis, etc., as in England. But the eldest son of a French or German duke is not called Marquis of Somethingelse, but Prince of The-same. This is also the custom in Germany. But it must be noticed, however, that Prinz is quite a different word from Fürst, which is commonly translated "prince." Fürst means neither more nor less than First, and is the oldest purely German title, just as earl is a purely English title, being a contraction of the Old English word *caldorman*. The Fürst is the first of his family, and consequently his brothers and sons can not be Fürsten too. If, however, before becoming Fürst a person has been a count or baron, his sons all bear this title; Fürst Bismarck's sons are thus all counts, — "Grafen." Now purely titular Fürsten, like the v. Bismarck, v. Metternich, v. Blücher, take place, like English and French marquises, after dukes and before counts; hence their title (and that of Russian princes as well) should be translated Marquis, and the title prince be reserved for sovereigns, like the princes of Monaco, Montenegro, and Schwarzburg. It was in imitation of these semi-dependent sovereigns that Bonaparte brought the title prince, in this sense, into the French peerage, Talleyrand being made Prince of Benevent, and Ney Prince of Moskwa.

— In reading a recent book review I found myself stopping instinctively at a sentence which ends as follows: "Such things as . . . 'and such like' ought not to have escaped the careful proof-reader." There is an implication in this which, though quite flattering to the proof-reader, is decidedly less so to the author; for the reviewer seems to assume that although the author might allow certain inelegancies and inaccuracies to find their way into his manuscript, and even to remain uncorrected in his proof, the proof-reader should certainly set them right. I do not care to follow out the odious comparison thus suggested, but the question naturally arises, Has a proof-reader any authority to alter the language of a book which passes through his hands?

It often happens that an author's absorption in his subject leads him to overlook some minor points which will at once be noted by one who reads the work in a purely professional way. Unquestionably a proof-reader should correct any manifest oversights; and as type-metal has a sort of Procrustean rigidity, so that any necessary adjustments between language and space must be made entirely in the language, the general appearance of a printed page may occasionally require a change in some unemphatic words. Such change can usually be made without any risk of impairing either the precision or the elegance of the passage. Further than this, I hold, no proof-reader has good warrant for going without special directions; and such remarks as that of the reviewer referred to seem to me absurd.

Suppose I sometimes studiously shun the more familiar expressions, and use original forms, even if less polished. Must I run the risk of having the proof-reader, with a contemptuous sniff at my poor English, reduce everything to that dead level which I have striven so hard to surmount? Or if I choose to violate some technicality of grammar or rhetoric, for the sake of greater vigor or a clearer impression, should the "careful proof-reader" feel called on to correct (?) me? How pitifully dull some of the characters of fiction would seem if they were not allowed to take liberties with the vernacular now and then!

Let Cæsar bear his own blushing honors, — and his own responsibilities as well. If an author errs, say so. The proof-reader has, at the best, an ample share of hard work and vexation, with little enough of credit.

— Gwen is the title of a new poem, a drama in monologue, as it is called, by the author of *The Epic of Hades and Songs of Two Worlds*. This new writer is understood to be a younger brother of William Morris, a manufacturer of verse whose most striking quality is not reticence, and the question immediately suggests itself to the reader's mind, How many Morrises are there who are going to find rhymes for all the old stories that

became classic before these new bards touched them? Mr. William Morris played at being Chaucer for a long time, and a number of people, who possibly cared little for the original, have expressed great admiration for the man who climbed up Parnassus in a masquerade dress. After imitating with considerable pains a great poet, whose main charm was his naturalness, this same author devoted his leisure hours to putting the *Æneid* into archaic English; that is to say, he took a writer who is in the best sense of the word artificial, and gave us a pseudo-natural rendering of his work. One might as well put one of Racine's tragedies into the Pike dialect, and have done with it.

This newer Morris, having exhausted the other worlds, has come back to this one, and has chosen for his master the immortal Coventry Patmore, who, strange as it must seem to him if he is a modest man, has founded a little private school, attended by the author of *Mrs. Jerningham's Journal* and the author of *Gwen*. *Gwen* is a bit of verse that sings — at times in blank verse, and again with rhymes of awkward make, of which this is a fair sample:

"Ah! 't is not very long
Since I was light and free,
And of all the burden of pain and wrong
No echo reached to me;
But day by day, upon this breeze-swept hill,
Far from the too great load of human ill,
I lived within the sober walls of home,
Safe-set, nor heard the sound of outward evil
come;" —

that sings, to repeat, the love of an earl's son for the daughter of a vicar, who

"is well enough born
For all but a foolish pride."

How far gone the young hero is may be gathered from the following lines: —

"Ah! where
In all the bewildering town
Is any as Gwen is, fair
Or comely, or high or pure?
Or when did a countess's coronet crown
A head with a brighter glory of hair?
Or how could titular rank insure
A mind and a heart so sweet?"

The story of the poem it is hardly worth while to tell. The two married, but the hero is kept away from his wife, who distrusts him, and, though he returns

with a satisfactory excuse, she dies; the sixth act represents his children by another wife finding her grave at a remoter period, so that the play reminds one of *Faust*, ending, as it does, as they read the grave-stone:—

“ ‘ Countess of : — What is this? My father’s title!
 Father, what means it? ‘and her infant son
 Henry, Lord : — What, my brother’s? What is
 this?
 It is strange. Quick! I am fainting! . . .
 Henry! Henry!’ ”

But this is merely introductory; the most serious charge that can be brought against the author of *Gwen* is that of plagiarism. He has written the following stanzas in this book:—

“ As on the clear hill-sides we walked together,
 A gleam of purple passed over the sea,
 And glad with the joy of the summer weather
 My love turned quickly and looked on me.
 Ah, the glad summer weather, the fair summer
 weather!
 Ah, the purple shadow on hill and sea!

“ And I looked in her eyes as we walked together,
 And knew the shy secret she fain would hide,
 And we went hand in hand through the blossom-
 ing heather,
 She who now was my sweetheart, and I by her
 side;
 For the shade was the shadow of Love’s wing-
 feather,
 Which bares, as he rises, the secrets we hide.”

How does that compare with the original in *Mr. Calverley’s Fly Leaves*?—

“ Thro’ God’s own heather we wonned together,
 I and my Willie (O love, my love):
 I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
 And flitterbats wavered aloof, above.

“ Thro’ the rare red heather we danced together
 (O love, my Willie!) and smelt for flowers:
 I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
 Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours.”

It will be seen that Mr. Morris keeps quite close to this acknowledged parody.

—I lately saw mention of a new life of Goethe, and I wondered if the author were going to tell the truth about the great man a little more plainly than former biographers have done. Mr. Lewes would have us see in his hero not only the great writer, but the truly admirable man; but somehow his book made upon me an impression the contrary of what it was intended to make. I cannot but think Goethe an immense egotist. There is an egotism which is consistent with considerable warmth and

heartiness of feeling, and which, so long as its own claims are admitted, is ready to acknowledge those of others; and there is another kind that goes with a colder nature, and, as in Wordsworth, finds it difficult to allow or take any pleasure in merits which might be brought into comparison with its own. If Goethe’s was not of the former easily tolerable kind, neither was it of the latter narrow, exclusive sort; but though egotism of a larger and apparently more genial nature, it was deep-seated and thorough. There have been moral philosophers who have pronounced self-interest to be the ruling motive of human action, but I do not know that they worked out their theory in actual practice. It seems to me that Goethe acted upon this principle, under another name, with calm consistency from his youth up. He called it self-culture, but what in simple phrase it reduces to is this: that he, Goethe, was resolved to compass the best possible for himself in all circumstances. It is true that he understood the word best in a high sense: it meant for him not the satisfaction of the wants of the lower nature merely, but also the development of every capacity of the intellect; it would have included, moreover, the education of the best sensibilities of the heart, if it had been practically possible to enlarge and train those affections without involving the sacrifice of things desirable for the mind and body. He was disposed to aid the poor and unfortunate; but if it became a question which of two, himself or another, should suffer what he considered substantial harm, no hesitation held him for a moment. I do not think he could ever have shared the emotion which thrills much commoner minds than his at sight or hearing of noble powers spent in unselfish devotion to the welfare of others. He used the world as his oyster, from which to draw a large experience and “enlightenment.” Men and women were very useful to him, and when he was done with them he thanked them kindly ere he let them go. He was great not only in brain, but in that force of character and will which enabled him

to subdue and subordinate certain instincts and desires to certain others chosen to be supreme. If the moral and religious instincts had been as strong in him as were the other parts of his nature, he would have been one of the very greatest men the world has seen; and for this reason it is, perhaps, that, taken as a specimen of the complete man which he aspired to be, he seems so lamentable a failure.

— I sometimes think that the conservative element in all branches of thought and action needs to be reduced to order and use by judicious care, no less than the progressive or radical element. It is n't enough to let the superseded forces alone. You must see that they serve some purpose; and if they don't fall into line with the march of ideas and measures, they must at least be kept in such condition that they will not hinder the progress of the world. When I say that I am reminded of this fact by certain little housekeeping experiences, by which in my own mind I illustrate the above rather oracular remark, you may recall Samuel Johnson's Ghost in the Rejected Addresses, where he says, "A swelling opening is too often succeeded by an insignificant conclusion. Parturient mountains have ere now produced muscicular abortions." But I fortify my apparent anti-climax by the remembrance that the word economy (now used to express human as well as so-called divine science) meant originally housekeeping, and was spelled by our fathers with a capital E.

I proceed to my "insignificant conclusion topically," as Hamlet would say. I presume there are few houses without a garret or lumber-room, at least some shelved closet, to which are consigned the odds and ends of things which were once highly useful, and many of which are considered still worth keeping, although not of definite or immediate use. There are old bottomless chairs that we may have reseated some day; old clocks that may be retinkered and set agoing as soon as we can afford it; old baby-wagons and playthings that may serve our own or somebody else's grandchildren; old hats that may fit the heads of

exemplary tramps; old rusty keys that may be brightened up and unlock a drawer or trunk bereaved of its customary opener; old vials, old corks, old nails, screws, staples, door-handles, and numberless such accessories of an economical house; old buttons without clothes, and old clothes without buttons; old magazines that are still good reading, — but the catalogue is endless, as we all know. All these *disjecta membra* must be kept in orderly boxes or on appropriate shelves, if they are to be used at all. But of all such articles, *string* is that which most needs constant attention. I am such an absurd economist that I never destroy a bit of string if I can help it, any more than I do a scrap of white paper. I have a foolish passion for paper and string. But string needs wise treatment. String is very refractory and capricious if you put it away loose. String seems almost to have will and vitality, and shows a constant tendency to get into a snarl. It won't do to put it away anywhere and anyhow. It will wriggle itself out of its corner and make love to some other string, and they will get into intertangled and knotty confusion, as bad as lovers in the plot of an improper sensational novel. My advice therefore is, Keep your strings separate as much as possible. Roll them on spools or into tight balls. Make celibates of them. Don't run the risk of needless entanglements and intermarriages. Let them have well-known and decent lodgings. Each scrap will be wanted some day, and wanted in a hurry, — just as you are going off on a journey, perhaps. String must be as free from embarrassing copartnerships as the conscript soldier, who may be called for and marched off any day or hour.

And so, from rats and mice, from mildew and moth, from rust and dust and ravel, from thieves and fire and needless disorder, let us preserve our old servants, who were once useful, or who may still be useful, if we can only avail ourselves of them at the right moment. No, it will never do to let the old disused factors of civilization take care of themselves. The conservatives must be watched and kept in order as rigidly as the radicals.

RECENT LITERATURE.

WE shall say little of the mere literary execution of Mr. Froude's sketch of *Cæsar*.¹ With the style of this fascinating writer — with that clear, fluent, graceful, copious diction, so picturesque, so always alluring, and so often eloquent — every cultivated Anglo-Saxon is now familiar. In reading it one always marvels that it can be at once so easy and so elegant. Yet in this work, perhaps the most lovingly written of all his works, it occasionally provokes criticism. There is not enough of severity and density in it for the subject. It is often too diffuse; it is sometimes too rhetorical. One frequently desires to condense two or three sentences into one, and to tone down a clarion music which seems to blare too impressively. Here and there, too, there are careless repetitions of words, and other signs of the spoiled child of literature. In the matters of precision, simplicity, and brevity, one marvels, and regrets, too, that the biographer has not been more influenced by his hero. This style, indeed, seems well enough till we compare it with the *Commentaries*; but then we are disposed to call it fine writing, rather than great writing. How differently *Cæsar* has told the same story! How differently, too, the author of the *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains* would have told it! We are tempted, for the moment, to ask if Mr. Froude admires Quintus Curtius, and finds something rather good in the manner of Florus.

But this is severe and perhaps unfair criticism. The book is charmingly written, and on the whole wisely written. There are many admirable, really noble, passages; there are hundreds of pages which few living men could match. As for the matter, barring the military part alone, it is generally excellent. The political life of *Cæsar* is explained with singular lucidity, and with what seems to us remarkable fairness. The horrible condition of Roman society under the rule of the magnates is painted with startling power and brilliance of coloring. Tacitus could hardly have done this more effectively, though he would have been sure to do it in one fourth the number of words. Of course there is partiality; there is as much as can be borne of "the

love of biographers;" there is an adoration which sometimes provokes a smile, and once reaches unintentional impiety. Yet, on the whole, we are convinced by this Grattan of history, and admit that *Cæsar* stands forth measurably justified, or at least far more so than his political adversaries, the frightfully corrupt and egotistic and ferocious *boni*.

Every history has its errors of detail, and this has its full share of them. On page 537 we read that *Cæsar's* eyes were "dark gray;" on page 465 we are told of "the clear, dark eyes of the conqueror of Pharsalia;" on page 76 we find that the young *Julius* had "dark, piercing eyes," and a note gives us the words of Suetonius: "*nigris vegetisque oculis*." Did *Cæsar's* optics turn light as he grew older? or did he have different pairs for different emergencies? There is little doubt that Suetonius's plain statement is trustworthy, and that the fanciful inference from *cæsius* (bluish-gray) is worth nothing. Another oversight occurs in the relation of the defeat of the Nervii. Mr. Froude repeats the usual tale, founded on a careless reading of the *Commentaries*, and parroted by no one knows how many rhetorical historians. "The battle," he says, "ended with their extermination: out of six hundred senators there survived but three; out of sixty thousand men able to bear arms, but five hundred." He fails to observe that *Cæsar* does not assert this; that it was simply a story brought him by ambassadors who besought his pity; that three years later the Nervii still had subordinate states, and could raise a great army; that in the year following it became necessary to invade them for a third time. No doubt, *Cæsar* does speak of "the Nervian name and nation being reduced almost to extinction;" but we must remember that he wrote his *Commentaries* separately, year by year, and never had time to revise them. Even the credulous Plutarch does not repeat this tale of extermination without a qualifying "It is said." And yet Mr. Froude is disposed to lecture Plutarch for inaccuracy!

There is one extremely regrettable imperfection in this otherwise fairly reliable book. Here is the life of a great soldier written by a man who knows nothing of

¹ *Cæsar. A Sketch.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

soldierly matters, and who considers "the details of a Roman campaign no longer interesting." The consequence is that the account of military transactions teems with misconceptions, which are rather brought to light than hidden by vivid phrases and impetuous narrative. In spite of one's desire to be reverent, one is reminded of the battle-pieces of the eloquent reporters of our civil war, who gathered their impossible particulars afar from the scene of conflict, and who "did not know a manœuvre from a hole in the ground." It is a woful pity. As a writer, Caesar was admirable; as a statesman, he was very eminent; as a general, he was amazing. It is a pity that his military science — the science in which his genius reached its highest flight — should not have found a historian who would take the trouble to study and understand it. Thiers, Carlyle, and Kinglake are distinguished proofs that a civilian can throw light upon warfare, instead of darkness, if he will only bring to the task conscientious study.

Let us look at Mr. Froude's account of Pharsalia, and see how it compares with Caesar's. Every one remembers the famous six cohorts who were set to repulse Pompey's cavalry, and whose valor and rapidity of movement decided the battle. Here rhetoric overpowers our author; he calls them "the pick and flower of the legions." Caesar's phrase is: "He hastily drafted single [or separate] cohorts from the third line" (*Celeriter ex tertia acie singulas cohortes detraxit*). It must be understood that the eight legions were drawn up abreast, four cohorts of each in the first line, three in the second, and three in the third; while on the extreme right were the cavalry and targeteers, fronting Pompey's far more numerous horse, archers, and slingers. Caesar's full statement is that, seeing his right wing likely to be enveloped and oppressed, he quickly formed a reserve to support it by drawing a single cohort from the third line of each of the legions. But why six cohorts instead of eight? Partly, because the eighth and ninth legions, on the extreme left, were a mile or so from the point of peril; and, partly, because the ninth had been greatly thinned (*vehementer attenuata*) in the fight near Dyrrhachium. Caesar's object simply was to get six cohorts — any six disposable; they were all good enough — over to his threatened flank, and to get them there as soon as possible.

Next, we hear that "Caesar's front rank advanced running." Is this a slip of the

pen? It was the front *line* which charged, — a line of thirty-two cohorts, each drawn up at least four ranks deep, perhaps eight. But it is no accident, it is pure rhetorical perversity, which leads Mr. Froude to say that "Pompey's brilliant squadrons were carpet-knights from the saloon and circus." Caesar gives a detailed account of this cavalry, and shows that, with the exception of a few freed slaves, it was entirely composed of auxiliaries and mercenaries, some of them troops of "distinguished excellence." Only a very eloquent writer could recruit carpet-knights among Gauls, Germans, Thracians, Galatians, Cappadocians, Bessians, etc. It is a blunder, also, to state that "the outer squadrons came wheeling round to the rear." Caesar's story is that his own troopers gave ground a little (*paullatim*), and that Pompey's "pressed them the more fiercely, and likewise began to file off by squadrons and surround our legions¹ on the uncovered side" (*latere aperta*). Obviously, this means a wheeling of the squadrons nearest the infantry, while the rest continued to push the Caesarean cavalry. Obviously, too, the wheel was a flank attack, and not a rear one. The situation was no doubt this: the Caesarean horse, fighting desperately, slowly retreated the whole depth of the army formation, or about five hundred yards; then the six reserve cohorts made their half wheel to the right, and charged in *echelon* upon the flank of the Pompeian horse. They only counted some sixteen hundred and fifty men, and there was plenty of room for the manœuvre.

Nor does Mr. Froude make it sufficiently clear that the battle was severely contested, and for long undecided. He does indeed understand that there was martial business on hand from morn till dewy eve. But the whole tone of his clarion-like narrative is that of one who leads on the victors to easy triumph, taking them quite out of the hands of the much slower and very hardly bestead Caesar. The truth is that the latter, wonderful general as he was, had a most anxious forenoon of it. Speaking of the infantry fight, he says, "Nor did the Pompeians fail in this crisis." He had to put in his second line, and his third, and his reserve. The all-important flanking struggle on the right lasted for hours; not until near noon were the Pompeian horse and light troops quite got rid of. Then it was (*eodem tempore*), while

¹ "Our line," — *acies nostram*. *Acies* means the legions, troops of the line.

Cæsar's third line and last man were entering the fray, that the six cohorts finally wheeled upon Pompey's left-hand legions, and the latter began to break and fly. Not easily, however, as Mr. Froude seems to think; not because they had once been Cæsar's men, and saw their old comrades before them; only because they were out-manceuvred, outflanked, and enveloped (*circumdata*). From this crumbling left wing the rout spread all along the line. There had been a whole forenoon of wearisome battle.

Next came the taking of the camp. Cæsar says that it was "diligently defended by the cohorts which had been left to guard it, and even more fiercely by the Thracians and auxiliaries." Nor did they give way until they were "overwhelmed by the immense number of missiles and weak with wounds." Mr. Froude storms it in a far more dashing manner; there is "a brief resistance," but it is "soon borne down." Nothing can stand long against his enchanted pen, so much mightier than the Cæsarean sword. Then came a pursuit of six miles, with no little legionary ramparting, before the retreating Pompeians would surrender. In short, it was a much harder and more doubtful day than Mr. Froude has discovered. It is true that Cæsar's dead were only 230; but there must have been thousands of wounded. His legions entered upon the battle with an average of 2750 men; but the two which he led from it to Egypt mustered, together, only 3200.

It would be unfair to judge a civilian author entirely by his ignorance of tactics. Even generals, and most noble ones at that, sometimes blunder in them. Let us turn to subjects in which Mr. Froude, and perhaps Lord Chelmsford, might be more at home. The book shows elegant, if not wide and profound, scholarship. The best part of it — and, as an Irishman might say, the newest and most original part, too — consists in the extracts from the letters of Cicero. One must energetically admire the judgment shown in their selection, and the grace and spirit with which they are translated. Even more vividly than in Mr. Froude's own text, we are reminded that he is a great master of style. Why, then, has he not written a history of Cæsar which should stifle the voice of criticism? Partly, because no man, perhaps, could, as no man has. The subject is a gigantic one,

and only to be thoroughly handled by a colossal mind, — such a mind for, instance, as that of the great Napoleon, or possibly of Montesquieu. One cannot even quite conclude to pronounce this the best book on Cæsar in the English language. It is so brilliant, and the fame of its author is so great, that its shortcomings are very disappointing. There is a far smaller work, far more humble in promise and range, which has fewer faults, if not more merits. It was written, oddly enough, not by a historian, but by a novelist, Mr. Anthony Trollope. It tells fewer things, but it makes fewer mistakes, and it presents a more life-like portrait. Is this a hard judgment of the famous, and worthily famous, biographer of Cæsar? No doubt, stricter measure has been dealt out to him than would have been used with a less noted and able writer. But to whom much is given, of the same shall much be required.

— It seems hardly fair to find the biography of one man interesting solely through its bearing upon the life of another, and it is possible that the life of the Rev. Francis Hodgson¹ might have been so written as to give it an intrinsic significance, apart from the intimate connection of its subject with Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh. The present biographer is Mr. Hodgson's son, who might be supposed to have as great a concern as any one in establishing his father's independent claims to distinction and remembrance; but perhaps for the very reason that his concern is so great, he fails to do it. His first chapter is extensively, but somewhat vaguely, genealogical. The date of Francis Hodgson's birth is first mentioned in a foot-note near the end of volume ii., but we are told that he went to Eton in July, 1794, at which time we judge him to have been about ten or twelve years old. At school and in Cambridge, where his education was continued, he proved himself both a good fellow and a good scholar. He formed friendships, many of them life-long, with some of the most distinguished young men of his time, — Thomas Denman, the future chief-justice John Herman Merivale, the father of the Roman historian, Robert Bland, editor of the *Anthology*, Henry Drury, afterward master at Harrow, and others; and he wrote satirical verses of his own, which were published, quoted, and admired, besides qualifying himself to execute, after he left Cambridge, a translation of

¹ *Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B. D., Scholar, Poet, and Divine.* By his son, the Rev.

JAMES T. HODGSON, M. A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

Juvenal, which has always maintained a respectable rank. In 1808 he was made Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and there is no evidence of his having met Byron before that time, although the reviewer says, with his usual dignified obscurity, that he had probably done so, and it is certain that they were soon afterwards on terms of the frankest familiarity. A good many letters of Byron to Hodgson are given, some being new, others having long ago appeared in Moore's Life; and they are letters which show the very best side of Byron's nature, full of staunch affection and generous appreciation of others, vivid description, whimsical rhodomontade, and droll, but, for the most part, perfectly cleanly jesting. Indeed, the best possible understanding seems to have subsisted among the whole circle of clever and versatile youths, the common intimates of that oddly associated pair of friends, the young clergyman and the young peer. Byron habitually mentions the miscellaneous poems of Hobhouse as "Hobby's Miss-selling any." Hodgson eked out his, at that time, precarious subsistence by *critiques* in the magazines of the poems of Byron and the others as they appeared; and to judge by the extracts in the present memoir, the criticisms were pompous and verbose enough, and quite nobly unsparing, but accepted with the simplest amiability. All the friends understood that affected despair and morbid determination to make himself out much worse than he really was which went along with Byron's genuine intellectual modesty, and they treated it with very wholesome levity. When Byron avers that he feels himself going mad, Scrope Davies cheerfully assures him that his symptoms are "much more like silliness than madness." Bland, whose letters are, perhaps, the wittiest of all (though there seems to be no special reason why they should be inserted in this book), writes to Merivale, on the latter's marriage, that he is *really obliged to him for being as happy as he mentions*; and Byron to Moore, in the early part of their acquaintance, "I hear that Hodgson is your neighbor in Derbyshire; . . . an excellent-hearted fellow, as well as one of the cleverest; a little, perhaps, too much jappanned by preferment in the church and the tuition of youth, as well as inoculated with the disease of domestic felicity, besides being overrun with fine feelings about women and constancy, but otherwise a very worthy man." Byron had paid Hodgson's debts before his marriage

could be arranged, and how few are the friends between whom such a benefit can be given and received without harm to the dignity of either! But we never like Byron quite so well as on this occasion, when he depreciates his own good action far more simply and honestly than he is wont to magnify his sins. Hearing that Hodgson had told their common friends of his generosity, Byron writes, "If ever you considered it in the least an obligation, this must give you a full and fair release from it:—

"To John I owe some obligation,
But John unluckily thinks fit
To publish it to all the nation,
So John and I are more than quit."

And in his diary, the same night: "Hodgson has been telling that I — I am sure, at least, that I did not mention it, and I wish he had not. He is a good fellow, and I obliged myself ten times more by being of use than I did him,—and there's an end on't." When Moore was collecting the materials for Byron's life, Hodgson sent him some verses of Byron's, written about the year 1812, and characteristically describing himself in lines of dark and direful import as

"One whose deepening crimes
Suit with the sablest of the times
One who in stern, ambitious pride
Perchance not blood shall turn aside," etc.

To these lines Hodgson appends the naive and touching commentary, "The poor, dear soul meant nothing of all this;" and the worth of Moore's whole unwieldy and inorganic biography may be judged by the fact that he printed the verses, and omitted the comment.

Very few of Hodgson's own letters are given, except certain rhymed epistles, which help to console us for the loss of the prose ones. Byron must indeed have been devotedly fond of the man from whom he could welcome a strain like this, addressed to him on the occasion of his first departure for Greece:—

"Yet if pleasing change allure thee
O'er the roughly swelling tide,
May the one great Guide secure thee;
Byron, ne'er forget thy guide.

"With the pure and holy feeling
Friendship in thy breast shall rise,
And remembrance, o'er thee stealing,
Softly paint thy native skies."

Nearly two years later Hodgson summoned the wanderer back in an equally fresh and spirited hymn:—

"Return, my Byron, to Britannia's fair,
To that soft power which shares the bliss it yields;
Return to Freedom's pure and vigorous air,
To Love's own groves, and Glory's native fields!"

With what cheerful alacrity Lord Byron obeyed the injunction to return to "Britannia's fair" is well known. He returned to a season of unparalleled social and literary notoriety, to his wild intrigue with Lady Caroline Lamb, and his yet more fateful marriage with Miss Milbanke. When the swift catastrophe of that union had come, Moore pretended that he had thought ill of the Milbanke connection from the first, but such of Byron's letters at this period as are given in the Hodgson memoir are very simply happy and hopeful,—the letters of that better man who ever warred with widely varying fortune against the baser and beastlier in him; while Hodgson himself, with his usual ardent charity, seems to have hoped all things and believed all things from the impulse of his wayward friend, so very righteously and respectably to range himself. One of the most charming letters of Hodgson's own in the whole memoir is that which he wrote to his *fiancée* concerning his first meeting with Byron after the betrothal of the poet:—

"It is most natural that Byron should be absorbed by the thought, even, much more by the society, of one of the most divine beings upon earth. He was on his way to Seaham, Sir Ralph Milbanke's seat. His sister in her last, sweet letter says, 'I have not heard from him for some time, and am uneasy about it; but it is very selfish to be so, for I know he is happy, and what more can I wish?' Well, on Friday evening, after I had put my letter to you in the post, and one to Harry Drury, and one to my cousin, I was tired with writing, and thought I would go to the coffee-room and read the papers. With nothing then, for the moment, but Colonel Quentin and Hanoverianism in my head, I was passing by the Sun Inn,—literally passing by it, and at a quick pace,—when a carriage and four drove up to the door. A sudden thought struck me: I cried out, 'Byron!' and was answered by a hearty 'Hodgson!' He was about to send to me at King's. He would not have found me there, as I should have been detained for an hour at least with Colonel Quentin. Consequently, he would have gone on to his sister's, and I should not have seen him. As it was, we supped together, and sate till a late hour over our claret, talking of many and de-

lightful things. He told me all that could be told of his visit to Seaham, and, in a word, for I can say no more if I talk forever on the subject, he is likely to be as *happy as I am*. Oh, how I glowed with indignation at the base reports of his *fortune-hunting*. I will tell you the particulars when we meet. Meanwhile, *entre nous*, he is sacrificing a great deal too much. Not to Miss Milbanke; that is impossible, because nothing is too much for her, and (as is usual in these cases) she would require nothing. But her parents, although Byron speaks of them with the most beautiful respect, certainly do appear to me most royally selfish persons. Her fortune is *not* large at present, but he settles sixty thousand pounds upon her. This he cannot do without selling Newstead again, and with a look and manner which I cannot easily forget he said, 'You know we must think of these things as little as possible.' 'But,' I replied, 'I am certain if she saw Newstead she would not let you part with it.' 'Bless her, she has nothing to do with it! Nor would I excite a feeling in her mind that may be prejudicial to her interests.' Now where are the hearts of those who can undervalue, who can depreciate, this man?"

The "sweet sister" mentioned in the letter is of course Mrs. Leigh. Hodgson had made her acquaintance within the year, and the free and friendly correspondence was begun between these two which was destined to be continued at frequent intervals for nearly forty years. In the letters of Augusta Leigh, now published for the first time, will be found, for sufficient reasons, to be the keenest interest of the Hodgson volumes. A decade or so ago, when her name was suddenly associated with the ghastly posthumous charge of Lady Byron, we were earnestly assured that documents existed in abundance which would fully vindicate her to any upright mind, whenever the bar to their publication was removed. They do it indirectly, of course. They do it by the finer method of revealing the whole mind of the accused, as she revealed it, under pressure of deep distress for her wayward but well-beloved brother's sake, to the tried and trusty friend of both. They are marked by the utmost delicacy and good sense, as well as the deepest womanly and sisterly tenderness. They are pervaded by an openness which allays and almost annuls the sense of any morbid mystery connected with the quarrel in which the Byron marriage ended so swiftly and so deplorably. They show a charity

which never failed for either of the parties to that quarrel: a respectful pity for the wife which it took years of haughty repulse on her part to change into dignified resentment; a sad sagacity of forecast concerning the lamentable results which the separation must have for her brother. They give no new facts concerning the immediate causes of the separation. What new facts need be given? As Byron himself said long afterwards, the causes were only too simple to be easily found out. When the reckless devil assigned to Byron at his unhappy birth, who had been exorcised for a season in the hopeful days of his betrothal, returned with a reinforcement after the marriage, the quarters offered them in the puritan household of the Milbankes were found intolerably repugnant and impossibly narrow; while the severe young bride, who saw the proprieties of her home outraged by this diabolic reaction, was capable only of a chill disgust, instead of that towering wrath out of whose very fervor forgiveness is sometimes born.

Extremely interesting extracts might be made from Mrs. Leigh's letters, but we shall refrain almost entirely from giving such, because we hold it a kind of duty for all who are interested in the subject to read them entire. The one in particular which she wrote to Mr. Hodgson after Lord Byron's death, and in which she gives without reserve her reasons for approving the destruction of her brother's own memoirs, deserves a most careful perusal. She wanted the autobiography destroyed for the same reason as did Hobhouse and Hodgson and all the true lovers of Byron's better self; for the same reason for which, as she freely says, she deplored the last canto of *Childe Harold*, and dreaded unspeakably the publication of *Don Juan*,—because of that craze for self-vilification, whose indecent freaks could never be calculated in advance, still less, in the nature of things, confuted. "This is, dear Mr. Hodgson," her letter concludes, "the whole case exactly, and I hope you will not disapprove of the part I had in it, which was not of my own seeking; but as I was drawn into it I felt it my duty to act as I think *he*, poor, dear soul, would now (divested of earthly feelings) approve. I must say a word of the kind wish expressed to me in your letter [that Hodgson might be allowed himself to write Byron's life]. Believe me that it would gratify me more than I can say, and that I am very sure nobody would exe-

cute it with more feeling and ability than you. But I am sure you will understand that I am very delicately situated in taking upon myself what may appear to others to belong to themselves to pronounce upon. . . . After all, do not let what I say deter you, and rely on any and every assistance I can give. I see no harm in more than one attempt to do the thing. Do not mistake me, dear Mr. Hodgson; believe me, it is impossible to do more justice than I do to your attachment and every other requisite. I am only afraid of interfering where it might be thought I had no right. I am most grateful for your kind sympathy in *my* grief, which not every one can fully enter into." What could be more simple, judicious, right-minded, and sincere?

In the first years of Byron's banishment from England, those lawless and stormy years, during which his evil genius held a seemingly undisputed sway over his mind and actions, he had ceased writing to Hodgson, and wrote very seldom even to his sister. But about 1820 the letters to Hodgson recommenced, and there is an altered tone in them,—a temperance and quietude and general sanity, which filled the simple soul of his old friend with joy, so that he tells Drury that "Byron writes in his best manner of old." All who loved him felt the same revival of faith, and were thrilled by the thought that the prodigal, after strange wanderings, had at last turned his face homeward, and the demoniac visitant gone out to return no more. Nor did it return. The lonely death, into whose shadow the poet was even then entering, was at least friendly to his fame in this regard.

The Rev. Francis Hodgson survived Lord Byron for nearly a generation, and his later years were full of honor. He was made archdeacon of Derby in 1836, and had been for ten years provost of Eton when he died, in 1852. His administration of the college government was admirably vigorous, and he was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of certain reforms which were extremely unpopular at first, but soon universally applauded. His life, as we said in the beginning, has been so written that he himself is a secondary character in it; but it is much to say in praise of any man that he called out always and only what was best in a character full of such fierce antagonisms and contradictions as Byron's, and that through him the memory of that baffled and disfigured better side has been vividly restored, and is likely to be perma-

nently impressed on the mind of the present generation.

— *The Life of Arndt*,¹ which Professor Seeley introduces to the reader as a kind of supplement to his own *Life of Stein*, is a volume from which there is to be got as much pleasure as instruction; for Arndt was a strong, honest, highly individual character, who lived in most stirring times, and was made, by choice and by circumstance, to play a not unimportant part in the long and deadly struggle against the imperial despotism of Bonaparte. "Popular knowledge of history," remarks Mr. Seeley, "must always be imparted by means of personal narrative. . . . It is one question how history ought to be written for the purposes of sciences, and another by what means some useful knowledge of it may be generally diffused." As the example of scientific history here alluded to is both awkward in construction and clumsy in narration, we have especial reason for welcoming a work which gives us, in regular connection, so many vivid sketches of eminent men, of national habits, of national feeling, — all seen through the eyes of one so worthy of our respect and with so strong claims to our liking as was this poet and thinker, who, at his death, in 1860, was probably the man most revered in all Germany. Yet, though he contributed more to the national cause than any other man of letters, and though the author of the most popular song and the most familiar quotation in his language, Arndt was born a Swedish subject and not till after the battle of Jena, which marked the lowest point of German degradation, did he feel the claims of national as distinguished from political patriotism. The place of his birth was the picturesque island of Rügen, where his father, himself a freedman and the son of a serf, was the agent of a large estate. Arndt's birth was thus as humble as it well could be, and, without ever becoming a democrat, he always maintained his claim to personal equality with high and low, therein differing from nearly all his literary contemporaries. Arndt was intended for a clergyman, and he actually was licensed to preach; but when he had got so far he became convinced this work was not that most fitted to him, and his father being well to do, he set out upon his travels, journeying for a year and a half through the Austrian

states, France, and Western Germany, returning home in 1798. The next few years he was busy writing political pamphlets, an account of his travels, and a history of serfdom in Swedish Germany, a publication which attracted much notice, and was not without influence in bringing about a better state of things. For several of the gentry, thinking their interests threatened by the book, sent the king a copy, in which were marked passages reflecting severely upon some of his predecessors. The king forwarded it to the governor of Pommern, with orders to prosecute the author; but the governor contented himself with summoning Arndt before him, showing him the book, and asking how he would get out of the scrape. Arndt's reply was characteristic of the man: he simply took the book and marked other places, requesting it to be sent again to the king. This time the royal answer was to the effect that if the author's charges were true, then his language was none too strong. And serfdom was abolished by royal edict some time before Stein's similar reform in Prussia.

But Arndt did not become a man of note till the year 1812, when he was summoned to St. Petersburg by Stein, to assume, during the two years following, a position analogous to that occupied by Dr. Busch in the office of Count Bismarck. Up to Stein's death he remained a firm friend to Arndt, and it was largely through his influence that the latter got his professorship at the University of Bonn.

This English biography is admirably prepared, following the sound principle of letting the hero tell his own story wherever this is possible. Passages are thus taken from letters, from his detailed account of his intercourse with Stein, from the defense of his political life issued on occasion of his trial in 1821, from his travels, and from a kind of autobiography published in 1840. As regards selection, arrangement, and translation, the compiler's work is remarkably well done, the mistranslation of idiomatic terms being almost the only blemish. We hold entirely Professor Seeley's opinion that "these memoirs, simple and modest as they are, have a right to live. Arndt never imagined himself to be a great man, nor supposed, either, that anything he had done deserved, on its own account, to be recorded, or that any of his thoughts deserved to be remembered for their wisdom or depth. But he led such a life, and had such a character, that his autobiography has

¹ *The Life and Adventures of Ernst Moritz Arndt*. Compiled from the German. With a preface. By J. R. SEELEY, M. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

the value of a historical novel. His life reflects his time, because it was decisively influenced by it. . . . And, moreover, Arndt's character was a remarkably clear mirror for his time to reflect itself in. He was all candor, warmth, and cheerfulness."

— It is well for readers that histories of other nations and the lives of distinguished foreigners should be written in English. The French, to be sure, can be left to describe their various glories, because, in the first place, their language is generally understood, and, moreover, they have a sense of form which is always gratifying. With the Germans, however, the case is somewhat different; all students will have to go to them for material, whatever the subject may be, but too often the Teutonic arrangement of material bears a strong likeness to disorderly accumulation. All general statements of this kind are of course only partly true: the French have at times sacrificed accuracy to elegance, and the Germans as writers are not always heavy; but there is a basis of truth in the hasty popular feeling about the literature of the two nations. In writing the life of Stein,¹ Professor Seeley has had, of course, to go to the native land of that eminent man for information, and he has found much, from which he has drawn with discreet freedom.

Stein himself was one of the greatest of Napoleon's foes, and Napoleon, who never lacked perception in what concerned his relations to his enemies, was one of the first to perceive the dangers he ran from this unarmed antagonist. Indeed, it was only those whom Stein was anxious to help who occasionally disregarded him. In some ways, this was not strange. Stein possessed what Bismarck has made almost a distinguishing mark of the great German statesman, a profound capacity for contempt of the pedantic grooves in which German official life most naturally runs. Like his illustrious successor, as he may be called, Stein was often moved by great gusts of rudeness and severity. After all, in Stein's case this petulance was but one indication of his great energy, and the numerous instances that Professor Seeley gives of it only make the reader more conscious of the sufferings the hero must have undergone before he saw Napoleon finally conquered, during the time that he was watching his country sinking lower and lower, tasting continually new humiliations.

Professor Seeley gives us a complete and most interesting account of the great man's work in freeing his country from its misfortunes. At times, we have a consciousness that it is the historian rather than the biographer who is handling the pen, and there is a certain not exactly coldness, but extreme fullness of detail, in which Stein is lost to sight; but this is not always the case. On the whole, the reader is able to get a very exact impression of the condition of Germany during the Napoleonic wars, without any undue sacrifice of Stein's personality. So far as we know, this period has not before now received proper attention from any English historian. But the history of the last ten years has made some such explanation of Germany's recent course necessary and timely.

Stein's character has never been so well drawn in English, nor yet, it is safe to say, in German. He was of the stuff of which great heroes are made, both in his faults and in his virtues, and the lesson of his life is an important one. The description of Germany during the period Professor Seeley has written about is most interesting. Of a book so full it is hard to speak justly without taking up a number of the many questions it suggests. There is, for instance, the question of patriotism, which the book illustrates. The view that the literary men held concerning duty to one's country is one that Professor Seeley mentions, not in the way of abstract discussion, but as a part of his faithful chronicle. All the greater German writers lived aloof from politics; they looked on patriotism as but magnified prejudice, and it is curious to see how Stein fought against this tendency. Professor Seeley has hardly done justice to the enthusiasm produced by the later lyric poets, whose war songs are familiar to us all. The patriotism of the Germans has cost them a high price, and the day may come when patriotism shall be called provincialism; but the world is not yet ripe for that change of front, however desirable it may be.

As a study of the growth of a nation towards patriotism, there is no more interesting book than this one, and it would be hard to find another that made so plain the necessity of patient training. This is what Stein made the main law of his country, — although, of course, he had docile material to work with, — and by persistent effort and

¹ *Life and Times of Stein; or, Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age.* By J. R. SEELEY, M. A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the Uni-

versity of Cambridge. Two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

unrelaxed determination he won the day, and did his full share in rendering the country victorious.

—Dr. Schumacher is the consul general of the German Empire for the United States, residing in New York. He has been an active and intelligent traveler and a diligent student of historical geography, so that he was fully competent to appreciate the literary treasures gathered in the libraries of Messrs. James Lennox, Carson Brevoort, and H. C. Murphy. From the material that he thus found ready to his hand, and with his large knowledge of the subject, he has prepared an elaborate essay on Peter Martyr,¹ the first historian of the discoveries made by his own contemporaries, Columbus and his companions and successors in the early expeditions from Spain and Portugal. Peter was a native of Aroua, on Lake Maggiore, in the Milanese territory, and spent ten years of his early life in Rome, in the midst of the best literary circle of his time, and attracted the notice of the ablest men of the capital by his mastery of Latin, which he wrote and taught so as to earn the approval of the leading classical authorities there. The Spanish ambassador, Cardinal Tendilla, engaged him to return with him to Spain, where he found many of his countrymen and others of first-rate ability at Salamanca and Toledo, and, following the fashion of the day, he gave his name a Latin termination, became Petrus Martyr Anglerius, and the Latin clerk to the crown. He followed the royal pair, Ferdinand and Isabella, in their campaign against the Moslems, but, resisting the temptation to exchange the pen for the sword, busied himself in teaching; became a priest; served on several embassies, notably on one to the sultan of the Nile, the Mameluké commander; declined another to Constantinople; became a member of the council of India; was the first abbot of Jamaica and archdeacon of Ocaña; was employed in quieting an insurrection in Valencia; was prior of Granada and papal prothonotary; and when he died the chapter of Granada erected a fitting memorial in the cathedral in 1526, recording his services to the state and to the church. But his true claim to the exhaustive account of his life and writings given by Schumacher, and to the high praise awarded him by his contemporaries, Las Casas and Oviedo, and by later writers, Humboldt and Hallam, Helps and

¹ *Petrus Martyr, der Geschichtschreiber des Weltneuers.* Eine Studie. Von HERMANN A. SCHUMACHER. Mit einer Karte aus dem Jahre 1510.

Harrisse, Prescott and Ranke, is based on his history of the discoveries made by Columbus and his followers, and his letters describing the reports made by them, which furnished the material for his own books, and were subsequently printed in a volume that Humboldt pointed out as the most curious historic monument of the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella and Charles V. Peter was, from the outset, an unconscious historian of his own times; for, following the fashion of the day, he was diligent in collecting all the latest news and embodying it in letters to his patrons in Italy, who expected thus to be supplied with correct accounts of all public events of importance. His correspondence during forty years — from 1488 to 1528, over two hundred letters — was all carefully preserved, and on the retained copies he noted the changes and additions to the stock of information there gathered together; and these were printed in 1530, and form a valuable contribution to the history of the discoveries made by Spain. In writing to Milan, in 1493, Peter mentioned the safe return of Columbus from his first voyage, the honors paid him, his reported discoveries, and, with characteristic local Italian jealousy, rather disparaged the claim of the Genoese mariner. Peter himself, by a happy accident, gave to the newly discovered territory the title of “*novus mundus*,” although Columbus lived and died in the honest faith that he had only opened a new route to the oldest of lands, Asia, and that his real service was in shortening the access to India, with its treasures. From being a mere chronicler in casual letters, Peter rose to the dignity of authorship, aiming at a complete account of the new discoveries in the West, and seeking to relate in ten decades, in imitation of Livy, the voyages of Columbus and his companions and successors. It is this work that has given him the name and fame of the first historian of America, and Dr. Schumacher's study exhausts the stock of information as to his sources of knowledge, the details of the printing and reprinting of his book in its several editions, and the history of the man and his relations to the great discoverers whose achievements he was the first thus to record in a continuous narrative. At first receiving the news of what Columbus had found with well-bred doubt or indifference, Peter ended by sharing heartily in the temper of the [Peter Martyr, the Historian of the Ocean. A Study. By HERMANN A. SCHUMACHER. With a map, of the year 1510.] New York: E. Steiger. 1879.

time, accepting all that tallied with his classical and mythological education and his preconceived notions, and recording with hesitation much that is now the commonplace of our knowledge of the regions then first made known to Europeans. The University of Alcalá brought together what was best in Spain of learning and scholarship, attracted the youth of the nation then only recently consolidated under one crown, gave them instruction in classics and medicine and the arts and sciences of the day; and the printing-press set up there by a German, Jacob Cromberger, of Seville, brought forth a polyglot Bible and many other rare bibliographical treasures, characteristic in themselves and as representing a period of literary transition of great significance. The book that is of special interest to students of early American history is Peter Martyr's *Decades*, covering twenty years of contemporary discovery, beginning with that by Columbus of what he claimed to be islands on the coast of Asia, and ending with a description of the first permanent settlement on the main-land of what was thus finally recognized as a new continent. The book gave the first account in one continuous history of the results achieved by the expeditions sent out from Spain; of their reports of great wealth of gold and silver, of adventures by sea and land, of struggles and negotiations with hardy savages, of shipwrecks and disaster, of starvation and death, of defeat and conquest, of the horrors and the charms of the unknown region, of the misery and the splendor of the tropics, of pagan crimes and Christian miracles. The book is full of stories of terrible giants and gigantic Amazons, of men living in trees and using poisoned arrows, of savages ordinarily feeding on vegetables and feasting on the flesh of their defeated enemies, — of the truths and the fictions that came from the empire beyond the ocean; and its great aim was to secure a full recognition of the services, the sacrifices, and the rights of Spain in its distant colonies, where its supremacy was threatened by the success of rival nations in new expeditions. It is a noteworthy fact, mentioned by Dr. Schumacher, that the best edition of the book is that printed in Paris in 1587, edited by Hakluyt, and dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh, thus uniting in one work the three men who best deserve the gratitude of the

student of geography for their labors in its broad field. The Spanish edition is very rare, and was so from the outset; for, with characteristic jealousy, it was withheld from general circulation for fifty years, although in the mean time a translation of the first three *Decades* was printed in London in 1555, of the fourth in 1577, and of the whole in 1612. Then a collection of Peter's letters was printed in Alcalá in 1533, and an Elzevir reprint of them was issued in 1670, — *Opus Epistolarum Petri Martyris Anglerii*, — with many corrections of the numerous errors that easily occurred in the effort to interpolate later facts in old letters; and others of his letters figure in Llorente's *History of the Inquisition*, and in Bergenroth's *Calendar of State Papers at Simancas*, — but still the wonder grows that, as Humboldt suggested, no writer versed in the history of the age of Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X. has been attracted by the freshness of this admirable letter-writer to publish an abstract of his work. Harris points out that he was the most intimate friend of Columbus, and indeed to him we owe the preservation of many of the letters of Columbus, while Ranke and Kohl refer to his works as a source of most reliable information as to the earliest discoveries of America; and Humboldt was inspired by Peter to his critical investigations and travels on the American continents, just as Schumacher followed Humboldt in his journeys over the footsteps of the first explorers, and then in his painstaking and exhaustive study of the composition of Peter Martyr's *Decades* of the New World and its curious literary history. What Schumacher has thus done for the bibliography of our first author had been attempted in another and much less satisfactory way by Schlözer in his extracts from Peter's Letters so far as they related to America, in the Göttingen Collection of 1777; but the progress in critical knowledge in the interval is happily illustrated in the superiority of the present essay and its wealth of material, found by its author around him in New York, and the admirable skill with which it is used in bringing home to the ordinary reader the story of the Life and Letters of Peter Martyr.

— Mrs. Clement and Mr. Laurence Hutton, in their joint work, *Artists of the Nineteenth Century*,¹ are fortunate enough to

¹ *Artists of the Nineteenth Century, and their Works. A Hand-Book containing 2050 Biographical Sketches.* By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT and LAU

RENCE HUTTON. Two vols. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

have established a most excellent and useful type for such a work. Of course their undertaking in its present form is necessarily incomplete. For the large majority of the two thousand and fifty artists here memorialized are still living and working; many of them have their lives yet to fulfill in completeness of achievement, and many more must come upon the scene and leave their marks upon the time during the twenty years which must elapse before the close of the century. This book must be accepted, therefore, as a first edition of a final work, subject to successive amendments and additions with the gradual and constant development of the history of modern art.

The authors in their preface recognize the difficulty of obtaining, either from printed authorities or from the artists themselves, an accurate statement of the contributions rendered by living artists to the art of the time. Distance has not yet given to them the true position which they are to occupy in history. To remedy this difficulty, the authors, in the absence of other testimony, have applied, with various success, to the artists themselves for a correct list of their works and a correct statement of their education, with all necessary facts as to dates and places; or they have availed themselves of such contemporary criticism and current testimony as could be found. For the most part, the illustrative quotations are liberal and well chosen out of a large range of literature, and they form the most attractive feature of the volumes.

A work of this sort must have exclusions and inclusions more or less arbitrary, and it would be easy to discover names which perhaps do not so well deserve mention as some which have been quite forgotten. This of course is a matter of opinion. We cannot but note, however, that, as in the in-

dustrial arts of the latter part of the century there is to be found one of the most characteristic developments of modern art in a high range of thought and invention, the best designers in pottery, *faience*, and stained glass, in fabrics of all sorts, and in wall decorations especially, should have found ample notice in these pages. It is but due to them and to their great influence that they should take their place beside those whose works are exhibited in galleries. Among architects the omissions are singularly frequent, and the notice of the few whose names are included is extremely inadequate. Against such names as Joseph Louis Duc and Vaudremer in France; Sir G. G. Scott, Alfred Waterhouse, Norman Shaw, and George Edmund Street in England; Karl Friedrich Schinkel in Germany, we do not find an intelligent recognition of their greatest and most characteristic works, which have certainly made a profound impression on the history of modern art. Among the illustrious names in this branch of art not mentioned are those of H. Labrousse, the leader of the modern Greek school and architect of the National Library of Paris, and Viollet-le-Duc, the most brilliant of modern writers on art, and one of the best draughtsmen of modern times; among English architects we look in vain for the names of Burges, Butterfield, and other leaders; and among Americans Richard Upjohn, the father of the profession here, should receive some adequate mention. We recommend a careful revision of this list in the interest of truth and fullness of record. Complete indices of artists, authorities quoted, and names and places mentioned in the text occur in each volume. In this respect the work is a model of its kind, and as a whole it is most thoroughly and liberally edited.

THE JENNINGS SANITARY DEPOT AND COLONEL GEORGE E. WARING

NEW YORK, July 1, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

SIR, — In your July number you publish a paper by Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., termed *Recent Modifications in Sanitary Drainage*, which is calculated to mislead, and reflecting upon appliances manufactured by us. Recognizing the power for good or evil statements from such a source, and pub-

lished in your journal, must bear, we would ask, in the interest of public health, the insertion of the following comments in your next issue: —

We claim that Colonel Waring offers no explanation for his changed opinion, nor justifies his sweeping condemnation of the "*Jennings Closets*," the reputation of which has, however, too long and deservedly occupied the first place in the favor of

the architectural and medical professions, sanitarians and householders, to be destroyed by a single paragraph merely expressing a personal opinion.

Colonel Waring only recommends the "Hopper Closet" "in the absence of anything better," thereby, we presume, tacitly admitting its many imperfections, of which he cannot be ignorant. We hold that the "Jennings Closet," with or without its trap combination, is (as much as any Hopper) the *very essence of simplicity*, combined with the "plunger," which multiplies the cleansing and scouring power of the closet, and forms a mechanical and absolute barrier to the escape of those "gaseous products of organic decomposition" which the film of water, as shown in Colonel Waring's illustration, even with his *proposed* expenditure of fifty gallons of water per diem, would be totally incapable of affording.

It would occupy too much of your space to even attempt fully to discuss this matter in your columns, nor would it sufficiently justify the trespass

merely to establish a theoretical result *pro* or *con*; we would only ask, in conclusion, to be allowed to invite all those really interested in sanitary progress personally to inspect our closets before permitting themselves to be biased by a statement which, however *bona fide*, must have been made without due reflection or consideration.

Yours very truly,
JENNINGS SANITARY DEPOT.

The above having been submitted to me, I reply: That my statement was not made "without due reflection or consideration;" that the only reason for making it was to modify my very strong commendation of the Jennings Closet in the earlier paper, which this recent one was intended to correct; and that, while I consider the Jennings the best closet of its class, I consider the class a bad one, — an opinion in which, however, many "practical plumbers" do not agree with me. GEO. E. WARING.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

American News Co., New York: First Blows of the Civil War. The Ten Years of Preliminary Conflict in the United States from 1850 to 1860. By James S. Pike.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: Geier-Wally: A Tale of the Tyrol. By Wilhelmine von Hillern. — The Evolution of Man: A Popular Exposition of the Principal Points of Human Ontogeny and Phylogeny. From the German of Ernst Haeckel. In two volumes. — Modern Chromatics. With Applications to Art and Industry. By Ogden N. Rood. — English Composition. By John Nichol, M. A. Literature Primers. Edited by J. R. Green. — The Felmores. A Novel. By S. B. Elliott. — The Yellow Mask. By Wilkie Collins. — The Last Essays of Elia. By Charles Lamb.

Davis, Bawle & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.: National Education in Italy, France, Germany, England, and Wales, popularly considered. By C. W. Bennett, D. D. — The Art of Questioning. By Joshua G. Fitch, M. A. — Brief English-French Compend of the Grammar of the French Language. By John W. Mears.

Eldredge and Brothers, Philadelphia: Manuals for Teachers, No. 1. The Cultivation of the Senses. Ginn and Heath, Boston: New Announcements and Full Descriptive Catalogue of Books.

Harper and Brothers, New York: The Rifle Club and Range. By A. H. Weston. — Mr. Grantley's Idea. By John Esten Cooke. — Orange Lily. A Novel. By May Crommelin. — English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Thackeray. By Anthony Trollope. — How to Get Strong and How to Stay so. By William Blake. — History of the English People. By John Richard Green, M. A. Volume III. — My Sister's Keeper. A Story for Girls. By Laura M. Lane. — Half-Hour History of England. An Introductory Volume to Epochs of English History. By Mandell Creighton, M. A. — Gaspard de Coligny (Marquis de Châtillon). By Walter Besant, M. A. — Tales from Euripides. By Vincent

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John S. Levey, London: Report from Mr. Andrews, Minister Resident of the United States at Stockholm, on Pauperism and Poor-Laws in Sweden and Norway.

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